

TRAUMATURGY:
A DRAMATURGICAL METHODOLOGY FOR THE [RE] PROCESSING OF TRAUMATIC MEMORY THROUGH
THE PERFORMANCE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL TRAUMA NARRATIVES

A THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE DEPARTMENT OF
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The candidate confirms that the work submitted is her own and that appropriate credit has been given
where reference has been made to the work of others.

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Abstract

This complex practice as research project was designed to interrogate the potential of 'Traumaturgy', an emergent dramaturgical methodology, in addressing the many challenges of writing, staging, and performing, autobiographical trauma narratives and to understand the impact of this process on the psychic, and somatic memories, of the autobiographical performer. The methodology was designed to motivate complex reflections on personal and cultural traumata as critical provocations for the re-writing and performing of the memory-scripts associated with the autobiographical traumatic life events such as adoption, which are explored through the traumaturgical performance process.

Rather than distracting the psyche from the autobiographical traumatic experience, the traumaturgy model functions by seeking to establish new internal cognitive networks: positive associations that might facilitate an empowering, liberating transition, initiated through the act of traumaturgically framed narrative performance. Models of trauma intervention locate narrative reconstructions of the traumatic experience as a central focus for the process of recovery (Eagle, 2000; Herman, 1992; Schwartz & Prout, 1991) etc, however, unlike expressive therapies (see Glading, 1991; Moreno, 1975) which exist within the relative safety of the applied theatre space, key to this methodology is the achievement of strategic closure, by returning the performance to the traditional theatre environment and inviting an audience to play the role of witness.

This creative synthesis between trauma theory and dramaturgical responses to the staging, and performing of post-traumatic memory based materials, forms the axis of this methodological approach. The research-sharing event *In Search of Duende*, which represented the performative articulation of this thesis, culminated in the performance of the play *Dancing For Franco*, which sought to re-write, and re-process the researcher's autobiographical trauma-based memory scripts through its witnessed performance. The play takes the somatic language of flamenco intertwined with the adoption narratives of the researcher, and individuals affected by the Francoist system of illegal baby theft which are collectively known as the Niños Robados (Spain's Stolen Children), and the fictional narratives of created characters, to understand how the traumaturgy model might instigate transformational processes within the autobiographical performer.

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Research Aims and Objectives

This document serves to expand on the handbook that was originally published as complementary writing for the Practice as Research sharing event In *Search of Duende*, which took place at Edge Hill University, March 6th, 2015. This more expansive discussion seeks to further understand and evaluate how the complex dramaturgical processes embedded into the traumaturgy model, impacted upon the design, staging, and performance of the traumaturgical text, *Dancing for Franco*, and its potential as an emancipatory tool. My process is iterative and critically reflexive, so this written material develops the earlier complementary writing and critical reflection upon the praxis. In this endeavour, I provide transcripts of rehearsal notes, self-dialogue extracts, and reflexive autoethnographic writing, interwoven through this academic document which collectively serves to expose the challenges, provocations, and epiphanies, encountered through the praxis. The discussion addresses the critical research questions which aim to establish, through practice (action, cognition, and perception) new knowledge with operational significance, in the following fields:

1. Dramaturgical approaches to the performing of autobiographical trauma based memory-scripts; developing an original dramaturgical strategy which seeks to address the particular challenges of dramatizing and performing these problematic texts as acts of political, personal, and cultural reclamation.
2. Performance Theories concerned with post-traumatic testimony; establishing a new synthesis between trauma theory and the performance of autobiographical post-traumatic and post-adoption narratives.
3. Autobiographical Applied Theatre Practices: bringing new evidence to bear on processes of performance connected to post-traumatic autobiographical testimony as cathartic disclosure.

The Traumaturgy model is formed of three interlinked but distinct strands. Heuristic Enquiry (Moustakas 1990) and autoethnography¹ jointly functioning in this model as forms of data procurement and self-analysis, and dramaturgical practices, which combine to interrogate to what extent the application of this emerging methodology, might provide understanding of, and relief from, the compromising influence of maladapted memory-scripts upon the researcher/performer's life. The research design utilizes the heuristic approach as a reflective analytical 'lens' through which to consider, and negotiate, the autobiographical landscape, and to identify to what extent any hypothesised transformative processes within the researcher/performer might have occurred, and how they have been experienced.

The hypothesis of this research enquiry wagers that the performative act will, critically, activate cognitive pathways relating to the researcher/performer's memories of traumatic life events, initiating a cognitive reprocessing, resolution, and individuation in the performer. Witnessing is an important aspect of the methodology and one which became subverted through the interweaving of fact and fiction within both the immersive sharing event, and the performance of the play. The process also serves in exposing the witnesses to the performance as 'blank screens' onto which the event might become inscribed (Griffiths, 2009: 3), as Dori Laub states: the listener has at the same time to be a 'witness to the trauma, and a witness to himself' (1995:3), therefore becoming an enabler of the testimony. To provide the reader with an insight to this complex dynamic, feedback and commentaries from individuals who attended the sharing event, and in doing so created 'public value' of the work (Heddon, 2008), are included in this thesis as appendix 6.

The 'Traumaturgy' model as a performance theory also functions as a performative autoethnographic praxis; the material produced through each phase of the traumaturgical process becoming the axis for an artistic manifestation, which interrogates both the emotional, and rational, responses to the 'heuristic' practice. This dramaturgically [re]processed material is then crafted to produce, potentially, an artwork

¹ Carolyn Ellis (2004) defines Autoethnography as "research, writing, story and method, which connect the autobiographical and personal to the cultural, social, and political" (p. xix).

which serves not only to entertain, engage and provoke an audience, but also to raise an awareness of the personal and cultural impact of trauma, and adoption, particularly in relation to identity and representation, and its complex relationship with constructions of post-traumatic memory.

Autobiographical performance has, historically, sought to facilitate a reclamation process by providing a platform from which individuals might explore life events which have impacted on established notions of 'self'. Deirdre Heddon explains that it is the purpose of autobiographical performance to 'explore (question, reveal) the relationship between the personal and the political' (2008:218). Autobiographical performance artists like Bobbie Baker, who use performance to 'tell' autobiographical stories concerned with gender, Lisa Kron whose *2.5 Minute Ride* (2001) might be described as a stream-of-consciousness performance, or the trauma focussed *Sally's Rape* (1987) by Robbie McCauley, amongst many others, are perhaps united by a shared desire to achieve 'closure through disclosure' (2008:187). As Heddon posits such performances provide alternative narratives, and thereby alternative ways of seeing, thinking, and acting (p188). However, the potential of this form of performance, as a stimulus for [re] processing through performance the maladaptive trauma-associated memories, through the re-writing and performing of alternate narrative memory scripts, has not been explicitly interrogated. It is this gap in knowledge which the research attempts to address, through the consideration of these critical aims:

1. To translate, interrogate and reconstruct, the psychic discourse relating to the researcher's traumatic life experiences, and to craft the retrieved material into a dramatic text, the performance of which might facilitate in the researcher as performer, autobiographical and cultural reclamation, and a cognitive re-processing of the associated trauma-based memory - scripts.
2. To develop new approaches to autobiographical and autoethnographic writing for performance, and to apply these techniques to my practice, in order to identify overall strengths, and weaknesses, through documentation of specific processes applied and experienced, while writing through personal post-traumatic memory, and its distillation into principles for practice.

3. To gain new insights into the personal experience of performing autobiographical trauma narratives, and to analyse, and critique, the effect of the 'traumaturgical' performance upon the post-traumatic memory of the autobiographical performer.

Research Questions

The focus of the research design is the development, application and analysis of the emerging dramaturgical methodology, which critically responds to the challenges, and transformative potential of, scripting, staging, and performing autobiographical trauma narratives. It is an attempt to understand through first-hand experience, what affect the [re]writing, and performing, of my autobiographical trauma-based memory scripts might have upon the psychic, and somatic experiences of 'remembrance' and the transformative potential of the dramaturgical process. The methodological design of the traumaturgy model considers current approaches to the treatment of traumatic memory, notably those of Dr Francine Shapiro (2002), Dr Peter Levine (1998), and Dr Judith Herman (1992), which are explored through forms of dramaturgical practices designed to address the following questions:

1. How, and to what extent, might the 'Traumaturgical' model of autobiographical narrative performance, provide a unique approach to the problems and challenges of dramatizing, staging, and performing, autobiographical trauma narratives?
2. How, and to what extent, might the 'Traumaturgical' process influence the narrative memory -scripts associated to the performer's personal traumata, and how, and to what extent, are these affects experienced, and articulated, through the performance process, and beyond?
3. How might this dramaturgical methodology facilitate new approaches to the dramatic composition, and performance, of autobiographical trauma narratives as original contemporary works of theatrical performance?

Preface

I will always consider this research journey as a metaphorical pilgrimage; a search that is focussed not on distant and exotic lands in search of moral, or spiritual significance, but an internal path; narrow in places, frequently overgrown and perilous to navigate. This was a cogent path most definitely less travelled. In this privileged position of informed reflection, the significance of the changes that have taken place in my perspectives concerning legitimacy, self-worth, and identity, in the wake of the traumaturgical performance, seem significant. The self-doubt which prompted the direction of the research during the first year of this project - a comprehensive study of current scientific theories of trauma and brain plasticity, in a determination to identify a recognisable connection between my dramaturgical approach, and those rooted in the field of science - has lost much of its significance. The many similarities and theoretical connections I discovered, and the substantial knowledge gained from this initial research focus has however, rather than being discarded, served to inform both the aims of the practice as research project, and my ability to understand any transformational processes which may have taken place, and in that sense it was critical.

Trauma is a term much used in contemporary society, and it seems appropriate to establish here what I mean by my reference to it throughout this document. Trauma might be best understood as a 'breach' in the cognitive processes with which we make sense of the world (Fisher, 2012). Cathy Caruth defines trauma as 'a wound inflicted not upon the body, but upon the mind [...] a breach in the mind's experience of time, self, and the world' (1996: 3-4) and its paradox is that although it may elude language, there is often a need in the trauma survivor to testify to what has taken place; trauma denies us the language required to 'speak it'.

It seems fitting to have begun this discussion with metaphor, as I utilize the metaphoric throughout this research, primarily as a way of saying the inexpressible, but also to provide the linguistic cognitive mechanisms needed to make use of the linguistically articulated domain. This is an attempt to gain understanding of the conceptual, which according to Borbely, is a sign of healing from trauma (Borbely,

1998), asserting that it is the role and function of metaphor to deal directly with the 'transformation, and creation, of new categories' (1998: 923). Through this 'mapping of knowledge, from one domain to another' (1998: 926), new things can be created and new knowledge discovered, which is precisely what the traumaturgical process seeks to achieve. These 'new things' are grounded in the memories of past experiences, therefore it is with the personal narrative that the research journey begins; an autobiographical discussion of the personal context of this research process, through an autoethnographic charting of my progression in search of 'self' and the subaltern voice, to be liberated through creative performance process, and revealed through the traumaturgy performance. This articulation begins then, with a chronology of the autobiographical events which provoked the reluctant positioning of myself into this research, and the impact this decision had upon the critical creation of 'something new', viewed through a post-colonial framework and notions of Trauma personified as the psychic 'enemy' of autonomy, and free-will.

Autoethnographic Extract 1.

Departures

"It is clear, cold, September morning and I am driving slowly away from my home in Southampton to begin a three year PhD degree at Edge Hill University, in Lancashire.

My mother and my youngest son, Jack 15 years, along with my loyal dogs are just disappearing out of sight, still waving as I turn the bend towards the motorway, heading north.

Tears are running down my face, unstoppable.

I don't even try.

I deserve to feel this anguish; selfish, a mother who chooses her own interest over the desires, no, the needs of her family. I dwell on this for a while, wondering if I should turn the car around and go home; change my mind, change my plans, return to my son, my dogs, and my elderly mother who lives alone.

Go back to where I think I belong.

Guilt consumes me; they need you, what about his home-schooling; is your education more important than his?

I pull the car over, engine still running, I breathe.

I can't breathe; I open the window gulping down air, what if something happens to your mum; she's eighty, what if that was the last time you see her? What if Jack can't manage and doesn't eat properly?

What if he gets ill, or the dogs get ill.

The turn of the screw; *what if you get found out; they will realise you're not smart enough, that you don't belong there; an imposter.*

What if you fail?

I notice the ends of my fingers are tingling; going numb.

I feel sick, terrified, a heart attack feels imminent;

What if I die here?"

(Philip, S. 2014, Journal 1.)

Chapter 1.

Reconnaissance: The active seeking to determine a foe's intentions by collecting and gathering information about an enemy's composition, and capabilities, along with pertinent environmental conditions.

In Search of `Self': Heuristic Self-Dialogue

The extract above, as with each of the extracts of autoethnographic writing interwoven through this document, represents my internal discourse; the dialogue which runs continuously as a `stream of consciousness'². Yet ironically, as I have discovered, this discourse has little to do with conscious understanding, rather it relates to the voices of the subconscious; the traumatic narratives which are rooted in nodes of shared experience, and interconnected through what I describe as traumatic `ley-lines'; harmful pockets of unspent negative energy, which remain dangerously active beyond the traumatic encounter, marking the trajectory of both its victories and the appropriated territory. These energies speak to us from the point of wounding, like Tancred's tree³ they accuse, condemn and are desperate to be remembered; they are the moanings of younger `selves' whose needs, and narratives, have long been forgotten.

I title this chapter `Reconnaissance' as a way of negotiating this relationship between the mis-remembered past and the impact of traumatic encounter as the colonial `frontier' settlement. I position Trauma as the `Slave Master'; the psychic enemy of liberty and free speech, acknowledging the importance of understanding how this colonial discourse both restricts, and compromises, the development and `performance' of `self' beyond the traumatic encounter. In seeking to comprehend these factors, there is an imperative to understand the `enemy' and its intentions, which must be achieved through a return to the traumatic psychic landscape where these `battles' have been enacted. In my initial research proposal the focus of enquiry had been centred round a further consideration of the relationships between conflict, memory and trauma, through the experiences of members of the armed forces, expanding on the traumatology protocols established through foundation projects undertaken in

² See Woolf, V. (2002) *To The Lighthouse*

³ See Freud, S. (1922) *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*

2009/2010.⁴ However, as the proposal developed I became aware of the many ethical and logistical implications of working with this demographic, and I was forced to reconsider both the choice of participants, and the design of the project. It was following a visit to Liverpool, where I witnessed groups of young women proudly sporting huge plastic hair rollers, as they shopped, seemingly unaware of the paradoxical image they were presenting, that I began constructing rationales for what I felt was as a very specific, and unusual cultural custom. Perhaps this form of 'posturing' could be read as a statement of intent, the reclamation of cultural identity through challenging the traumatic public discourse associated with the city of Liverpool. This act went beyond a declaration of 'I am going out tonight', becoming a performative rejection of the public's media fuelled opinion of Liverpool as a city in decay, through the visual declaration of 'I **can afford** to go out tonight' made by the visual 'self' under construction, a state traditionally reserved for the domestic domain rather than the high street.

This experience aroused my curiosity; this performative exposed 'self' within its own process seemed to speak to the research design I was proposing, making connection to theories of cultural trauma, which according to Peter Sztompka functions on a 'destructive cycle of cultural decay' (2000: 349), with the result materialising in a threatened sense of collective identity and pride (Sztompka, 2000: 453). The resulting cultural disorientation renders both the individual, and the community, vulnerable and susceptible to further attacks from the 'pervasive feelings of shame, and guilt, rooted in recollections of past collective deeds' (Roth, 1995). This struck me as being inextricably connected to the City's colonial links to slavery, and wealth gained through the practice as evidenced by the imposing architecture, and the commercial docklands of Liverpool; the obvious wounding still evident and undeniable, within this local landscape. Could this historic trauma have rendered this community susceptible to future traumatic wounding as Sztompka suggests, and if so what should our response to this dangerous dynamic be? I wondered if the traumaturgical methodology might have a role in addressing this traumatic lineage, and I began to formulate a new design for the research which interrogated this idea. Could the 'social display' I had witnessed by the young women of Liverpool 'costumed' in their hair rollers, somehow represent a response to this cultural traumata through a rejection of social stigmas and value judgements, in an attempt to re-claim a collective sense of self.

I was reminded of the traumatic events of the Hillsborough football tragedy, and my own memories of witnessing the event as it unfolded on television, and the prejudice directed towards the Liverpool fans from the press, the police, and the public, over the weeks following the disaster. John Freeman (2007) observes that subject positions influence understandings of 'truth', and it is important to acknowledge the socio-political concerns with football violence at this time, and the political positioning of the working classes (Jones, 2013). It seemed however peculiar how the public narrative associated with this event became embedded with the language of shame, blame and guilt; discourses I had come to understand as the lexicon of traumata, and through the prism of Sztompka's theory, I concluded that the progression of the traumatic narrative, whether personal or cultural, had a compromising hold over the development of whatever it encountered, shaped by the discourse of the most dominant 'voice'. Raymond Williams makes the observation that these social 'tragedies' while removed geographically from our position of viewing the event, nevertheless are identified with our own crisis, creating what Duggan describes as 'schisms'; traumatic events which put our lives into question again and again (Duggan, 2013).

I wondered if there might be opportunities to apply my research hypothesis to a cultural group associated with the Hillsborough tragedy, specifically the supporters of the Nottingham Forest team and football fans from Sheffield who had also witnessed the traumatic event, and whose voices appeared to have been edited from the story. Again, there were significant factors which prevented me from taking this path, notably, that this wound was still painfully raw, and therefore although a fascinating potential subject, I concluded that once again this demographic would not be appropriate for my project. Despite these setbacks, however, it was never my intention to make this research autobiographical; the physical manifestation of my own post-traumatic condition, which I will discuss later in this chapter, prevented any such consideration. When the idea was initially suggested I rejected it immediately and began formulating what were essentially avoidance strategies by prohibiting myself from the physical act of performance, in what I considered as calculated acts of self-preservation. It was following a discussion around the issue of participant recruitment with my supervisory team, and the rejected suggestion by my Director of Studies that I might consider an autobiographical framing, that I began to recognise recurring themes in my behaviour; compromising thought patterns that seemed to have been choreographing not only the direction and approach to my research, but the trajectory of my life. This unexpected insight impacted significantly on the future direction of the project, and my 'performance' as both

autobiographical researcher and embodied 'research' artefact. It seems somewhat ironic that during this initial stage of research I had failed to recognise the potential for my own position in the research process. This was a significant insight as it demonstrated my reluctance to place myself into the critical gaze, and through acknowledging this trait I was again confronted with the reality of my own psychology and the impact of my Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). I offer the reader a brief outline of the autobiographical events that led to this diagnosis to contextualise the origins of this practice as research enquiry.

Autobiographical 'Field Notes'

On 1 November 1994 I witnessed my adoptive father suffer a fatal heart attack. His cardiac arrest was sudden, violent, and despite seeming otherwise at the time, was relatively short in duration. One moment we were discussing my approaching thirtieth birthday and the trip I would be taking later that day to America, and the next he was in the process of dying in my arms whilst he pleaded for me to not let him die. My overriding memory in the days, and months, following the event was grief and helplessness; that somehow I had failed to take action which might have prevented my father's sudden death; that I had let my adoptive parents down. Within a year, these feelings had shifted focus to a more visual and disturbing memory of the physical 'performance' of my father's body in crisis, and within two years my dominant emotion was grief. I do not recall ever experiencing any associated disturbances over that period, beyond what I would describe as a normal grieving process and continued feelings of failure and loss.

It was following the reconciliation with my birth father some eleven years later, and his sudden death from a fatal cardiac arrest, which I did not witness, that I began to experience major psychological disturbances, which continued over the following years despite seeking medical support and psychological therapy to alleviate the symptoms. In March 2010 I was officially diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), the symptoms triggered by the resurfacing of psychic networks leading to irrational fears, internally connected to perceived existential threats to self. Initially these disturbances were grounded in the unconscious conviction that I would die whilst I was sleeping, and this was manifest through violent night terrors when I would awaken with an irrational compulsion to be outside; to escape the overriding, and terrifying somatised sensation of suffocation.

This highly disturbing phenomenon intensified over the following months and I began to experience sudden uncontrollable daytime panic attacks, oppressive in nature, and impacting on every aspect of my physical, and psychological well-being. I developed a fear of exertion; the irrational belief that any activity which raised my heart rate would lead to coronary arrest and I began to adjust my lived experience accordingly. I avoided stairs, steep hills, social or working environments which suggested critical judgement or any physical activity such as performing before an audience, something I had previously enjoyed. All of these activities were edited out of my life for fear of a sudden death encounter, such as I had witnessed in November 1994. Alongside these unwelcome sensations I was frequently experiencing feelings of overwhelming inferiority, abandonment and anger, which I attributed to the premature loss of my birth father following such a significant period of searching. I was transformed from a confident, positive, outgoing person into someone who was afraid; who anticipated danger in almost every situation, and reduced her lived experience to accommodate the perceived, yet imaginary threat. Over the years that followed the diagnosis I learnt and executed 'distraction techniques' to alleviate the onset of panic in public places, with varying degrees of success, but my compulsive death obsession persisted as I surrendered myself to the colonisation of my psychic and somatic experience, losing my voice, and identity in the process.

This realization, and the resulting critical need to reclaim my voice, led me to consider the work of Dr Peter Levine whose research focusses on the core physiology which allow individuals to 'transform terrifying and overwhelming experiences' (p.14) through what he describes as 'Somatic Experiencing' (*In an Unspoken Voice*, 2010.). The rationale behind Levine's methodology is rooted in the study of ethology, specifically, animal behavioural strategies for the dispersal of traumatic energies, following attack from a predator, or threat of the same, and are concerned with the nature of the transmutation of trauma in the body, brain, and psyche. Levine makes connections between psychic trauma and the 'Medusa effect'; the petrification frequently experienced at the point of the traumatic encounter, a state I explore through the autoethnographic extract '*Still*', and the lesser known response to threat 'immobilization' (2010: 48) which ethologists term 'tonic immobility' (p.49). This theoretical framework provided me with new insights, and understandings into the somatic impact of my own autobiographical traumata, specifically in relation to the witnessed, and unwitnessed deaths of my fathers.

As previously discussed, despite being present at my adoptive father's sudden death, which I acknowledge as the 'catalyst' of my post-traumatic stress disorder, there was no evidence of the damage the encounter had caused to my psyche, my corporeal schema appeared unaffected and I was able to function without any evidence of any traumatic damage which the event had undoubtedly caused. Although during the catalytic event I had taken 'action', that is to say I had exerted myself physically by running to get help, and stopping traffic whilst the ambulance arrived, my overriding belief was that I had failed to act; to prevent my father's death. As Roger Solomon states, negative cognitions reflect the 'horrific moment' and remain embedded in the memory in a state of petrification (1996). In contrast, following the devastating news that my birth father had passed away, and the ritualised processes of a funeral and subsequent burial, I experienced an overwhelming compulsion, a seemingly primal urge, to stop moving; to lie down and remain very still. There seemed to be a clear rationality that by remaining motionless the distance between my 'living' father (the visual memory of the last time I had seen him alive) and myself, might remain lucid and 'close', and whilst in this state of mind I put on the dressing gown my birth father had been wearing when he died, and lay down, not moving from this position for many weeks. In this 'frozen' state my mind was highly alert, and focussed on the memory recall of my father's face, and the terrifying thought that over time, I may forget his face. Like King Canute I was attempting to control the ebb and flow of time, and similarly I failed.

Autoethnographic Extract 2

[Still]

Staying still,
Staying very still.
Don't move.
Don't disturb the air; the atoms.
The dust.
Don't move.
Staying still so nothing changes,
Nothing changes if the air is still.
Because if I move
The atoms move,
The dust moves,
And in that movement time passes,
I breathe and time slips away.
So don't move, stay still
& every breath I hold,
Is another breath away from the last time he drew breath
The last time I held him.
The last time I called him 'Dad'
Staying very still.
Staying still.
Still.

Philip, S. (2014) Journal 2

Somatic Memory

Levine's hypothesis regarding the transmission of somatic trauma resonated with my own experiences, and is supported by K. L. Kahlbaum, who describes the state of 'tonic immobility' as 'catatonia' (1973), claiming that in most cases this state is preceded by grief, anxiety, and affects aimed at the patient by himself. Might it be the guilt from my lack of 'action' during the catalytic event that caused the damage? Was it my surrender to Levine's 'tonic immobility' the act which allowed the trauma to take residence, and if so how might traumaturgy, as a dramaturgical methodology address this 'colonising' settlement? As a drama practitioner and writer, how might the research address and interpret these questions with an informed and authoritative voice, whilst acknowledging and avoiding risk to both the research, and the researcher?

It is important to state here that traumaturgy, as a dramaturgical methodology, resides firmly within the field of performing arts. The task, or indeed purpose of the thesis, is not to critique the effectiveness of trauma treatments such as EMDR (Shapiro), or Somatic Experiencing (Levine) amongst many others, rather it acknowledges that some science based approaches to trauma treatment share a similar psychodynamic to that of traumaturgy, suggesting a possibility for this dramaturgical model to organically achieve similar therapeutic effects. For Brecht, theatre presented opportunities for scientific demonstrations to be carried out through artistic means, and rests on the premise that a man can be changed. We can see this, as Boal explains, when Galy Gay becomes Jeriah Jip in Brecht's *Man's A Man* (1926) demonstrating, through distinct alterations in personality and behaviour, that as Brecht claims, before the spectator's eyes a human being (or human nature) can be put together and taken apart (1985: 99), not through any psychological diagnosis or treatment, but through our witnessing of his life encounters and our shared reactions to them. So it is with traumaturgy, we do not set out to 'heal' the traumatized subject; this is not a form of trauma treatment, in the same way that we cannot 'heal' the traumatic 'wound'. However, as Oliver posits 'the very foundations of performance speak to, and from the dynamics of power, oppression and the traumatized body' (2010: 2). The connection between trauma and performance, from the Greek tragedies to Freud's studies of *Hysteria*, appears to 'paint a picture of the body as performative' (2010: 5). Peggy Phelan observes that 'The fingers of Freud press and prod the somatic utterances of their patient's hysterical bodies [.....] apply pressure to the indecipherable bodily

signifier, the symptoms, until it joins the conversation' (Phelan, 1997: 51). It is this 'conversation' that traumaturgy seeks to establish, through an application of the traumaturgy model.

The physical phenomenon, which Miliora (1998) describes as the 'somatisation of trauma' is a common post-traumatic reaction; the body [re]experiences the symptoms of trauma, compounding the psychic conviction that the 'self' is in danger. From my experience of trauma encounters I had 'learnt' new cognitive behaviours through my inability to save my adoptive father's life, and these were deeply rooted in blame and guilt, and compounded by the witnessed reality of my father's sudden death, and my inability to prevent it. According to Levine, this primal response prompts a flooding of adrenalin, which in turn activates an increase in heart rate resulting in self-perpetuating panic. It was this cycle of panic – driven behaviour that had compromised constructions and performances of 'self' and was at the root of my performance anxiety, and self-doubt. The maladaptive learning pattern had cognitively integrated itself into my unconscious behaviour, colonising my mind with insecurity and fear, through the resulting psychic wounding. It was as a result of reflection on these events; the desire to comprehend and address where the root of this anxiety was grounded, that provoked me to question how one might achieve liberation from the psychic, and somatic impact of the traumatic encounter. And how might my creative practice respond to this challenge? I returned to the prior foundation research I had undertaken with recovering addicts⁵ and the agency prompted by the autobiographical focus of the work. How might my practice as research enquiry establish dramaturgical protocols to facilitate an autobiographical approach to the traumaturgy model?

Here I refer to a heuristic method of research (Moustakas, 2009); a journey of self-discovery and analytical interrogation, the initial stages of which led to a profoundly unsettling insight that the original trauma was located not in the sudden death encounter, rather, it was connected to an earlier childhood trauma; the rejection by my birth parents, and my subsequent adoption into another family that was not organically mine. I came to realise that my psychic association of the three events had dangerously interwoven, resulting in a deep and damaging 'wound', the rupturing activated through the witnessing of my adoptive father's fatal heart attack, the death of my birth father, and the associated feelings of helplessness, guilt and shame. This traumatic network had resuscitated painful, hidden,

⁵ A detailed account of this research project is included as an appendix

incomprehensible memories, and it was the 'invasion' and 'settlement' of these traumatic memories, which had gained authority through the longevity of their unchallenged position.

The varied science based strategies offered to address the problem of this psychic 'wounding' seemed to be focused on 're-living' the traumatic event/s in order to understand them. However, my experiences of cognitive behavioural therapies since my own diagnosis, seemed to suggest this method of memory recall actually intensified the sensations of panic, both during and after therapy sessions, resulting in the traumatic memory being forced to front of my consciousness, along with the 'script' I had created to rationalise it. Whilst I understood the principles behind reconstructing the traumatic story (Herman, 1992), the instinctive desire to 're-claim' my story; to use my 'authentic' voice, somehow liberated from the compromising traumatic discourses of shame, blame, and guilt, was never satisfied. I was, in effect, held captive by the fantasy my subconscious had created, and this had been integrated into my 'mis' remembered past.

As a sufferer of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) I hold what Salk (1983) describes as the 'inverted perspective', allowing me to enter into dialogue with the phenomenon under investigation and as Moustakas posits, to 'allow the phenomenon to speak directly to my experience' (1990: 17). The challenge born from this realisation required an approach which simultaneously both addressed and accommodated my anxieties; essentially, a 'safe' system of reflexive self-focus which integrates wider debates on the challenges of performing autobiographical trauma narratives, whilst allowing the tacit revelation of personal intuition, grounded in the researcher's autobiographical experience of trauma, to be the primary focus of the practice. The objective behind this approach is the comprehension of an experience, or experiences, from which essential insights may be achieved which illuminate a human concern, or condition, in this case the traumatic experience of adoption and its resulting corrupted notions of 'self'. I wanted to understand how being adopted had shaped my identity and increased my vulnerability to psychological and somatic sequela of trauma, and how the resulting primal wound carved into my psyche, had shaped cognition and personal development.

I have applied the heuristic methodological approach to every phase of the research process, initiating with a period of immersion as I sought to identify the theme of the question I intended to

address, through the acquisition of data produced through a self-dialogue process, and the synthesis, or realisation of the data through the praxis; the performance of the traumaturgical text. The concepts involved in these processes are aimed at exploring the tacit knowledge of my own experiences, drawing on an internal frame of reference.

Heuristic Enquiry

The word heurist comes from the Greek *heurisken* (Gelwick, 1977: 84), meaning to find or discover, and my decision to use a heuristic approach to what is essentially a transpersonal research enquiry; an attempt to place human life and experience in its widest possible context (Hiles, 2001), was born from the desire to produce an autoethnographic account which meets the criteria for scholarly practice, yet critically allows the researcher's 'voice' to be heard. Heuristic enquiry as outlined by Clark Moustakas, is both 'repeatable reproducible and confirmable' (Wilber, 1999: 43). Furthermore, Moustakas explains how heurism is at once a form of creative synethesis (1990: 27) and an adaptation of phenomenological enquiry which recognises, and acknowledges, the involvement of the researcher. It is, according to Hiles (2001) a method of 'knowing through participation' which Ferrer (2000) calls 'the participatory turn in transpersonal research' and is directly related to ideas of participatory consciousness (Berman, 1981). As Douglass and Moustakas state 'heuristic research is concerned with meanings, not measurements; essence not appearance (1985: 42), and draws on ideas developed by Michael Polanyi (1958;1969) who explains how the heuristic enquiry flows from inner awareness; meaning and inspiration with the researcher's primary task being to recognise whatever exists in the consciousness as a fundamental awareness – to receive it, accept it, support it and dwell inside it. As the researcher I must challenge, confront, and at times even doubt (1990:11). My understanding of the phenomenon under investigation, in this case the influence of the traumatic memory scripts concerned with my adoption, and the witnessing of my adoptive father's death. I needed to discover the 'primary questions that have indwelled for a lifetime and face them in a disciplined and devoted way' (p.13). This requires a deliberate surrender to whatever arises from the process; at the onset you commit, you address each moment of encounter and follow the path it navigates, however precarious. It is a leap of faith, faith in the heuristic research process, and faith in 'self' as a heuristic researcher, directly challenging the dominant discourse which serves to remind me:

I have no faith in myself.

I have no faith in my ability to perform.

I have only fear and self-doubt.

In my pre-traumatic past I have acted professionally, I have been a public speaker, a lecturer; a parent, probably the most demanding of all performances, but when faced with the thought of performing something so personal, so publicly, all I want to do is run. I am consumed by panic, where is this fear rooted? That is the first question the heuristic process addresses; how did a confident, competent performer become so consumed with anxiety and self-doubt? Where do these internalized accusatory voices originate, and how have I allowed this damaging discourse to dominate my life experience, and inhibit the performance of what I now consider my 'authentic' self? What do I mean by 'authentic' and who decides on a value of authenticity?

To discover this I must establish a point of departure: a place of origin, my 'terra cognita' with Moustakas' heuristic methodology (1990) to guide me through this uncharted territory, as I enter into dialogue with this critical internal discourse, its accusatory script rooted in the false beliefs that:

1. My adoption has never really bothered me
2. My father died as a result of my failings
3. If I become anxious, or over exert myself it could trigger a fatal heart attack,

These mantras, each originating from a specific traumatic encounter, have prevented me from addressing my behaviours rooted in self-doubt connected to the embedded belief that 'I was not good enough', becoming endorsed through the shame and guilt of rejection. My historic life narrative had been corrupted, shaped, and characterized by these maladapted 'memory-scripts' colonising my mind and planting new 'master' narratives which spread like bindweed, until the psychic landscape is unrecognisable and the subaltern voice choked into silence. This landscape, I have discovered, is a dangerous territory; haunted by multiple, complex and interrelated, contradictory 'ghost' voices, which whisper, shout and frequently scream with demands to proclaim that which is 'missing', has been 'denied' and now demands to be heard. As Caruth tells us it is always the story of the wound that cries out, that addresses us in the attempt to tell us of a reality, or truth, that is not otherwise available. The truth in its

delayed appearance and its belated address, cannot be linked only to what is known, but also to what remains unknown in our very action and our language (Caruth, 1996: 4).

This heuristic autoethnographic writing was recorded as a verbatim text across a period of two years, from March 2013 – March 2015, and follows the structure formulated by Moustakas (*Heuristic Research; Design, Methodology, Application*, 1990). It documents the dialogical discourse between myself and the traumatic ‘voices’ associated to the autobiographical traumata and takes the form of interviews; questions and responses, which frequently led to moments of epiphany of both the focal, and subsidiary elements of understanding, embedded into this autobiographical trauma narrative. This approach required a brave heart; a pact of reconciliation with these ‘voices’ which have governed my construction of ‘self’ and to achieve this, a surrender to the authorial hand of the unstable, volatile ‘identities’ each vying for their own authentication, and the opportunity to be heard. Through this reflexive self-dialogue I was able to identify and decipher these ‘voices’; where they originated and how the associated narrative had been compromised. The results were disturbing, surprising, and the beginnings of a liberation process, initiated through this heuristic phase, and the resulting reclamation, and [re] writing of the compromised memory scripts. *Dancing for Franco*, the play that evolved from the data collected through the initial heuristic phase, represents this embodied dialogue; a newly constructed master narrative, which strategically makes physical the ‘voices’ which have shaped my past, in an attempt to achieve harmonious autonomy in my future.

The Self-Dialogue

The self-dialogue was a complex, and demanding process; as Moustakas posits, one has to speak directly to the phenomenon under investigation, which in this case was myself as both the subject, and object of the research. Challenging the traditional positioning of the researcher and bringing her out of the ‘shadowlands’ and directly into the line of critical academic gaze, utilizing subject position and as Freeman (2007) states, ‘acknowledging the overlaps between the maker and the made’. I would suggest that it is between these ‘overlaps’, or ‘narrative folds’ (Duggan 2013) of the public and personal where the ‘dissolution of assumption’ (2007:7) really occurs. This was an intense process which accessed and reactivated hidden feelings, and memories, and it was during this initial phase that I sought support to

manage the emotions which had been stirred, as a considered act of risk management and in response to the ethical demands of the project.

One of these ethical concerns, associated to the self-dialogue process, was the notion of 'authenticity'. I speak about the need to establish authenticity through the reclamation of genealogical history, and what I consider as the subaltern voice, yet it is framed somewhat precariously by the subjective, interior discourse accessed through this reflexive enterprise. Likewise, as a method of collecting data, through the procurement of tacit 'hidden' knowledge, this approach appears somewhat unstable. How might I reconcile this problem? The 'Truth' of the traumatic event is, according to Stuart Fisher, not transparent, knowable, or even communicable (2011), trauma by definition, is that which resists comprehension. Martin Heidegger's account of authenticity might provide a more existentially nuanced articulation of truth which is not based upon a literal, or factual account of what happened, such as found in performances of verbatim testimony, rather it is concerned with 'making the entity – the enquirer – transparent in his own being' (1962:27); the importance of our capacity to reflect on the possibilities of our own existence.

The self-dialogue sessions were conducted at regular intervals, initially weekly, but becoming reflexive as my need to contextualise data increased, and began to significantly impact my comprehension of how these discourses were connected. I discovered there were two very distinct personalities which had taken residence within my psychic landscape; the first, and the loudest was the voice of a child; a Spanish child, who felt denied of her culture, and her heritage and demanded an explanation of the rejection she had experienced from her birth parents. The second was the narrative of a younger adult self, shaped by the legacy of the first 'voice'; haunted by self-doubt and insecurity, it bore witness to that which it could never comprehend; the sudden death of a parent as an existential crisis which corrupted my corporeal schema, and compromised my notions of 'self'. During this phase of the research I was receiving support from the university's counselling service, as a way of making stable and contextualising the revelation of personal materials accessed during the self-dialogue sessions. It was useful to have these opportunities to talk about how this material had made me feel in the present, and the implications for how it related it to my past. I suggest that in terms of traumaturgy and any potential as a therapeutically focussed dramaturgical methodology, this clinical intervention is critically important and would form an

essential part of the ethical design of the model if utilized for such an application and as a performance focussed methodology this professional support is also a valuable component.

I include the following extract as an example of this heuristic process, I use two identities in this interview, the first I call '*Sandra*'; this is my adopted name, given to me by my adoptive parents, and the name I have been known by since my adoption, and in this context is the voice of the researcher/interviewer. The second identity is '*Mandy*'; this was the name I was given by my birth parents, and to allow distinction between the two 'voices' I utilize both names throughout the self-dialogue process.

Autoethnographic Extract 3

Sandra *Where do you want to begin?*

Mandy *I was adopted!*

Sandra *Do you want to begin with that; do you want to talk about being adopted?*

Mandy *No, this is too direct; I can't just talk about all this.*

Sandra *OK, maybe we should try to remember all the places we have ever lived, and then attribute memories to each location, would that help?*

Mandy *OK*

Sandra *Where do you want to start? Petworth Drive?*

Mandy *Yes, I remember that house.*

Sandra *So can you just list the images that come to mind when you think of that house, how old were you when you lived there?*

Mandy *I was 2 when we moved there and five when we left, I started school there; Burgess Hill it was, in Sussex.*

Sandra *Good, try to list everything that you can recall.*

Mandy: *A toy pram with twin black dolls*

Dad decorating the house for Christmas

Christmas

Ballet lessons

Coconut tobacco

Our dog – Mickey

Birthday parties laid out on a pasting table

Boat shaped jelly dishes with wafer sails

Collecting Steven from playschool before I was old enough to go

Walking to the paper shop with Dad on a Saturday morning

20 No 6 tipped

Mrs Harrison my first teacher

My first day at school

Lollipop ladies

Plastic sprung jumping frogs from the chemist on the corner

Apples polished on my jumper sleeve at break time

The milk monitor

Never being milk monitor

Reading to the class; the Girl with the Red Sash

Fir trees

Monkey trees

Horrible short haircut

Ear ache

Always late for school

Making Red Indian costumes out of wool

Silver and gold reading books

Reading

Going to the library with Dad

Carol Maslin

Thank you letters

Fuzzy felts

Stickle bricks

My dolls house

Reading everything

Going to Red Cross

The Obard's; Hillary and Colin

Sugar sandwiches at the Obard's house before Red Cross

Scooby Doo

Bonfire night

Catherine wheels and sparklers

Scared of the dark

Calling to my mum every night

She never came

Sometimes she came

Sometimes she smacked me

Sleeping under covers at the bottom of the bed.

Sandra *you remember a lot considering you were so young*

Mandy *I had forgotten about Hillary and Colin, I was a bit scared of their mum; Audrey. She was really strict, although we had sugar sandwiches at her house, and ketchup ones too, we were never allowed to do that at home. We used to go there on a Wednesday night before we went to Red Cross. My parents were friends with their parents.*

Sandra *so when you look at the list how does it make you feel?*

Mandy *The majority of things on there are happy memories; the only things that remind me of feeling unhappy are to do with being really scared at night. I used to lay in bed calling to my mum over and over and over again.*

Sandra *Why?*

Mandy *Because I was scared of the dark and I wanted her to come up stairs*

Sandra *Why*

Mandy *I don't really know*

Sandra *what did you want her to do?*

Mandy *I just wanted her to come up and see me, I was scared of the dark but she was always cross, sometimes she would smack me but I don't think I cared about that I just needed her to come up.*

Sandra *do you think maybe you thought she would leave you?*

Mandy *No, I don't think so, maybe*

Sandra *what did she do when she did come up?*

Mandy *I can only remember the times she was cross.*

Sandra *Was she often cross?*

Mandy *with me – yes, a lot*

Sandra *What about your Dad?*

Mandy *I never called him, I don't really know why not, I used to crawl to the bottom of the bed, under the covers and curl up in a ball to go to sleep. My Dad used to come in during the night and pull me out. I don't know how I know that. I feel a real fondness when I think of my Dad.*

Sandra *so this was a happy time?*

Mandy *Yes*

Sandra *Did you ever think about being adopted at this time while you lived at this house?*

Mandy *I don't know, I don't think so. I don't think I was aware of it then.*

Sandra *When did your parents tell you, that you were adopted?*

Mandy *I always used to say that I just always knew, but that doesn't really make sense, they must have told me, actually now I'm thinking about it, I think maybe they told me on bonfire night.*

Sandra *Where?*

Mandy *at the Obard's house! Yes, those kids were adopted, I knew that in the same way I knew I was. Maybe they told me then.*

Sandra *If you knew Hillary and Colin were adopted your parents must have told you that, maybe they told you about you at the same time?*

Mandy *I need to think about that*

Sandra *do you want to carry on*

Mandy *No*

The self-dialogue represents the initial phase of the traumaturgy methodology; entering into dialogue with the phenomenon I intend to investigate, through all concepts and phases, producing a 'free-flow' (Djuraskavic, N., Aurther, N., 2010) of data, back and forth, until I have recognised its multiple meanings and the place and unity of intellect, emotion and feelings (Moustakas, 1990: 16) within it. The heuristic self-dialogue became my point of departure, from 'what I thought I knew', into 'what I now know' as I sought to recognise and understand 'the constituents and qualities that make up experience' (16). For all our experiences there are multiple meanings, which can be uncovered heuristically, in what is essentially a scientifically ordered and disciplined method. As Craig (1978) posits, the heuristic enquiry is always in flux, moving "from the individual to the general and back again [.....] from feeling to the word and back to the feeling, from the experience to the concept and back to the experience" (p.57). These are autoethnographic writings authored from a tacit dimension, a disclosure of 'self' which Jourard (1971) describes as 'the act of making yourself manifest' (p.19). As Moustakas states, to conduct self-dialogue is to "face oneself" (p.17) which is, I have discovered, a courageous act of self-searching. One must open oneself to the darkest recesses of the imagination, and the memory, in an effort to disentangle the two. Here fact and fiction become blurred, woven together, into garments that are worn as external costumes; signifiers of the nature of the person beneath and frequently misleading. As I have discovered, the 'self' worn in social contexts is frequently dichotomous in nature; the garments mis-fitting and heavy with debris from the past which must be discharged through this act of public 'disrobing'.

This initial self-dialogue session had revealed the moment where memory recall is achieved; during this self-dialogue a lucid memory of my adoptive father telling me that I was not their natural child, that I had been 'chosen' which made me 'special'. Here I was confronted by evidence which clearly demonstrated that my adoption was at the root of the traumatic paradigm, and this autoethnographic writing exercise had revealed a critical moment in the adoption narrative; the sharing of hidden information and the acknowledgement of my complicated origins.

Autoethnographic Extract 4

Bonfire Night

Tonight is Bonfire Night,
Dad makes a fuss; the celebration of a crime.
We make a Guy Fawkes
To burn; the sacrifice.
Tomato Soup in tin mugs,
Warm hands.
Hilary's house;
I don't like her Mother.
She isn't her Mother.
She shouts,
But she makes us ketchup sandwiches,
I'm not allowed ketchup sandwiches
Except on bonfire night.
Tonight will be a special night
One I will forget to remember
Tonight Dad tells me a secret
He tells me I was 'chosen'
He tells me he isn't my Dad'
And she isn't my Mum,
He tells me I am special.
I don't know what that means
But the fireworks were beautiful,
I like the Catherine wheel best
Because it throws out sparks
And sounds like a baby screaming.

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The poems rooted in self-dialogue, which came from the autoethnographic writing were composed as a stream of consciousness, or perhaps more a streaming of my un-consciousness, and were emotionally surprising and challenging to read. Allowing these internalised 'voices' to express, not only forgotten information relating to my life, but also the accompanying emotions touched me very deeply, and I began to form a sense of protective affection for this part of myself, which seemed also to have been forgotten. This writing also raised questions connected to the language of adoption; the use of terms such as 'special' and 'chosen' which deny the birth parents from the transaction, suggesting an exchange based on mutual convenience rather than, what I would suggest is the sad reality for the majority of birth mothers, a decision reached through the lack of other options. For the adopted individual, the fictional landscape is a familiar domain; without an authentic narrative, genealogy, or cultural reference the compromised 'self' exists in a limbo. Devoid of any purposeful defence from the accusatory voice of the interior 'other', resulting in an experience of psychic oppression through echoes of abandonment, rejection, and the yearning to belong. The personal adoption narrative originates in destabilized beginnings with the adoptee existing as an imposter; culturally dislocated, provoking an insecurity, and inferiority, which essentially primes the psychic landscape for the post-traumatic 'invasion' of dangerous, and maladaptive perceptions of 'self'. Homans (2006) explores the vital concept of origins, and cites its absence as an obscurity of meaning (2006:7), devoid of the primal scenes missed, the adoptee is forced to fictionalize the irretrievable past; the unremembered, or as Caruth posits 'the unclaimed experience' of personal history (1996).

This acknowledgment of unclaimed experience, now potentially re-claimed through the self-dialogue and autoethnographic writing, once again prompts issues of authenticity. How could I 'know' if these writings originated from a factual dimension, for example my adoptive father telling me of my status as adoptee on bonfire night, and my later recollection of that event? Equally, how can I 'know' if the provocation of these revelations is generated by my own desires to achieve both a form of satisfactory closure, or perhaps more worryingly, pander to my own creative ambitions to produce art? It is of course the purpose of research data to evidence the truth of any claims made in the findings, and by positioning the self-dialogue (and the autoethnographic writing) as a method, and evidence, of data procurement, and also as a method of scholarly praxis, it is critical that I am able to defend them as such. As Gertz (1988) states to negate the passage from what one has been through 'out there' to what one says 'back here' is not

psychological in character, it is literary (p78). It is a 'text-building problem' rendering your account credible through making your person so (p79). Self-dialogue within the dramatic landscape can be considered no less authentic, or valuable in terms of data, than the therapist/subject dialogue on which psychological health might be measured, although of course cannot be analysed with the same scientific rigour. As a dramaturgical methodology however, we do not require a scientific endorsement, and Moustakas's Heuristic research framework provides a rigorous method of analysis. By its very nature, self-dialogue facilitates a sense of freedom of expression, a space in which forbidden subjects can be broached, and like testimony offered by the primary witness in a court room, the verdict of authenticity takes account of the personal prism of perspective, without confusing it with deceit.

The 'Primal Wound' Adoption

Lifton describes the adoptee as being 'wounded psychically' (1975:165) with a most primal wound, projecting the same intrusions and constrictions, as those experienced by other trauma survivors. For myself as researcher/adoptee, the originary traumatic event lies outside of my narrative grasp; it is in effect the story which can never be fully told, relying instead on the retrospective, construction of adoption origins (Homans, 2006: 5), which are not discovered in the past but created in the 'here and now'. Perhaps fittingly, the adopted trauma survivor 'acts out' rather than 'consciously recalls their abandonment' (1975: 181), living through what Caruth describes as the 'insistent re-enactments... bearing witness to a past that was never fully experienced as it occurred' (151); arriving at a form of self-understanding even in the absence of empirical understanding (Leys, 2000). The critical decisions which form the adoption transaction provoke a sense of ownership and 'belonging' which is always precarious; a legacy of insecurity, borne of this early life rejection. Herman (1992) usefully explains how feelings of vulnerability and blame inhibit, and inhabit, the trauma survivor's psychological and social function (178), reconstructing core beliefs to allow comprehension of the 'undeserved suffering' they have experienced, such as the 'reality' of complicated origins. History and origins become acutely important in situations of displacement and frequently these unanswered enquiries result in an unbearable burden of false responsibility; the belief that the birth parent's rejection was prompted by the negative attributes of the adoptee, such as in my own trauma/adoption narrative script.

This I describe as the critical point of wounding; the point of traumatic origin, and the prism through which all future lived experience will be contextualised. This newly constructed, traumatic 'master-narrative' offers a distorted perspective, with future traumatic encounters forming a pathogenic pathway of interconnected traumatic 'ley-lines', which remain unstable, and dangerously volatile. As Andreas Rommel posits, achieving control over pathogenic forces requires the 'awarding of symbolic forms, and organisation into harmonious order' (1967). These clusters of unreleased traumatic 'energy' linger at the point of wounding, never dormant, always alert, unspent and vocal, their stories ever re-told in a search for some justice; the unobtainable 'beginning', 'middle' and 'end' of an autobiographical 'story' in which the adoptee 'performs' as both victim, and perpetrator.

The importance of narrative, therefore, is key in understanding how these critical 'histories' impact upon the constructions of 'self'; narratives dominate human discourse, encoding truth and experience and as David Hiles posits 'they are more than a literary form, rather they are the basic property of the human mind' (2002: 8). Polkinghorne (1988) explains how our lives are intertwined with narratives; "the stories that we tell and hear told "[...] with stories that we dream, or imagine, or would like to tell [...] situating ourselves at the intersection of several stories not yet completed" (1988:160), becoming as Shotter and Gergen suggest 'simply the assembled stories that we tell ourselves' (Hiles 2002: 9). Storytelling then, has a significant role in the post- trauma, and post-adoption narratives, as Fitzhardinge (2008) posits the way we make sense of stories is 'the very essence of identity' (p.131) and is partly constructed through our own sense of authentication. Adoptees frequently experience feelings of 'otherness' which inhibit understandings of identity. As Krueger & Hanna (1997) suggest, fundamentally adoptees strive to discover a genealogical context; a historic connection where they can experience a sense of belonging. It was this need for context that prompted my genealogical investigation, and informed both the future direction of the research, as well as critically reconnecting me with my cultural Spanish heritage and the adoptee community.

Autoethnographic Extract 5

Tracing

“At the age of twenty five the irresistible urge to ‘trace’ my biological mother was sparked after becoming a mother myself; it was in the hours following the delivery of my first child; a daughter, that I began to think a great deal about the woman who had given birth to me, and had subsequently – within three months – rejected me. As a new mother, I struggled more than ever to understand how any woman could give away her child, and for the first, but not the final time, questioned the ‘fairy-tale’ I’d created during my childhood years; that one day she would return, and claim me.” Philip, S. (2014) Journal 2.

In Great Britain, the process of ‘tracing’ biological parents is a long and complicated one. The adoptee must attend a counselling session, to ensure they are psychologically prepared, and aware of how receiving the details of their conception, birth and subsequent adoption, may affect them. The adoptee is then able to apply for their birth records, which contain the details of the case, and all those involved in the process, including names, dates and the last known addresses of all parties involved in the transaction. Following a lengthy process of form filling, and assessments, I was granted access to my birth records in March 1989. At the time of my adoption, in 1965, the practice was governed by the 1958 UK Children’s Act, which in effect guaranteed the anonymity of the birth parents, by legally withholding the birth information from the adoptee. Therefore, at the time of my adoption the decision to reveal the facts of the transaction - or even the adoption itself - was at the discretion of the adoptive parents. However, in 1979 the law relating to adoption in the UK changed, making it both legal, and relatively straightforward, to gain access to these critical records, and potentially, to reconnect with the biological parents. For my ‘parents’, this dynamic shift within the adoption paradigm plunged, particularly my ‘mother’, into her own landscape of rejection, which she countered through her refusal to have any aspect of my pre-adoption existence mentioned, except to reiterate that my birth mother hadn’t wanted me, a fact which even as an adult I was never able to fully contextualise, or understand. As Margaret Homans explains in *Adoption Narratives, Trauma, and Origins* (2006) as with trauma narratives, adoption narratives are often obsessively oriented towards an irretrievable past, and like (or as) trauma, adoption compels the creation of plausible if not verifiable narratives. Narratives of trauma and adoption (therapeutic and otherwise) are best understood not as about the ‘unearthing of the veridical past’ (p.4), nor yet again about revealing

the past to be what Miller calls the 'absence at the origin, but about the creation of something new' (Homans. 2006).

The documentation I received from the National Records Office revealed the names and nationalities of both my birth parents, and my grand-parents, the addresses of those involved at the time of the adoption order, and a brief chronology of events leading to the adoption. There was also, and critically, an attached consent form signed by my birth-mother⁶, which provided her 'reasons' for giving me up for adoption; in many ways this single sheet of paper stood as an indictment of social attitudes toward single mothers, at the time of my birth. It was an emotionally dichotomous encounter. I was also given a copy of my original birth certificate, on which I discovered that my first name, as well as my surname, had been changed following the adoption, and my real name was Mandy Victory.

Genealogical investigation has been made significantly easier by the development of the internet. When I began the search for my birth parents in 1988, tracing required the services of a private investigator or, if you could not afford the services of an investigator, as was my experience, you could undertake the lengthy process yourself. I recall vividly leafing through the enormous volumes of records held in St Catherine's House in London; vast red leather bound books, filled with endless lists of all births, marriages, and deaths recorded in the UK. It was simply a case of looking through them all in the hope, or dread, of finding a name that matched, and then applying for the appropriate certificate which took weeks, and cost twenty five pounds. Then followed a period of anxious agonising, waiting to discover if the entry belonged to a parent, or a more distant relative, who might lead you to the prize. It was an expensive, and frustrating process. Ironically, when I did eventually 'find' my birth parents it was through an online family search and genealogy forum, and the lady who made the initial contact with me, was my aunt, married to my father's brother. Auntie Ellen had been close friends with both my mother and my father, since childhood, having grown up in the same area of East London. This was in direct conflict with the 'story' I had been told about my pre-adoption history by my adoptive parents. It seemed really important to begin this journey with my feet on 'solid ground'; to 'know' the truth of my origins, and those of my birth parents, believing this knowledge would provide me with a much sought after sense of validation.

⁶ A copy of this document was exhibited and is included as appendix

I had begun to feel increasingly insecure during this phase of the research, overwhelmed by the feelings I was experiencing, and I was aware my PTSD symptoms had increased since my first session with the counsellor, which I had begun in response to the ethical considerations of the project. I began to doubt the value of my research, I felt conflicted; I recognised the need to establish the foundations of my autobiography, yet the anxiety and self-doubt provoked an overwhelming sense of dread, and reluctance to face the task of more 'searching'; placing myself in what felt like an emotional limbo.

In many ways the initial phase, and the decision to trace biological family, can cause great anxiety in ways which are unexpected. It is impossible to acknowledge the need to reconnect with bloodlines, without these actions being perceived as a rejection of the adoptive parents, placing the adoptee in a difficult position and causing, potentially, enormous heartache to all parties involved. Fortunately a family friend, artist and historian, Stephanie May, offered to undertake the genealogical work on my behalf. An experienced researcher, she quickly began to reconstruct the branches of my family tree, sending me regular updates as new things were discovered. The documents Stephanie produced⁷ are essentially my family's social history, which Stephanie was able to trace back to the 1700s. The genealogical investigation revealed both paternal, and maternal lines, which were initially equally interesting and raised critical questions about the ways in which we construct identity; the selections and rejections we make about which histories are dismissed, and which are adopted into our sense of 'self'. On my maternal bloodline I discovered a great, great, grandmother Frances Scott, who, over a period of ten years, fostered eleven unrelated Jewish children, whose various mothers had been sentenced to the poorhouse, taking care of the children until their mothers were able to re-claim, which, with the help and support of my maternal relative, all of these women were able to do.

It is clear from the address of the property where the fostering took place, my relative was not living in poverty herself; her family were poor but 'decent' and there is evidence to suggest she was paid a small wage by the local authorities, for this provision. However, she was by no means wealthy, suggesting this behaviour was motivated by benevolence, rather than greed. I felt both humbled, and proud, to be related to this great matriarch; this remarkable, compassionate woman was a part of me; we shared a genetic code. I also felt saddened, as it would be this remarkable woman's great granddaughter who would give away two of her own children, and I wondered what Frances Scott would have said about my

⁷ all genealogical document is included as an appendix

mother's actions. I also wondered when I had become so judgemental, and again was reminded of the culture of blame and an attempt was made to address this imbalance through the writing process of the developing script.

Discovering my Great-great grandmother gave me real sense of belonging, and I believe this was a moment of the ever elusive sense of 'authenticity'. This was the first indication that something was changing; something in me, in how I viewed myself, and with this realisation came a new sense of empowerment and self-worth, enabling me to continue on my research journey with a renewed confidence, enthusiasm and purpose. Further along this maternal line of Higgins, another story was revealed; around 1911 a young man called Henry Higgins met a young girl selling flowers in the East End of London, her name is Edith Scott; daughter of Frances and William Scott. Henry drove a cab; a horse driven carriage, he falls in love and marries Edith in 1912, later providing her with the flower shop she had always desired. This story is reminiscent of another, told by the author George Bernard Shaw in 1912, which was based on the working class people of the East End of London; *Pygmalion*, which later became the critically acclaimed musical film *My Fair Lady* (1966). There appeared to be a constant interweaving of fact and fiction throughout this research process, and indeed the narrative of my life. Was it fanciful to contemplate that Shaw's characters' could be based on my maternal relations; that the young flower seller played by Audrey Hepburn in the Rogers and Hammerstein musical could be based upon my great, great, great grandmother? It was certainly possible, although impossible to verify, and therefore remained nothing more than supposition, and imagining, a theme I knew too well. This conflict between the fictional, and factual, in relation to this particular narrative, partly influenced my decision to 'edit' it from the text. However, on reflection, perhaps the real reason this aspect of my genealogical heritage was sacrificed was the influence of my deeply rooted feelings of anger, and blame directed to my birth-mother.

On this research journey, there have been numerous moments of epiphany; the realisation that both my birth, and my adoptive mother's narratives were equally embedded in traumatic origins, connected to the adoption paradigm, was in many ways, a defining moment. I have come to realise that in reality my adoptive mother's motives for denying my true origins were grounded in the desire to protect; what I perceived as secrecy due to shame, I now understand as the need to maintain an 'illusion' of 'normality' thus ensuring her role as 'mother' remained publicly intact. Put simply, she wanted the world

to believe she was my `real' mother and this rationalized `fraud' later raised questions concerning the nature of blame, something that would significantly influence the writing, and staging of the traumaturgical text *Dancing for Franco*.

Autoethnographic Extracts 6

Grace

In the aftermath of loss
We were both second best
Destroying each other
Destroying ourselves
I despised you because you hated me first
I made myself hate you
Because you made me hate myself
Because you told me things that made me doubt her
The only hope I had.
Why did you do that?
I know why you did that, now.
Do you know what telling a child she's not good enough does?
That she doesn't measure up
Not quite,
Crushing, colonising
Stealing away her language and replacing it with bile
The sins of the mother laid bare
The awkward silence
I do not despise you
I'm sorry if I acted as if I did.
But I had to protect myself;
Words wound and my retaliation was effective
And cruel.
I'm sorry, I am ashamed
I understand you now
How this is not just my story
Our worlds in collision, confusion,
I cannot speak of myself
Without the acknowledgment of you.
In your manufactured role of 'Mother'
We were destined to fail.

Philip, S. 2014 Journal 1

Paternal Paths

This confusing personal narrative appeared to be embedded with complex issues of blame which I did not at that time feel able to address; this maternal landscape felt precarious, and I turned to my paternal line which led directly back to Southern Spain. My grandparents, Jose Victory and Aurelia Morro Souza fled Andalucía for love; both Jose and Aurelia were already married and came from families whose ideologies were situated on conflicting political sides of the Nationalist/Republican divide, a dichotomous and dangerous national tension, which continues today, and a theme explored in depth later in this thesis. This action would no doubt have seemed scandalously selfish; Aurelia had a daughter from her previous marriage who was brought to England by her mother, never to see her biological father again; another narrative of abandonment and cultural loss, woven into my own. Beyond my grandparents the bloodline is difficult to follow; my grandmother was of gitano heritage (gypsy), which no doubt complicated matters further as historically the gypsies are illiterate, meaning official records are sparse and those which do survive cannot be considered authentic, as often the information given by individuals proves to be fictional. It is also very unusual for gypsies to marry, or co-habit with peyos (non gypsies) which may have been a contributing factor in their decision to leave Spain. I was intrigued by this connection to the Gitano clans of Southern Spain and I began to research into their histories, discovering I shared many of their characteristics and attributes; the love of the outdoors; the attraction of the nomadic lifestyle; a deep connection with animals; a deep loyalty to family; the love of music, dance and of course alcohol, which felt enormously empowering. On reflection there was something strangely irresistible about this 'exotic' association which I felt compelled to claim as a part of my legitimate identity, whilst at the same time rejecting, what I considered to be, the more 'ordinary' maternal line of East End women. This decision requires further investigation, as it is significant as an example of how identity is self-constructed, and influenced by our self-perception. In this instance it was the 'exotic' other in conflict with what I perceived as the mundane; I found myself having to select a history with which to weave the dramatic 'fictional' narrative, and the desire to position myself in a location of 'other' influenced how these critical choices were made. This seems ironic when considered through the adoption paradigm; a dynamic which hinges on issues of 'otherness'. This critical self-selection also reveals how issues of 'mother-blaming' were embedded into my psyche as well as my research process; how I viewed and processed my traumatic past, and the blame I continued to attribute to my birth mother.

Autoethnographic Extract 7

A letter to my `Mother`

It has taken me a long time to write this letter
Be able to write this letter
I had nothing to say; nothing that meant anything
A miscommunication between
Mouth and Mind
I've never been able to trust my mouth;
It lies; boasts, and spews out secrets
Secret things I never knew.
Perhaps I did know but had forgotten.
Or was never allowed to remember
However it happened – I lost the ability to speak
To hear my voice in the chaos of all those others
I used to know what I'd say
When we met
The well-crafted acknowledgment
Of my generous forgiveness
And your wretched regret
But when that moment came
All I could do was stamp my feet.
An imposter, a Gitano child
Masquerading as an adult
Demanding an apology
An explanation of the unexplainable
In a language a child can understand
I still don't understand
As I got older the voice remained childlike and was joined by other
Voices relating to other traumas.
That is how I now understand Adoption, as a trauma;
The wound that is made when flesh is torn from flesh,
Never healing because every now and then
You catch it with your memory,
Your anxiety, your fear
And it bleeds all over again and a new voice tells you to leave it; forget about it. But you can't.

And I couldn't love her – not properly
Not without feeling as if I'd betrayed you.
And the voice kept telling me it was a mistake
That any day you'd come for me; claim me.
But you didn't.
The real mistake, was believing you would.
Stupid voice
In your absence I created a new identity
Shaped by judgement and the shame
Of not being like them, of being like him.
I still find it hard to admit I'm like you.
And just like that you exist,
Just like that, a lifetime of searching was settled.
It wasn't settled.
It was like an eruption;
Euphoric for a moment and then deeply unsettling.
I have remained deeply unsettled.
She said I was like you; like being with - that's what she said
When we met
We watched the boats and tried not to cry
We did cry
And I felt jealous that she knew you,
Had known you, for a moment,
Had known of my Father;
But more importantly
My father had known about me.
Do you know what it's like to have everything you've believed all your life just blown apart?
How you build this picture; a story
You know all the characters because you created them,
They all have a function; to move the plot forward
Then Suddenly
Life edits out a crucial narrative.
He was only an extra; a guy at a party
It was always about you, Wendy
I didn't even write him any lines.
And I can't breathe, can't get enough air
I'm gasping
Clawing for oxygen, space, suffocating
Heart racing
Panic

And the voice reminds me
How we promised
They'd be no more risks.
No more fatalities.
And just like that the dancing stopped.
You can't dance if you can't breathe
I thought I could follow your lead;
Edit you out
Remove that voice from my mind
But I can't
I'm not like you.
I'm like you;
You are the parts of me I despise
I admire
I have relied upon for survival.
You are the voice that I couldn't silence
The strength
The guilt
The shame
The pain that comes from giving away something you love
And it became my pain, my guilt, my shame
My inheritance; your legacy
Our narrative of regret
We survived it together

Philip, S (2013) Journal 1.

This extract of autoethnographic writing had enormous significance to me; it would later form a critical part of the play text *Dancing for Franco* but in the days following its composition it caused me to reconsider the negative cognitions I had 'taught' myself throughout my life, in relation to the blame I attributed to both my mothers, but also myself, and what appeared to be the idolisation of both my fathers, and I knew that this would need addressing during the writing process. This poem also reminded me of my historic love of dance, which had formed a significant part of my formative years, and provided me with a welcome form of escapism; I had trained in classical ballet from the age of five, but this artistic form of self-expression had been edited out of my life, along with all other aspects of performance. By allowing the 'child' to remember this once loved activity, to articulate textually the importance of this form of expression, I was able to revisit my memories of being a dancer and the sense of emancipation dancing had offered to my voiceless, colonized and confused younger 'self', alongside the importance of reclaiming this art form as a means of expressing this 'self' as adult.

Genealogical Mapping

Having 'chosen' the lineage which would provide the cultural framework on which the dramatic text would be constructed; the paternal bloodline and its associations to my lost Spanish heritage, the next stage would be to establish the socio-political context at work within that frame. Since undertaking the genealogical investigation, and discovering the impact of this political conflict of my own family line, I had become very interested in the events of the Spanish Civil War, visiting sites of military importance in Madrid, and tracing the footsteps of those who volunteered to fight alongside the Spanish people, as part of the International Brigade. My re-connection with my genealogical past, alongside my own political ideology fuelled a deep rooted empathy for those who fought for their Republican ideals during the civil conflict, and I experienced both a deep sense of loss, and a euphoric sense of pride and homecoming, the first time I placed my feet on Spanish soil. As far as I am aware I have no relatives who were directly involved in the conflict, but this brave attempt of the Spanish people, to resist the oppressive rule of fascism came to metaphorically represent my own struggle to overcome the dominant traumatic discourse, which I now understood had been controlling my life.

Autoethnographic Extract 8

March 2014

"I am sitting on an Easy-Jet airliner with my nose pressed against the cold glass of the tiny window which teasingly offers me glimpses of the land beneath; Spain, Madrid, the mountains now just peeping through the cloud. I gasp. The ground sneaks into view and my heart races, feet ache to feel the Spanish soil beneath them. I am weeping; a reunion. I walk from the cool of the airport into blinding light, heat like a shroud, I feel safe, strangely grounded; at peace, as if I've been here always, in another life that I had forgotten. As I make my way through the narrow streets teeming with people; gypsies stare at me with a sort of dull recognition, I smile; my soul sighs. I am home".

Philip, S. (2014) Diary 1

The transformational journey; my first experience of the country I now call my ancestral home, undertaken in the spring of 2014, is presented here as a starting point; a beginning; a much anticipated 'meta' authentication of what I have come to understand as a 'desired self'. The weaving together of the many autobiographical strands of enquiry which begin and end on Spanish soil; my birth father John Victory and my paternal and maternal genealogy, a love of dance which runs through my veins and the traumatic events and the traumatic legacy of the Spanish Civil War. There was a familiar, and painful sense of abandonment; a 'maternal' burden of sadness, this was my homeland, my people, a part of my history denied. As I stood at the entrance to the telephone exchange in Madrid, imagining the Republican Assault Guards whose feet traced the same path, I was consumed with emotion and I wept, partly for those who lost their lives, and political ideals, and partly for my own history and my denied Spanish heritage. I experienced many emotional reactions which provoked such an outpouring during this trip, perhaps the most powerful came at The Sofia Museum of Art, Madrid, in the presence of Pablo Picasso's vast masterpiece *Guernica*. This enormous work, guarded by two armed security officers, literally brought me to my knees; I listened to the digital guide as she deconstructed the meaning to each of the motifs found in the image; the bull, the horse, the twisted agony of the woman holding her dead baby, once again I felt the enormity of what it represented, and the burden of needing to 'tell'. I had found my dramatic 'landscape' the next challenge would be to establish the 'community' before whom I would testify, and to

discover the 'voice' with which I would proclaim my truth; a voice which wove together all aspects of this emergent 'self'; adoptee, trauma survivor, researcher, playwright and 'actor', and to find a way to accommodate and satisfy each of them. As an adoptee I felt isolated although I had been raised with my half-brother; we share the same mother but have different fathers, but perhaps due to the secrecy around issues of adoption, beyond my sibling I had never knowingly met anyone else who had been through this process, either as a parent, or a child, and I felt a deep need to connect with those who shared similar complicated origins; to establish a sense of belonging with those who like me, carry the knowledge of being unwanted, of being 'other'.

Autoethnographic Extract 9.

Guernica

"I had to step outside, I couldn't breathe; had to escape from the shadow of Guernica and into the fresh air. I move quickly down a corridor full of sculptures and into a courtyard, where wooden benches and fountains encircled a huge metal artwork. Arbours swathed in roses, and climbing vines, filled the air with a musky sweetness. I watched two young Spanish girls playing hide and seek, perhaps like me they were glad to step away from the burden of history, one of the girls, her long dark hair reflecting sparks of burnt umber as it flashed under the Madrid sun, hides herself behind one of the archways and calls loudly to her playmate; "Maria!" her sweet laughter giving away her hiding place. "Maria Estoy listo" come and find me, I watched her; our eyes met for a breath, and then she was gone, running to find her friend too impatient for waiting to be discovered. I sat alone now, trying to translate the rush of emotion I was feeling; I tried to identify it, then I realised, it was jealousy, and the voice in my head kept saying "It should have been me, that little girl, it should have been me".

Philip, S. (2014) Journal 2

The Niños Robados

The political Spanish landscape, specifically, the conflict between Nationalist/Fascist and Republican ideals, is reflected through my own family history and the tragic story of the Niños Robados; Spain's stolen children. This cultural 'wounding', impacting many generations of Spanish families, prompted me to reflect on my own adoption narrative, and to ask the question: is it better to be stolen, or given away? This thought became embedded into the script *Dancing for Franco*, which I situate

purposefully amongst the stories of a thousand others who collectively represent this practice of illegal adoption. The process of indoctrinating the young children of murdered Republican supporters with 'the new state model', originated towards the end of the civil conflict, but continued during Franco's dictatorship, going beyond the so called 'ethical' removal of orphaned children, into a system of financially motivated 'theft'. Young mothers, particularly those associated with Republican ideals, or those not considered 'worthy' to raise the future generations of Franco's 'New Spain' were literally stolen from their parents arms, usually immediately after delivery, when the mothers were informed their babies had either been born 'asleep', or had died during, or soon after childbirth, often with the body of a previously deceased infant, stored in a refrigerator in the hospital, produced to 'prove' the child had died.

⁸ According to the BBC it is estimated that in total there are about 300,000⁹ children improperly separated from their mothers at birth and these children are collectively termed The Niños Robados.

The shame and trauma of The Niños Robados scandal remains embedded in the cultural landscape of the Spanish people, residing simultaneously in both the past and the present, despite the brokered agreement of silence, with those affected now seeking justice. As Valverde Estela states; "Since the end of the Spanish Civil War the victims have lived in a state of repression and terror that did not allow them to claim victimhood or any restitution to the State. Furthermore, the post-Franco Amnesty Law in 1977 made a blanket statement about the issue: there were no winners or losers, no victims or perpetrators. Everything had to be forgiven and forgotten" (2012 p: 77). Much like my own adoption paradox, this 'amnesty' law decreed an act of closure for the open wounds of the civil war (Ferrandiz, 2006), and similarly, did not equate to a 'forgetting' or 'forgiving' rather as historian Santos Julia states it deliberately threw these personal histories into oblivion (p:11) and I recognised a similarity in my own adoption experience. The narrative of the Niños Robados is rarely heard outside of Spain, and even within its own country it is a taboo subject, which continues to cause enormous suffering through the refusal of National bodies to acknowledge what has taken place, and to allow those who remain in limbo; mothers unable to search the tombs where their children are listed as lying, and those permitted to search only to discover the tiny coffin filled with the adult bones of another unknown individual, to put the past to rest; to achieve traumatic closure. But beyond this, it represents a brokered agreement of

⁸ A comprehensive discussion of The Niños Robados story is included as an appendix.

⁹ <http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/magazine-15335899>

silence, orchestrated by the Nationalist government at the close of the civil conflict. It is a story which cannot be told; a traumatic cultural wound which continues to oppress the Spanish people, whatever their political persuasion, it is as Maria says during the play, *'...the shameful legacy of General Francisco Franco'* (Philip, S. 2015).

This theft of Spanish infants, illegally appropriated in acts of ethnic cleansing, or financial gain, and the many thousands of children who, much like me, were robbed of their cultural heritage through the actions of those who thought they knew better, offered the research a critical cultural lens through which the traumaturgical hypothesis might be interrogated, providing the focus for an exegesis which aimed to transform the psychic, and somatic memories, of the researcher/actor's remembered past. I undertook extensive research into the stories of the Niños Robados through informal interviews with some of those affected, either as mothers of stolen children, or those who had been stolen themselves, and I provide transcripts of these as appendix 3. I was fortunate to be able to establish dialogues with members of the Murcia branch of the Niños Robados organisation, whose president is a woman called Ines Madrigal. Ines, like so many, had been stolen as an infant and given to her adoptive mother as a 'gift' by one of the doctors implicated in the limited legal enquiries currently being conducted into these crimes, and I was deeply moved by her story, so much so I made the decision to invite Ines to share her story by permitting me to interweave this most poignant narrative into the play text we would be performing as part of the research sharing event. It was fascinating to share experiences, and perspectives, with Ines, and other members of this demographic group, and despite language barriers we comforted and commiserated with one another, drawing strength from this sense of shared loss, and empathetic understanding.

Here amongst this community of adoptees I experienced a sense of belonging in the recognition of the shared desire to tell our stories, in a sense gaining permission from one another to do so. This silencing I have discovered, is a key feature in the traumatic legacy, and it became critically important that not only was Ines's story shared and heard, but that she was able to do so using her own voice. I discuss the difficult process associated to my role as amanuensis scripting Ines's Madrigal's very personal monologue in chapter three, 'translating' this traumatic discourse through the traumaturgical writing

process, and the impact upon Ines when she encountered this monologue for the first time, which was a very moving and emotional moment for us both.

Alexander (2004) describes memories of the past as guiding our thoughts of the future; these 'colonial' ghosts that inhabit both dimensions simultaneously, operating as catalysts to 'cultural trauma', (Sztompka, 1991, 2000) 'when the context of life and social action loses its homogeneity, coherence and stability, and when it has suffered an attack on its basic core values, or cultural framework, the result is a threatened sense of identity, and foundations of collective pride' (Sztompka, 2000: 453). The resulting cultural disorientation, an unstable condition, renders both the individual' as in my case, and the 'community' as in the case of the Niños Robados, 'vulnerable and susceptible to further psychic attack from the pervasive feelings of shame, and guilt, 'rooted in recollections of past collective deeds' (Roth, 1995). According to Cathy Caruth, the 'belated experience of trauma[.....]suggests that history is not only the passing on of a crisis, but also the passing on of a survival that can only be possessed in a history larger than any single individual, or any generation' (1996: 61). Recognising, and drawing parallels between my own story and this cultural narrative, I made the decision to include these stories within the play text, in an attempt to establish a new community for this collective group, to which I now felt affiliated through a shared experience of genealogical loss, and Spanish heritage.

In my role as researcher I felt it was critical that the final creative artefact, the play *Dancing for Franco*, would be performed before the three distinct yet interconnected communities: adoptees, the academic community; my peers and examiners, becoming along with members of the public, a 'community' of witnesses, instigating Judith Herman's third phase of trauma recovery; restoring the connection between survivor and community (Herman, 1992). I was therefore thrilled when Ines agreed to come to England and to take part in both the research event, but also to 'narrate' her own story within the performance of the play.

The audience or spectator's response to the performance was integral to both the individual, and the 'collective'. In terms of the embedded therapeutic traumaturgical process, the dynamic creates a healing dialogue between memory, text and community and through this traumaturgical encounter new

references might be established for both performer, and witness, redirecting perception and gaze to facilitate a viewing of things that may have been previously hidden (Wilshire, 1991). This complex dynamic between factual accounts, fictional dialogues and physical re-enactment would be witnessed by not only its audience but also by those whose stories would be told and performed, and within that traumaturgical framework, would form a new 'community' connected by our shared presence at this potentially 'transformational' event.

Chapter 2

Traumaturgy

The Traumaturgy methodology is made up of three distinct but interconnected phases;

1. The Heuristic Self-dialogue
2. The Autoethnographic Immersion
3. The Dramaturgical Process:
 - 3: i Scripting Process
 - 3: ii Rehearsal Process
 - 3: iii Performance Process

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These are recorded and reflected upon, until new critical insights have been achieved. Although these are specific phases, with unique functions and processes, they are strategically interconnected and therefore at times overlap, and intentionally influence one another. I open this chapter with an explanation of the term 'Traumaturgy' and discussion of its key functions, and design.

Methodological Outline

The practice of dramaturgy is, according to Turner and Behrndt (2008) an 'on-going, implicit exploration, of what a work can be' (p.19). The role of the dramaturg, therefore, is someone who 'keeps the 'whole' in mind' (p.151). Similarly, within the practice of traumaturgy concerns with the whole exist, but uniquely these concerns are focussed not only on the play, but also on the player. The performer's opportunities for achieving autonomy, and activating transformational processes, are critical aspects of the traumaturg's creative decision making and technical consideration of the play, as a piece of writing:

structure, rhythm, flow, even individual word choices. The term 'dramaturgy' might be described as a comprehensive exploration into the context in which a play resides; the physical, social, political and economic milieu in which the action takes place, and the psychological underpinnings of the characters. The dramaturg, therefore, must have a critical understanding of all aspects of the play's production, from initial conception to final performance. For the traumaturg a similar understanding is required, an understanding of the question the process seeks to address, the same psychological underpinnings, and the technical ability to produce a piece of creative writing that can be performed, and witnessed whilst also acknowledging, and accommodating a degree of uncertainty, and a capacity to be surprised.

Its function is not found in providing any psychological diagnosis, or treatment, rather it follows the principles of Augusto Boal's concerns with the negative effect of internalized oppression (*Theatre of the Oppressed* 1990). Boal states his position with clarity when he explains his theatre exists 'on the border of psychology – but always on the side of theatre (1990:35), taking from art rather than science, and traumaturgy takes a similar position. Essentially, this original critical term describes the art of dramatic representation of the main elements of trauma, presented on the stage; repetition, confrontation, memory relapse, and narrative reconstruction, through a process which is designed to address the damaging legacy of autobiographical trauma, through the performance of the associated 'fictionalised' trauma narratives.

It is this synthesis between trauma theory, and the dramaturgical responses to staging traumatic memory-based material, which has informed the design and structure of this emerging methodological praxis. Its purpose is to enable understanding of how the performance of autobiographical trauma narratives, dramatized and performed through the 'traumaturgy' framework, might function to liberate the autobiographical performer from the psychic, and somatic memories, associated to the traumatic life event/s implicitly explored through the 'traumaturgical' performance.

Psychologist Arthur W. Frank explores this need to 'tell' our stories as acts of healing through notions of a 'wounded storyteller' whose illness calls for stories and asserts that "postmodern times are when the capacity for telling one's own story is reclaimed" (Frank.1995:7). Traumaturgy attempts to re-shape damaging traumatic memory scripts into less injurious forms (Caruth.1996:57) allowing

individuals living with post-trauma a more rational and enabling perspective of their traumatic history, and some control over the consequential psychic oppression. The traumaturgical approach facilitates what Shapiro terms as 'the three pronged protocol'; the actor/researcher will gain insights and knowledge of the negative experiences of the past, through a 'translation' of the 'colonial ghost voices' which accompany those events, allowing triggers to be desensitized in the present, and templates incorporated for appropriate action in the future, allowing positive affirmation within interpersonal systems (Shapiro, 2002: 2). Traumaturgy achieves this by juxtaposing verbatim testimony and a fictional performance text, into a methodology of embodied response to the axiological challenges of trauma focussed performance. This strategic dynamic of fact and fiction functions to provide a reflective environment for the contextualisation of the 'psychic wounds' grounded in memories of those events, as well as creating a 'psychic no-man's land'; a neutral landscape, where traumatic memory can be revisited, a liberation process can be initiated, and new positive, cogent memories, which critically disrupt the temporal memory sequence, can be embedded. In the traumaturgical methodology the interplay between fact and fiction is explicit, and a critical aspect of dramatic performances relating to historic events. The traumaturgy model goes beyond the dramatic performance of autobiographical narratives, negotiating a dialogue between practices analogous to experiential and cognitive therapies, dramaturgical practices, and narrative theory; its organic function is in providing a 'stage' for the 'integration of these salient orientations' (Shapiro, 2002:3). The creative processes organically structured into the 'traumaturgy' model are designed to expand understandings of how traumatic memory might be [re]processed in liberating ways, and within the context of this research the auto-ethnographical research design is applied to the researcher's traumatic narrative constructions, and for the purposes of this research considers the post-adoptive condition as a state of primary post-trauma and the accompanying post-traumatic memory, and associated symptoms of this condition, as a form of psychic colonisation (see Nancy Verrier 2009 *The Primal Wound*). It proceeds from a rejection of strategies of 'accommodation', or 'living with', which suggests passive acceptance, and distraction of the condition (Bonanna. 2004; Coifman et al., 2007; Ginzburg et al., 2006). By contrast, the traumaturgy model mobilises performance processes: research, scriptwriting, embodiment, reenactment and reflection, as active strategies of 'living through' in order to both decolonize the individual, and to reinstate critical cultural connections. Cathy Caruth (1996) suggests that trauma is an invasive experience in which the 'incomprehensible outside of self has already gone inside, without the self's mediation', and it is this notion of unwelcome

`colonization'; the intrusion of mythopoeic, or fantasy images thrown up by the psyche as sequelae of trauma (Kalsched 1996), and the resulting `normalized' behaviours, which the methodology of traumaturgy seeks to address. In adoption, these traumatic fantasy images are constructed through the prism of a rejected, dispossessed `self', and the accommodation of this negative residue. Martin Buber (1970) describes 'the other' as `existing not outside the 'I', in that both are `inextricably linked in the construction of selfhood', suggesting that it is only through acknowledgment and integration with 'the other' that the 'I' can become itself.

This presents an interesting dichotomy in terms of the traumaturgy methodology, as in seeking to liberate the colonized `I'; the being that existed before the invasive trauma and the subsequent adopted characteristics, the methodology requires a return from exile of `self' through the words of `I', and the voice of a fictional `other'. This dynamic resolves the fractured narrative of the separated psyche, whilst enabling a distinct and separate authoritative voice with which to draw all strands back into unity, and in so doing stabilizes the internal conflict associated with the traumatic psychic wound. For the adoptee, the origin of the traumatic construction is frequently located in the early stages of life, therefore the liberty I speak of here is, rather than an attempted return to the extinct pre-traumatic `self', the re-claimed ownership of the post adoption identity through the silencing of damaging negative accusations, spoken by the colonized psychic voice; a distillation of my own experience as reflected upon through traumaturgical processes. Augusto Boal (1990) explores a similar dynamic in his dramaturgical system *The Theatre of the Oppressed* which he claims exists on the `boundaries of politics' (p.35), taking the term `cop in the head' to describe the residence of an internalized oppressor, in a similar function to the `traumatic voices' which feature in the traumaturgical methodology. Essentially Boal's hypothesis states, "If the oppressed individual performs an action, this action, performed in theatrical fiction, will allow him to change things in his real life" (1981:5). Within this context traumaturgy shares Boal's hypothetical approach, seeking to transform lives rather than provide momentary transactions, and like *Theatre of the Oppressed*, traumaturgy exists `on the border of psychology – but always on the side of theatre' (1990:35).

The rationale behind both the `traumaturgy' model, and eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR, Shapiro, 1995) is that negative and positive cognitions, and their associated effects, are considered as `gateways to a hypothesized nodal memory network' (1995:2), a system I refer to in my

research as 'traumatic ley-lines', where incompletely processed information relating to traumatic events is stored, in a dysfunctional and damaging form. Shapiro describes this information as being a package which is intrinsically a blend of perceptions, affects, and cognitions, and both approaches are designed to directly intervene with these memory networks, on a neurophysiological level; to help aid the reprocessing of affective, and sensory memory substrates, and subsequently generate more appropriate beliefs about the world, and roles within it. Rather than distracting the psyche from the traumatic memory, the traumaturgical model operates in a similar way to that of EMDR (Shapiro: 1995)¹⁰, establishing new internal connections: positive associations that facilitate an empowering, liberating transition, through the process of narrative performance. Models of trauma intervention locate narrative reconstructions of the traumatic experience as a central focus for the process of recovery (Eagle, 2000; Herman, 1992; Schwartz & Prout, 1991). In the Traumaturgy model this process is critically connected through cultural identity, testimony and performance, situating the methodology in synergistic psychodynamic and creative processes. The Traumaturgy model, in a similar way to EMDR, facilitates learning from negative experiences of the past, attempts to desensitize triggers in the present, and incorporates templates for appropriate action in the future (Shapiro, 2012:2). Thus, the performance aspect of this methodology is crucial, not only in facilitating a liberation from what I describe as the 'colonial oppression' of residual maladaptive trauma memories, but significantly, it relocates the original excitatory material into a more accessible, and ultimately controllable form, transforming the dysfunctional memory narrative into a narrative of ownership and authentication.

Traumaturgy as a model, makes use of fictional references to translate 'foreign dialogues', this external cue is activated through the three phases of the creative process, each stage establishing positive cogent new understandings of self. This new 'self' is potentially able to both accept, and challenge, aspects of their traumatic histories explored in the traumaturgical performative event, and to experience a sense of 'liberation', a perspective endorsed through the dynamic of the witnessed performance. Herein, I propose, resides the potential of the traumaturgy model as a dramaturgical methodology for the processing of traumatic memories. Operating in a unique way, it separates the 'story' from the 'storyteller'; the trauma from the witness, and assigns it to an imaginary person created for, and existing in, an imaginary world, where the testifying performer can witness yet remain hidden, can speak yet

¹⁰ A comprehensive discussion of the work of Shapiro (EMDR) is available as an appendix

remain silent, re-learning their stories as the lines in a play. As Wilshire explains; 'the character's reality is a function of our reality, it is not a diversion, but ourselves speaking of the essential possibilities of ourselves' (1991: 94). This 'physiognomic' metaphor is not just verbal, but it can be seen, felt, and witnessed (1991:95). To achieve this 'reformation' an enabling of one's true identity, traumaturgy directs its attention to the very essence of what it means to 'perform'. Wilshire (1982) posits that 'actors experience themselves, and speak about themselves through the acted character' (1982:93) and applies this to both the performing, and witnessing of a performance, suggesting a character's reality is a function of our own reality, as playing, experimenting and self-knowing beings, a notion endorsed through the process of traumaturgy. However, I use the term 'self-knowing' here not as a reference to any organic understanding of an original 'self'; rather I refer to a fictionalized notion of 'self' operating in response to adoption as a traumatic life event. Hirsch and Spitzer support this conjecture, observing how testimony through performance becomes a 'privileged genre, promising to access the embodied memory of the survivor witness' (2009:163). Memory is 'powerfully alive' (Huysen.1995:37) and when conveyed through performance it creates a 'protean source of meaning' (p38), resulting in a new understanding in the 'now', through a disruption, and re-collection, of the traumatic event. This disruption happens in public, as the actor/researcher performs a narrative over which she has complete control, enabling two powerful forms of affirmation to take place: the catharsis of story-telling, and the response of the audience.

Duggan & Wallis (2011) make the connection between trauma and performance with clarity, stating that the sufferer/survivor is caught in 'a structure cognate with performance'; the *mise-en-abyme*, in which the symptoms of trauma are representing, or acting, as a 'rehearsal' of the original event, yet is simultaneously a traumatic experience, or as Schechner posits: 'a restored phenomenon' (1988:35-9). This action of 're-visioning' (Duggan et al., 2011:6) situates the narrative in implicit memory, with potential for gaining 'symbolization and narration' (2011:8) and mastery in acts of performance designed through the traumaturgical framework. Theatre, with its unique temporality, provides the performer with a position of duality; he/she stands in the 'now' whilst re-considering the past, and claiming the future. As Heddon (2008) posits, autobiographical performance functions as a means to 'resist marginalisation' and to 'talk out' 'talk back' 'talk through' reclaiming self as a 'speaking' self with renewed potential for self-agency (p.3)

Autoethnographic Extract 10

I sit at the desk with a black biro in my hand, it is an old pen, I have selected it with casual purpose; the ink is low, the ball which rolls the black ink across the paper is sluggish; it seems to be resisting the task. I feel as if I'm about to take an exam; that everything, and anything I say might have dangerous implications. I can feel my heart rate increasing, hands damp make it difficult to hold the plastic shaft. I close my eyes, I swallow; change my position in the chair. I distract myself with thoughts of leaving. I do not leave. Today we meet for the first time; this embodied experience, this tacit knowledge, this 'other'.

"Where do you want to begin?"

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In my role as traumaturg, this gathering of reflexive primary data had to be deeply considered; the researcher must allow this new information to indwell, to allow an immersion into all aspects of experience; the feelings generated through the encounter with these writings, as well as the beginnings of the creative process, whereby these extracts will inform the construction of the play text, and eventually, the traumaturgical performance itself. As a 'play' it is structurally complex; the previously identified narratives must be shaped, and synthesized, to achieve the demands of the research process whilst simultaneously managing the associated traumatic material, and its potential impact on the actor/researcher, during this phase. From the outset of my research process I had been aware of the ethical considerations of this project, initially because I intended to work with participants who shared a similar traumatic history, as discussed in the previous chapter, and now the work had taken an autobiographical turn, it was essential that my psychological, and physical wellbeing was safeguarded. This need was addressed initially through the university's counselling services, and then through the services of a trained clinician, and hypnotherapist, based in Southampton, with whom I was in continual contact, both in person and via Skype. Surprisingly, it was during the scripting process when I sought this professional support most urgently, as I struggled to assimilate the narrative threads produced through the autoethnographic writing.

Reed-Danahay (1997) states that "one of the main characteristics of an autoethnographic perspective is the autoethnographer is a boundary-crosser and the role can be characterised as that of a

dual identity" (p.3). As I entered the immersive heuristic phase it became apparent this duality was critical in understanding the symptoms of my PTSD; the internal narrative 'voices' distinguishable through contrasting discourses, which were thematically linked and cognitively constructed, through the shared traumatic experience and the resulting paradigm of guilt, blame, and shame. The design of the traumaturgy model seeks to deconstruct this corrupted narrative through a translation of the cognitive 'language', articulated through the heuristically processed autoethnographic writing which Ellis and Bochner (2000) advocate as a form of writing that "make[s] the researcher's own experience a topic of investigation in its own right" (p. 733) rather than seeming "as if they're written from nowhere by nobody" (p. 734).

Tami Spry (2001) suggests that autoethnography represents a 'synthesis' between a postmodern ethnography and a postmodern autobiography (p.710), which resists 'grand theorizing' and situates the inscribed body as a site of meaning making (p.708). Or as Langellier states, it is 'a story of the body, told by the body, which makes cultural conflict concrete' (p208). Indeed, my intention by using this methodological approach is to generate critical agency in the stories of my life (p.709) and as Spry posits, to become the 'epistemological and ontological nexus upon which the research process turns' (p.711). As a member of the demographic I sought to examine, both as a trauma survivor and an adoptee, that decision, however reluctantly reached, had awakened me to the importance of recording my own testimony through the research process. My autoethnographic account, grounded in experience, tacit knowledge and intuition, seemed a reliable method of gaining a true understanding of the phenomenon under investigation, and significantly, the self-reflexive critique I might provide, offered insights which appeared to be lacking from a more detached, observational approach. Of course as a scholarly enterprise, there is perhaps an imperative to produce research that remains objective, and avoids privileged positionality. My own reflection on this has enabled a valuable consideration, which is both sagacious and I believe, authentically engaging, and achieves what Ruth Behar (1997) claims for the successful autoethnography, a work which scrutinizes the connection between intellect and emotion, between the observer and the observed (p33). Alongside this, Behr posits, the autoethnographer who is herself a spectator, must take the reader/observer somewhere where they could not have otherwise reached and in that regard the work meets its demands with disciplinary rigor.

My intention through this phase of the research process was the situation of my autobiographical trauma narrative within the context of cultural dislocation and 'otherness', by inviting these 'voices' to 'tell their stories'; to confront and challenge both the 'stories' and the 'storyteller' and to provide a creative platform from which new narratives might be witnessed and sense of legitimacy achieved. This is itself a transformational process, as according to Spry (2001) autoethnography originates as a 'self-narrative, which critiques the situatedness of 'self' with others, in social contexts' (p.710). It is both a method and a 'text of diverse inter-disciplinary praxis (Reed-Danahay, 1997), with its roots firmly planted into the fragile soil of the 'post-modern crisis of representation in anthropological writing' (Behar, & Gorden, 1995). In context of the sharing event *In Search of Duende*, the autoethnographic 'voice' was strategically incorporated both within the exhibited poetry, prose, and diary extracts, but also through the play text; this innovative form of creative writing offered opportunities of addressing my own 'crisis' of identity; a turn towards the 'self' as an act of representational politics (2001: 711) and a confrontation of the colonial slave-master whose function thus far has been to edit out representation of what I consider as an 'authentic' self. In Frantz Fanon's *Black Skin – White Masks* (1967), the structural similarities of what Hegel termed the master/slave dialectic can be seen in the post-traumatic search for self-definition. Both the post-adoption and post-colonial condition shares a similar characteristic according to Ramadanovic; both are discourses of self-mastery, where the subject 'transcends a subjugating relation' and becomes a self-entity (2008:180).

The invaded unconscious therefore, with its debilitating hold over the psychic and somatic, is host to a devastating encounter with long-term consequences. In terms of the adoptee's inhabited community, and cultural references connected to place, a complex dual identity is constructed; the 'memories' of an authentic identity associated with the pre-adoption narrative are at odds with the post-adoption cultural reference. Often this 'remembered identity' exists only in the fictional, particularly in individuals who were adopted in infancy, and it is the arbitration between conflicting cultures that results in a sense of displacement, cultural insecurity, and vulnerability to traumatic 'colonization'.

The Autoethnographic process therefore, as the second phase of the Traumaturgy methodology, challenged the researcher to identify not only the internal discourse and its traumatic narrators, but critically, to attempt to unify the discourse of my autonomous self as playwright; the voice with which these contested histories must be addressed, re-written and re-claimed.

Cultural Connections

The theme of 'self' and 'place' is central to this research, notions of traumatic 'ley-lines' which weave together the fabric of colonized lives, and the cultural history and heritage which is passed on through the resulting open 'wounds', as a narrative of scars. If there is no real understanding of self as whole, as 'un-colonized', then the narrative carries with it the weight of the past; a sorrowful song, voiceless except for murmurs of confusion and pain. I now recognise how my traumatic encounters and the resulting oppressive legacy on my life, have corrupted aspects of my most precious relationships and choreographed my performance of 'self'. When I speak of corruption I refer to the damaging effect of my unconscious cognitive learning of the traumatic memory scripts associated to my adoption, and my encounters with death. This is the paradox; that trauma demands to be heard yet steals the language required to speak it. This is its nature, irrespective of the subject, community, or culture and it this search for language which the next phase of the research process seeks to address. Fisher (2011) posits that the point where language fails is the very point where the most profound revelations are gained, indeed it would be the struggle with 'silences' during the writing process, which would prompt a return to the somatic, in an attempt to gain control over both text, and the newly liberated 'post-colonial' narrative. As Tami Spry posits, autoethnographic writing functions in opposition to resituated literature as an 'always politically inflected form' instead serving to 'produce, sustain, and transform systems of power, and dominance' (2006:339) and it is with this aim in mind I choose to construct the play text around the writings produced through this second stage of the traumaturgical research process. This submissive position can be clearly seen in the following extract of autoethnographic writing; here the voice of the 'child' stakes her claim on the construction of 'self' as she sees it, compromised, albeit consciously, into narrative of contradictions and criticism.

Autoethnographic Extract 11

[I AM]

I am a story; a fiction

An unreliable narrator

The unsatisfactory conclusion

I carry the mark of the unwanted, the stolen;

The mistakes of the past

Flesh and bone ground into another

Sacrificial ashes swallowed whole

Spat out

A bitter taste.

A better option

A solution.

A lie.

I cover my eyes with my fists

This is your ceremony

I dance in the ashes for you

I dance to wash away the shame

I stamp my feet to silence the voices

My hands tell my story

This is my truth.

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According to Cathy Caruth the 'belated experience of trauma[.....]suggests that history is not only the passing on of a crisis, but also the passing on of a survival that can only be possessed in a history larger than any single individual, or any generation' (1996:61), and I felt overwhelmed by the burden of telling not only my story; a narrative which by its telling seemed to function to implicate the involvement and negative positioning of others, represented without a voice, but also the story of Ines Madrigal, and those she represented, who similarly did not directly have their voices included. This troubled me; it seemed at odds with the aims of the research, and once again my own need to find a community with which to share this burden caused me to consider who it was we would be performing this critical text before; who would be our witnesses, and how would I make the distinction between roles and functions. For the first time I began to recognise that I too would become a 'witness', not only to my own trauma

narrative, but also to the traumatic stories of others, and I was again reminded of Judith Herman's conceptual phases of trauma recovery (Herman, 1997).

As researcher/actor it seemed important to 'testify' before witnesses from the three distinct, yet interconnected communities: adoptees, specifically a representative of the Ninos Robados, the academic community; my peers and examiners, as well as the 'community' of audience, instigating Herman's third phase of trauma recovery; restoring the connection between survivor and community (1997). The audience or spectators' response to the performance would be integral to both the individual, and the collective. In terms of the embedded therapeutic process, the dynamic between myself as performer, and the 'community' of witnesses should create a healing dialogue between memory, text and community. Thus, in the traumaturgical encounter, new references might be established for both performer and witness, redirecting perception and gaze to facilitate a viewing of things that may have been previously hidden (Wilshire.1991), such as the harrowing truth behind the Ninos Robados tragedy, and what I have come to consider as the negative, and misleading lexicon of adoption. The aesthetic distance reveals involvement, forcing the witness to consider his position and responsibility, in effect creating what Wilshire calls a 'space of complicity' (1991:97).

The action of autobiographical testimony is a powerful one, it is a statement not only of accomplishment but also of intent, in a similar way to the posturing I witnessed by the young women of Liverpool, which asks the witness to hear, empathise, and validate the performer. This exchange between performer and spectator allows a mutual sense of burden whilst provoking reflection on one's own place in the community dynamic; a declaration of belonging is achieved. As Patrick Duggan puts it: 'witnessing brings with it implications of responsibility and imperatives to testify' (2012:85.), and through this process of shared experience a form of strategic closure might be realised, and a liberation achieved. Alexander (2004) describes memories of the past as guiding our thoughts of the future; colonial ghosts that inhabit both dimensions simultaneously, operating as catalysts to 'cultural trauma' (Sztompka (1991, 2000, 2004). This form of 'melancholic identification' (Tyser, 2008) requires a witness for the testimonial process to take place; a bonding, the intimate and total presence of an 'other' in the position of 'one who hears' (p28). However, with this exchange comes risk; that such knowledge 'dissolves all barriers, breaks all boundaries of time and space, of self and subjectivity' (p.29). As these 'boundaries' become blurred; as

the 'witness' becomes more able to identify with the testimony he is witnessing, so too does he become more 'susceptible to the reverberations of the shared loss' (p.29). This notion of 'transference' was a critical consideration in the inclusion of Ines's testimony as well as the design of the sharing event, and as Diana Taylor states: "It's important to bring trauma studies, which focus mainly on the personal pathology and one to one interactions, into dialogue with performance studies to allow us to explore the non-pathological cause.....of trauma, as Peggy Phelan suggests more than any other discipline, trauma studies has structured performance studies' conception of witnessing (1999:13) By emphasizing the public, rather than the private, repercussions of traumatic violence and loss, social actors turn personal pain into an engine for cultural change" (Taylor, 2003: 70-71). This dynamic would be a consideration when designing the immersive aspect of the sharing event.

Autoethnographic Extract 12

Rehearsing the Real

"I stand in the rehearsal space. I am anxiously alone, anticipating the imminent arrival of the 23 year old Spanish undergraduate student, for this, our first rehearsal. As I wait my mind is alert; I run through narratives, I run through escape routes. I am consumed by the familiar onset of panic. Unusually, in this case it is not irrational; I have every reason to feel anxious. We have no script with which to rehearse. There are no characters for actors to inhabit, no structure with which to explore narratives; essentially, we have no play."

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The Writing Process

As a playwright, this was the phase of the research process where I had anticipated being the most comfortable, it was familiar territory, and of all the roles I embody in my life, this is my preferred position. This work had to highlight one woman's experience of adoption, and bereavement, and also to incorporate the secondary stories of fictional characters whose narratives are embedded in real-life events. Through these unique strands three distinct perspectives should emerge engaging with the historical, the social, and the personal (Bakker.1996). While my personal story of adoption (and its repercussions) stands at the centre of *Dancing for Franco*, the interaction, or paralleling of other narratives with this one, creates numerous vantage points from which to view the critical theme of trauma. The challenge for me as traumaturg, is to produce a piece of efficacious performance writing which achieves not only these theatrical demands, but also, facilitates a therapeutic exchange between 'self' and character, permitting an externalized textual reclamation of memory, through the fictional narratives of the characters I have created. As Cixous posits, as a writer in this daunting task I must discover 'what is known, and what is unknown, that is what we are looking for when we write' (p.39) whilst at the same time being aware of the both the context and the consequences of this 'telling'. As Langellier explains, through my creative and authorial choices the play becomes performative, or constitutive, of a larger dialogue, which resonates with 'bodies present' and that can also function 'metonymically as an embodiment of cultural conflict, and identity formation' (Langellier:125). Kaplan and Wong describe the importance of positioning the witness as co-witness (p.10) explaining how this allows the witness to enter into the victim's experience through the plays narration, which is achieved by infusing the audience with a sense of responsibility, while resisting 'narrative closure' (p.15). In *Dancing for Franco*, there is no such narrative closure; the design of the play script is not traditional in form, interweaving as it does, both real and imagined narratives, told by real and imagined characters and this aspect of the crafting of the play was critical in facilitating a sense of safe distancing for both myself and the audience. Although adoption is no longer considered a taboo subject, it is an area not frequently explored in theatre, however, artists like Robbie McCauley, whose performance piece *Sugar* (2012) explores framing performances of illness as expressions of bodily trauma, and interweaves the body as text, with the personal narrative, and ethnography, in a similar method to my own. Muchlike the challenges of scripting the traumaturgical text, McCauley asks how memory is negotiated in filling the gaps of experience, and bringing it to the stage. My response to this question is to fill these 'gaps' with the

Soliloquies of other trauma survivors, to use the dramatic testimonies as a form of punctuation between the personal and the cultural.

As I transitioned into the third stage of the research process and began the challenging task of organising, editing, and dramatizing the narratives into a performance text, I again turned to the self-dialogue as a means of gaining control over these problematic writings, as well as a method of identifying the characters, and their function within the play. The internal psychic 'voices' function to achieve their own preferred outcomes; the 'child' was still angry and made selfish demands, mediated through the heuristic self-dialogue. The secondary 'voice', grounded in the ghosts of my birth mother, and the residual influences of my adoptive mother, together produce a dichotomous narrative fluctuating between accusation, and guilt. The self-dialogue had allowed these 'voices' to speak; to orchestrate the rhythm of the autoethnographic, however, to stay safe in this process it seemed essential that these strands of 'self' were united; the strength coming from the interweaving of the narrative threads. I felt like a dressmaker; I had a pattern, a design, an event for which to wear the 'garment', I needed to discover how to draw these dialogues into a single fabric, and the best method of cutting the cloth, whilst avoiding the sacrifice of exquisite detail. Once again in this self-dialogue I differentiate between the 'voices' by the use of both my adoptive name; Sandra, and my given name; Mandy.

Autoethnographic Extract 13

Sandra Do you want to talk about the play?

Mandy No

Sandra Do you want to talk about the research?

Mandy I am the research

Sandra Do you want to talk about 'yourself' then?

Mandy I don't want to do the play; I don't want to pretend to be 'her'

Sandra Who do you mean by 'her'?

Mandy Wendy

Sandra Wendy isn't going to be in the play

Mandy But she is; otherwise why are we doing it?

Sandra It isn't about that, it's going to be fictional; safe

Mandy Not safe for me

Sandra Why?

Mandy Because you don't listen!

Sandra I'm listening now!

Mandy Only because you want something

Sandra What do you want?

Mandy I don't know, I want to say how much it hurt, that I have only been pretending,

Sandra Well, this is our opportunity to stop pretending

Mandy I don't want people looking at all my stuff, judging me

Sandra It won't be like that, trust me

Mandy You don't trust me!

Sandra We need to work together, we have to write this play,

Mandy But now it's real, except it's not real

Sandra And that's why it's safe

Mandy OK

Sandra Shall we have another go at writing the play, then?

Mandy OK

I had enlisted performers for the project based upon an early draft which, on reflection, appeared to have been designed to appease my reluctance to perform, rather than a response to the traumaturgical process. I had held provisional meetings with two young actors; Catarina Soromenho, a recently graduated Dance and Drama student and Portuguese national, who had an understanding of the political issues surrounding the Spanish Civil War, as well as being an experienced performer. As we had a physical resemblance to one another I intended to cast Catarina as both my younger self, and my adoptive daughter. Antonio Garcia Romero, an undergraduate Visual Theatre student, and a Spanish National, had been recommended to me due to his experience in flamenco dancing; I had planned to incorporate dance into the performance to provide opportunities to address Levine's notions of somatic experiencing, and to exorcize the colonial 'ghosts' manifested through unspent traumatic energies. I felt Antonio's understanding of the *Ninos Robados* narrative would be valuable, as well as his fluency in the Spanish language. In these early discarded drafts, the narrative was centred around three characters; Maria, a Republican woman whose baby daughter had been stolen at birth by the Spanish Catholic Church, her son Tony and the 'stolen' daughter Catarina, with the uncomfortable reunion between mother and daughter being the focus of the action. But, following the actress's untimely departure, we were left with a cast of two; myself the ever reluctant performer, and Antonio, the young male actor who suddenly, without the presence of an actor to represent the interior female discourse, appeared to have no relevance whatsoever to the story I needed to tell. Despite each of the rejected drafts being functional, and solid dramatic works in their own right, for the requirements of the research and the need to weave together so many critical strands of enquiry, they failed. In a play text that fundamentally deals with loss, the 'loss-object' (Tyce, 2008) was in this case my identity, both pre and post-adoption and the shared cultural loss of both myself, and the *Niños Robados*. Structurally supporting these themes were discussions around problematic issues of mothering, and the mother/child bond in situations of conflict; political, ideological, and personal. The dramatic text therefore, and my authorial presence within it, was located in the overarching narrative of domination, and subjugation, and conversely that of submission, and as the script developed through the editing process, I became acutely aware of how these key features interwove and perhaps more importantly how they resonated within the narrative of my life, and it was this understanding that influenced the final text, and our performance of it. The task was to identify the voices, and the language of the characters who would tell this story, and allow me to perform the engendered text as an act of personal and political reclamation. I returned to the self-dialogue

remembering the data produced previously; I was aware of the fear of judgement, of failure and the critical importance of the fictionalization process, as John Searle claims 'there is no textual property, syntactical or semantic that will identify a text as a work of fiction' (1975:325), because a fictional narrative is purely and simply a pretence or simulation of a factual narrative, where the writer 'makes believe that he is telling a true story' (Genette.1990), a critical characteristic of the traumaturgical process. The performance; *Dancing for Franco*, would also represent the explicit 'testing' of my hypothesis, which was designed to enable two powerful forms of affirmation to take place: the catharsis of story-telling, and the critical response of the witness to this dangerous act of strategic traumaturgical activism. In the dual role of researcher/performer, I would explicitly 'speak', through the dialogue of 'Dancing for Franco' both the ingrained negative, and newly constructed positive cognitions, associated to the damaging autobiographical traumata. These re-contextualised 'mantras' of 'my adoption has never bothered me' and 'my father died because I failed to save him' must be woven into the play text and would be spoken out-loud, whilst I simultaneously focussed on recalling the 'lines' of the script, in an attempt to reprocess the memory narrative associated to these critical life events. Negative cognitions are irrationally negative, self-referencing beliefs (Leeds, 1995), clarification of which had been achieved through the reconnaissance activity of the heuristic phase of the research, functioning to stimulate the affective component and enhance generalization to other traumatic memories (1995:1), such as adoption and mother-blame.

Autoethnographic Extract 14

[The Day I met my Mother]

When we met

I waited hours

I argued with my children

I hated my disgusting self

Hated you

When you left

I cleaned my house.

(Philip, S. 2015 Journal 2)

This extract produced from the self-dialogue session clarified that alongside the cultural story of Spain's stolen children, and my personal adoption narrative and its traumatic impact, there was another insistent discourse; a psychic intrusion which related to the relationship, or lack of, between my birth mother and myself. This rather unreliable 'narrator' was surprisingly not the voice of 'the child', but the young adult voice caught in a perpetual cycle of blame and anger, and was overwhelmingly powerful. My response was an attempt to merge these narratives of cognitive dissonance; to weave together these stories of victimhood through a single character; the personification of both the universal and the personal, and her name would be 'Maria', translating to 'Mary' the most revered of all mothers to those who follow Catholic doctrines of faith. 'Maria' seems to have been with me since the beginning; I remember as a child this was the name I would award myself whenever a fictional identity was required. It is also the name of the Spanish dancer whose performance provoked my flamenco journey. When I returned from Madrid I knew 'Maria' would be a character in the final script and this name appears in each of the four versions of *Dancing for Franco*, it took a further three months for her true purpose to be revealed as a representation of my own traumatic history and the authorial voice I would use to re-claim the past.

Autoethnographic Extract 15

[Heurism]

It was an interesting book

An interesting concept

A possible solution to my own

Crisis of representation.

But then 'She' began; we don't perform,

You know we don't do that.

We don't put ourselves in the line of fire;

Stray bullets kill

She showed me her scars

So I let the book fall to the ground

And the dreadful sound woke up the 'child'.

It's all just pretending

The little girl said,

We like stories, don't we?

The writer inside me had to agreed

I won't let you down She said

I only want you to listen.

She raised her foot

I saw silver nails;

Sparks

It was deafening.

S. Philip 2013

I began to realise I couldn't hide behind the role of playwright, I needed a new language; the self-dialogue had failed to engage the psychic 'voices' during recent sessions, and the dialogue had become one-sided, I recognised a singular 'voice' as that of the writer, and I responded to this 'silence' with a search for some alternative semiotic, and again I returned to the '*Somatic Experiencing*' of Peter Levine (2010) to identify a potential means of communication. I had to relinquish control; to allow flow, to apply the heuristic principles to this practical phase, trusting the script would come from this process.

I remembered an earlier encounter with dance, specifically flamenco dancing, which had occurred during the second year of my doctoral journey. Having watched a performance by EdgeFwD, Edge Hill University's all male dance group, I was stunned by the overwhelming emotional encounter. This was so powerful that initially I had felt very anxious, as symptomatically it was very similar to the onset of a panic attack. I was very aware that something extraordinary was happening, and I decided to view more dance in an attempt to identify the origin of this emotional outpouring. I decided to view some examples of flamenco dancing, on-line, and my initial encounter was with Maria Pages's solo performance entitled '*Autorretrato*', which translates into '*Self-portrait*' (2011, Estreno Nacional XV Bienal de Flamenco de Sevilla), the viewing of which affected me in ways I had never anticipated. Within moments of engaging with this material I experienced what I can only describe as a most powerful, and physically overwhelming reaction; I was shaking uncontrollably, my heart rate had increased, and I found myself in a state of collapse. The recently dormant discourses were re-activated; eagerly vying for attention and the opportunity to respond to this provocative somatic experience. I began to study flamenco dance over the following year, with the help of a colleague, Michelle Man, attempting to expand my understanding of this choreographic text, until I felt it was a language I could use with a certain amount of confidence. Almost immediately my authorial hand was liberated and I was able to draft the beginnings of a new script; a choreographic text which wove together, through dialogue, verbatim testimony, and the newly acquired somatic language of flamenco, the voices of my ancestors which together, offered a unique perspective on each of the historic fragments I now sought to dramatize, and perform. I then began layering this 'score' amongst the adoption narratives of the Niños Robados, and my own autobiographical traumata, with the oppressive nature of psychic trauma personified through the character of Francisco, a story of the body, told by the body which makes cultural conflict concrete' (Langellier 1999:208), as Atrud posits 'one cannot separate body and mind, nor the senses from the intellect, particularly in a field, where the unendingly repeated jading of our organs calls for sudden shocks to revive our understanding'(1974).

Antonio's character was somewhat more problematic. Theoretically, I had always intended to represent the experience of trauma within the text of the play; part of the function of a traumaturgical text is that it replicates the main features of the traumatic encounter on the stage, yet I wanted to avoid an explicit 're-presentation' of the traumatic event, due to concerns over the possibility of transference, and the ethical considerations previously discussed. However, the development of the character 'Francisco' actually happened in direct response to the rehearsal process, and interestingly, in the poetry of the Spanish poet Garcia Lorca, whose writing on the duende influenced both the aesthetic, and the title of the sharing event. Once the characters, the decision to use dance, and the socio-historic context were established, I began to loosely construct a performance framework on which to build the play. I

Evoking Lorca's Duende

"Where is the duende? Through empty archways a wind of the spirit enters blowing insistently over the heads of the dead, in search of new landscapes and unknown accents; the wind with the odour of a child's saliva, crushed grass and Medusa's veil, announcing the endless baptism of freshly created things"

(The Theory and Play of The Duende, Lorca, 1922)

The exegesis of the term duende stems from the Spanish poet Garcia Lorca's fascination with Gypsy culture, and his influence on this work is perhaps most apparent in the title of the sharing event *In Search of Duende*. However, it was his writings on the duende and his passion for gypsy culture that thematically informed the aesthetic design of each aspect of the research sharing event. As a native of Granada, Lorca was intimately familiar with Andalusian gypsy-culture and its aesthetic values. The duende, as Lorca tells us, is a distinctly different entity to other artistic provocations such as the 'Muse' or the 'Angel' and in his famous lecture, *Theory and Play of The Duende* (2007), he explains how this supernatural force has become embedded into the dark Spanish psyche. As he states the duende can be found in 'dark sounds', a labouring; a struggle with that which 'burns in the blood'. Issues of blood are significant, both in terms of this research but also for Lorca's reading of the duende. It is the network through which my notion of traumatic ley-lines function to connecting the somatic and the psyche; it represents the struggle to reunite all the genealogical fragments into a single garment of 'flesh'. For Lorca blood seems to represent life, with death deeply embedded into Spanish cultural history. Death in Spain, according to Lorca, is far

from an ending, it is the popular subject of the country's lyrical traditions, and is discovered in the iconography of its national religion. The duende is not about technical mastery of a song, a poem, a dance, or a musical instrument, it is about something 'authentic' and always it is about death; about a country that is open to death. The Duende will not appear unless it can see the 'possibility of death':

With idea, sound and gesture, the duende delights in struggling freely
at the edge of the pit. Angel and Muse flee with violin and compasse,
and the duende wounds and in trying to heal that wound that never heals,
lies the strangeness and inventiveness of a man's work.

(Lorca, F. 2007)

Herein lies the mutuality between Lorca's notions of the duende and the model of traumatology; both originate in a traumatic 'wounding' that will never heal. Like Tancred's tree in Tasso's epic poem *Gerusalemme Liberata* (1581) as discussed by Freud in his studies on trauma (*Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, 1922) it is the wound which speaks with the ghost voice of the past, it is a never ending narrative of pain, shame and blame, with the voice of the wounded audible through the internalized narrative which must be heard. Lorca offers us another performative arena through which to negotiate the duende; the bullfight, describing this violent interplay between man and bull, orchestrated through the presence of the duende, as a 'lesson in Pythagorean music' (Lorca p:83) which distracts the witness from the truth that the torero¹¹ is literally 'throwing his heart on the horn' (p.85). A sacrificial act played out repetitiously until a surrender is achieved, or the discovery of some tactical choreography that enables the avoidance of critical impact. In both events; the bullfight and the traumatological process, the risks are great, the duende evoked through this death encounter with the consequences of failure potentially fatal. As in the dynamically dangerous conflict of trauma, the bullfight can similarly be read as the eternal struggle between 'self' and 'ego'; the conscious and unconscious, between the man and his animal nature. The ritual of the bullfight is more than this confrontation; it incorporates a crowd composed, not of spectators but of actors, connecting it once again to the idea of performance, and the critical positioning of the witness. "Each person in the audience fights the bull along with the torero, not by following the flight of the cape, but by using another imaginary one that moves differently from the

¹¹ The bullfighter

one in the ring” (Lorca p:85). The torero thereby performs a ‘metonymic function for the collective consciousness’ (Wilson, 2006); he “bears the yearning of thousands of people, and the bull plays the leading role in a collective drama” (Lorca, p: 85) and it is the particular way in which this is achieved that determines both the bullfight’s and the traumaturgical model’s capacity for an evocation of the duende.

It was this image of the ‘fight’ between the present and the past, negotiated through Lorca’s use of rhythm and language which inspired me throughout the writing of the play, and prompted me to situate Antonio’s character as a physical representation of the traumatic discourse which had corrupted my life; a personification of both my autobiographical traumatic narrative, and the ‘voice’ of the colonial master. The prior stages of the research process revealed the value of the traumaturgy model as a method for vocalising this damaging, and accusatory discourse, allowing the researcher/actor opportunities to confront, challenge and reclaim the narrative, as it historically occurred, rather than as a function of the corrupted ‘history’ authored by the unreliable hand of the ‘traumatised narrator’. The dominant character of Francisco, provided a dynamically powerful personification of my trauma which functioned to vocalise the dual internal discourses which are explored, and performed, through the praxis. This disassociation allowed two important functions to take place. Firstly, I was able to revisit the life events, but within the safety of a fictional realm; my accuser becoming flesh; fallible, and those weaknesses exposed through the play-text, demonstrating possibilities of liberation from the personified traumatic legacy. Secondly, the process created a temporal disruption of the traumatic timeline, permitting an insertion of new memories; positive affirmations of self and personal identity, claimed through the act of performance. Simply put, the memory network was able to establish new associations, disrupting the dialogue between trauma and memory and replicating the key features of EMDR as a system for reprocessing traumatic memory. Theoretically, when I as ‘actor/performer’ recall the traumatic event in the future, these recollections become filtered and contextualized through the positive creative prism of the performed narrative/s. This critical dynamic, then, becomes a newly acquired memory, residing temporally closer than the maladaptive memory of the traumatic event. This new memory can then be processed, replacing the traumatic discourse with a newly created narrative of empowered liberation, and the affirmation gained from the rewriting of corrupted identity scripts.

I needed to evoke a dominant, yet authentic discourse which felt legitimate for the character; by naming him 'Francisco' I referenced the name of the Spanish caudillo General Francisco Franco, explicitly connecting the character to the man responsible for the cultural crimes dramatized, and the political and ethical attitudes of both the Nationalist government, and the Catholic church, particularly with regard to 'mothers' and their 'entitlement' to raise children. Once the character had been named it seemed to become engendered with characteristics, and a nature which progressed in cruelty as the encounters between himself and Maria, who embodied the voices of both my own, and these historic women's traumatic narratives, increased. Because Antonio, the actor playing Francisco, is a Spanish national his accent at times made it quite difficult for the listener to understand. Initially I had written a long monologue for his character but because of this challenge it was decided that we would record the monologue, and only the short pieces of dialogue between Maria and himself would be spoken live. The rationale behind this decision was that it allowed the actor to liberate himself from the pressures of speaking English with the clarity required for this performance, and to focus on the physical characteristics; the power play between himself and Maria, and his solo flamenco dance. This became a critical decision influencing the recording of the other lengthy monologues; the story of the young mother who awakens to discover her baby has not survived childbirth, despite her lucid memory of seeing her daughter's legs moving, reflected in the Doctor's steel rimmed glasses, and the autobiographical adoption narrative of Ines Madrigal.

The use of monologues was a dramaturgical device which gave the play its shape and structure, communicating a sense of 'heaviness'; the burden of this traumatic history played out through these lengthy textual encounters. There are four monologues throughout the play, each of which use language which suggests legitimacy and authority, whilst at the same time revealing the vulnerability of each narrator. These lengthy soliloquies do not function to generate exposition; the exhibition prior to the dramatic encounter of *Dancing for Franco*, would offer the viewer a comprehensive and informative expose of the events and key themes of the Spanish Civil War, the story of the Ninos Robados, and my own autobiographical trauma narrative. Rather they are designed to reveal a particular political, and ethical ideology in terms of the play's historical context, inviting the witness to consider these personal accounts, as well as their own positioning, in relation to the wider discourse of adoption, trauma, and the interplay between the two. Recording these monologues, rather than having them performed 'live' was interesting;

there was an obvious, and logistical imperative, to ensure the witnesses were able to 'hear' the testimonies, which in the case of Ines Madrigal was addressed through having the scrolling text in English projected onto the set whilst Ines read the monologue in her native Spanish. Ines and I had discussed the possibility of her narrating her own story, and she was keen to do so. However, following a Skype conversation we had agreed that she would not encounter the dramatized version of her adoption narrative, until she arrived for the dress rehearsal, to avoid too much familiarity with the text, and to allow an authentic emotional response within the performance. Each of the other monologues, although based on real-life events, were fictional; the young pregnant mother, narrated by Patricia Garcia Romero, was based on one of many stories told to me by members of the Ninos Robados community. The rhetoric of the Spanish priest was written in response to current investigations being undertaken into the scandal of baby thefts in Spain, and the proven, yet denied, culpability of the church and its affiliates, narrated in English by Antonio Garcia Romero.

The final monologue would be performed by myself as 'Maria' and is based on extract seven of the autoethnographic writing; *A Letter to My Mother* (Philip, S. 2014). Each of these speeches reveal a characteristic of the interior autobiographical traumatic discourse; the young mother struggles with issues of shame; she feels condemned not only by her family but also, and significantly, by the Church. The Priest makes his defence of the church through a discourse of blame; citing the enemies of the Nationalist ideology; the political system of General Franco, as responsible for generating what he claims are false charges made against Jesus Christ himself. Finally, 'Maria' who in the final moments of the play, steps out of the disguise of the fictional, to re-claim my autonomous identity through her testimony of my previously silenced traumatic narrative; theoretically, representing the aspects of 'self' which have been liberated through the traumaturgical heuristic process; the 'child' and the younger 'adult' self of the researcher/actor.

In Lydia Falcoñ's play *Las Mujeres Caminaron con el Fuego del Siglo* (*Women March in Step with the Fire of History* 1994) Falcoñ utilizes various devices in her writing; rhyme, shifting time-frames, unconventional perspectives and song to deliver 'a fictitious but believable account of Spain's recent past' (Manning Saeger 2013). Likewise *Dancing for Franco* took a similar approach using devices such as repetition, song, and temporal dislocation to deliver a fictitious account of this factual narrative, drawing

on the same historic events. Although the character 'Maria' in *Dancing for Franco* became something of a boundary crosser herself; able to speak about the memories of events outside her existential time frame: 'I will never forget those Republican women whose babies were torn from their breast[....] then they were taken outside and shot' (Philip. 2015:p), situating the action somewhere between the present and the past; it is a landscape that exists beyond temporality, in a similar way to that of trauma. Having scripted the monologues, and choreographed the action which would link these texts, the dances and the dialogue between the characters, the next challenge was the aesthetic design of both the play, and the sharing event which I had now decided to title *In Search of Duende*, in reference to Lorca's essay as well as the work's intention of evoking a return of an authentic identity, and re-processing of memories associated to the death encounter.

The Aesthetic Design

Costuming the characters

In the week leading up to the event, the flamenco dress which had been designed and made for me arrived, and had a surprising impact on both myself, and the remainder of the rehearsal process. Having a unique costume which had been made specifically for me was a new experience; I had never worn a formal gown before, and now the expense of this garment seemed indulgent; undeserved in some way. The dress seemed to represent something significantly more than simply a 'costume'. I had initially felt thrilled, it was beautifully crafted, but when I put the dress on, when I encountered my reflection, all I could think was how ridiculous I looked. I could hear the familiar childish 'colonial' voice as it whispered triumphantly, "What do you think you look like? Who do you think you are; when they see you in that dress they are going to laugh at you". I could feel my initial joy draining away, and removed the dress immediately, rejecting it as either protection or adornment (Harms, 1938). But the voice was not satisfied and demanded an assurance that the dress would not be worn in the performance; that by wearing the dress I would somehow risk mis-communicating the meaning intended in the work; that my 'vanity' would corrupt and detract from the testimonies I sought to proclaim. Faced with what felt like a personal attack, I returned again to the self-dialogue; seeking to understand why I had these feelings, and how I could challenge, defeat and silence, this discourse of shame.

Autoethnographic Extract 16

I Am

I am a story; a fiction

An unreliable narrator

The unsatisfactory conclusion

I carry the mark of the unwanted, the stolen;

The mistakes of the past

Flesh and bone ground into another

Sacrificial ashes swallowed whole

Spat out

A bitter taste.

A better option

A solution.

A lie.

I cover my eyes with my fists

This is your ceremony

I dance in the ashes for you

I dance to wash away the shame

I stamp my feet to silence the voices

My hands tell my story

This is my truth

Philip, S. 2015 Journal 2

As with much of the heuristic process, this reaction was provocative in terms of the psycho-individual representation of 'self' as both engendered, and the general aesthetic impulses of self-expression. (1993:242). As Harms posits the fact that the 'dress' occupies a 'position intermediate between plastic form and surface pattern, makes it a type of 'decorative art'. As such it expresses not only individual traits but also, and to a greater extent, the typical characterology of the human mind" (p: 243). I would suggest that it was the design of the garment; the elastin nature of the fabric, which confronted my

anxieties connected to self-representation; my perceived right, or lack of, to proclaim myself as 'woman'; as a sexual being, which was dynamically opposed to the persona I had adopted since my diagnosis of PTSD. Confronting this value judgement was key in understanding how best to negotiate the remainder of the performance process. I was confronted with the realisation that my desire for validation stemmed from the originary traumatic encounter; the need to feel that I was 'good enough' to both perform and to wear the 'costume', and this thought process forced me to recognise that this too was part of the compromising, and damaging legacy of the historic trauma I had experienced. From this realisation came strength and resolution; the design of the dress revealed not only my physical shape as a woman, as a mother, but crucially, it had also revealed an open wound in my psyche, and I sought to heal this wound by committing to override this negative perception of myself, to 'perform' the new validated version of myself which was beginning to develop, and now required the liberty and freedom to express itself, through the traumaturgical performance phase.

The Rehearsal Process

LaCapra (2001) cites Freud in relation to performance as a process of 'working through' which he posits is not simply therapeutic for the individual, but has, potentially, political and ethical solutions (2001:152). 'Working through' in this context; the rehearsal and performance of post-traumatic testimony based text, should take myself as the researcher/actor beyond the theatrical frame, into cathartic reconciliation. Rather than anxiety, I experienced what I would describe as a sense of mastery; I felt a compulsion, a deep and primal need to confront the compromising traumatic narrative, to present my 'testimony' through my body and the lines I would write, and this was both powerful and seductive. Throughout the rehearsal process, however, the sessions had remained oddly casual. As the text gained a 'shape' we would 'loosely' rehearse the play, blocking and running through lines, and walking through the choreography, until we knew exactly the running order, and temporarily, the shape of the piece. Because of the reflexively devised nature of the work, it was constantly in flux; there was a sense of fluidity, that it was a living, breathing process and conversely the overriding feeling that this slightly dangerous approach generated in both of us was apprehensive excitement. Not being able to view the work as it developed I relied heavily on how it 'felt', how the somatic interaction with the material affected me as

researcher, and traumaturg, returning to the script after every session and using intuition, and the on-going self-dialogue to shape the text. By maintaining this heuristic approach to all phases of the process, I was continually returning to the self-dialogue as a means of understanding both my somatic and psychic responses, and allowing the 'voices' to have input in this most critical of processes. I became aware that the dominant discourse was no longer 'the child's' voice, but that of the younger adult 'self', with an accusatory discourse which began in a whisper that only I could hear, and became an oppressive cloud of doubt which threatened to consume us all. This discourse, which crushed my self-confidence, was familiar to me; this was the voice of the colonizer; the great silencer, who sought to steal away my language once again, and replace it with a narrative of submission and shame.

Working with Antonio, however, had a calming effect upon me; a generous and intelligent performer whose personal qualities as an actor/dancer were particularly attuned to the dynamics of the emerging process. In retrospect, I believe it was his vocal validation of my appearance costumed in the dress, offered with such genuine enthusiasm, which was an enormous influence on my self-perception at this critical moment. His continued confidence in my ability as both director and performer, despite what were periods of chaotic experimentation, inspired me to continue during the many times I felt overwhelmed, and defeated. However, the reluctance to actually run the complete play, including the choreography, was a shared phenomenon and as the event got closer, we became very aware of our purposeful avoidance strategies and a joint decision was made to address this during what would be a full dress rehearsal. This rehearsal had a very different dynamic from the onset; wearing the costumes and being in the theatre space felt suffocating; it was as if this simple difference was at odds with our usual method of rehearsing, which had always felt playful and 'safe'. However, when faced with the task of dancing as these two morally opposed characters, suddenly, being in such close proximity to each other seemed to ignite the fictional emotions of the characters, and although we were physically connected, the deep divide in terms of the ideologies of these dynamically opposed characters, caused an uncomfortable primal and conflicted energy between us. The movements became aggressive, replacing the more gentle approach to the cantes with a fierceness, which demanded a physical surrender from 'Maria'. The design of the choreography changed considerably during this rehearsal. From what had been a relatively simple version of a European Tango, we now incorporated moments of physical domination and resistance, which visually emphasized the power game at play. In the costume I embodied Maria; a woman caught in

a battle with the personification of her trauma, the physical manifestation of Fascism, represented through the voice, and presence of 'Francisco'. In the costume I became subservient; submitting to this representation of the colonial 'master'. It felt strangely comfortable; familiar, it was a role I recognised as the performance of self I had conducted in all of my relationships, particularly manifesting in the physical aspect of these. I began to question what seemed to be a dichotomous 'self'; both desiring and rejecting this misogynistic oppression, and in the rehearsal space found this experience mentally and physically challenging. Antonio responded emotionally to this dynamic shift; again the costume impacted on his physicality, but more significantly, the costume represented for him the Francoist vision of Spain; the re-appropriated cultural references of the flamenco dancer, with his arrogance and flamboyance, challenged his own political affiliations. Alongside this, the dialogue required Antonio to speak lines that he was aware would cause me a degree of suffering; the internal discourses relating to both my fathers' deaths and my adoption, each of which were woven into the traumaturgical script. This sudden intensity, however, had a less positive effect upon us as performers; there was an awkwardness once the tango sequence ended, the embodiment experienced while dancing seemed to contaminate the remainder of the rehearsal, which ended prematurely as we struggled to rediscover ourselves as 'Sandra' and 'Antonio'. For both of us this was a demanding process; this was the first time I had felt isolated, that I was alone in the space as opposed to the connected and collaborative dynamic we had enjoyed thus far. I found it difficult to speak the lines, or to make eye contact with 'Francisco', and we existed like strangers in the space, rather than the friends we were, and we made the decision not to wear the costumes during rehearsals, nor to perform the dance elements beyond a technical practice, until the night of the event. I also made the decision that during the evening of the sharing event, to encourage a sense of confidence and dissolve self-consciousness, both Antonio and I would drink wine, along with our guests, an activity rooted in cultural authenticity; the atmosphere of the Spanish tablao, and the sounds of gypsy flamenco.

Staging the Event: *In Search of Duende*

The staging of the play for the purposes of the practice as research examination, had been problematic. Throughout the dramaturgical process I had desired to create a sense of authenticity that thematically reflected my research journey, and my reclaimed Spanish heritage. I wanted to experientially blur boundaries between the real and the fictional, to subvert the audience's expectations through an immersive theatrical experience which initiated through an environmental encounter. I had considered staging the event in various site-specific locations during the scripting process; Leaf, an art house coffee shop, a local Spanish restaurant, bars, even my own home, but as the self-dialogue impacted upon the scripting process, and the setting of these different versions of the text developed none of these venues were appropriate, or logistically feasible. The decision to situate the event in the conventional theatre space was influenced in part by these factors, but perhaps more significantly, by using the on-site facilities it allowed the cast to rehearse in the performance space; to become familiar with its dynamic and energy. Having decided on the performance space; the Rose Theatre, Edge Hill University, the surrounding bistro seating space offered an interesting exhibition setting, which again disrupted the conventions of function, and would allow a communion between the exhibited personal artefacts and the shared dining experience.

From the moment of the research sharing event's conception I had wanted the evening to be structured around the communal sharing of food; this intimate activity is an integral part of Spain's identity; the 'Sobremesa'¹² is a cultural Spanish activity where hours can be spent at the dinner table discussing life, long after the plates have been cleared. Critically, it allows a relaxed opportunity for the guests to reflect on the exhibited artefacts they will encounter, and importantly is a time for establishing the 'community'; to savour the moment without rushing and pragmatically, to digest the food. It was, therefore, essential that the food served was as authentic as possible, and in that endeavour I had arranged to have traditional tapas, and a hot 'fabada' stew of chorizo and beans, served by a chef from a local Spanish restaurant in Southport called El Rincon Bodega. There would also be rustic bread, and plenty of Spanish wine, evoking a sensual encounter with the, sights, sounds, and aromas of Southern Spain. The use of alcohol was also a strategic choice; initially I had been concerned that based on my previous experiences, and the resulting anxiety caused by those experiences, there was a possibility that I

¹² The word sobremesa means "over the table" and refers to the Spanish art of conversation after a meal

would not be able to perform the play on the night of the event. This thought, rooted in the traumatic narrative of 'not being good enough', had lingered throughout the rehearsal process, but had become less dominant as the process progressed. However, there was an overriding sense of risk which had remained; both Antonio and myself were aware of this risk and had woven management strategies in the event of this crisis materialising. We had also 'rehearsed' consuming wine during the performance and were aware of how many glasses of wine we were able to consume without it impacting upon the remembering of lines, and choreography. Although we anticipated our audience would be drinking throughout the event, beginning at the exhibition and continuing through the meal, I did not anticipate drinking before the actual play began. However as I discuss in chapter four, the emotional impact of encountering my traumatic autobiographical material, and the 'mantras' narrated through the recorded voice of Francisco, I turned to alcohol to lessen the effect of the overwhelming discourse of rage which I was experiencing.

The planters of herbs; Lavender, Rosemary and Thyme, were to be positioned around the exhibition space, evoking the Spanish landscape as well as thematically linking the aesthetic; the autobiographical journey, the dramatic text and the performance of the play. Rosemary is reputed to influence the memory, critical themes of both the research and the play text, as well as being the surname of the actor whose character Francisco, embodied the personification of my trauma. The tender shoots of fresh Rosemary against the glass would imbued the space with fragrance as it warmed, and perhaps it was the effect of this volatile herb that caused me to finally 'witness' my own story, within the space. This was to be a sensory and intellectual encounter which functioned to map the traumatic landscape from unwanted child to traumatised adult, through an examination of critical moments in time, both personal and political. The key themes of place, representation, cultural dislocation, identity and crisis were fused through this visual dialogue which invited the 'witness' to [re] consider the autobiographical narrative in its duality as both fact and fiction, and as a creative provocation for the dramaturgical/traumaturgical work they would encounter, within the performance space. The exhibition provided socio-historical documentation relating to the Spanish Civil War; images, artefacts and film, alongside autobiographical material which provoked juxtaposition between the researcher's autoethnography; a document informed by the fictionalized, traumatic narrative of the researcher's life story, and the factual narrative of Spain's fight against Fascism. Both themes interrogated notions of liberty, identity, representation and conflict, as well as making critical connections between the researcher and the cultural history of her ancestral

home. Through this merging of 'truth' and 'un-truth' the researcher attempts to illustrate new perspectives on personal experience, by finding and filling "gaps" in existing, related storylines (Courser, 1997; Goodall, 2001) which chronologically punctuate both the adoption narrative, and the progression of the Spanish Civil War. The exhibited artefacts were designed to replicate the research journey by highlighting critical points along the traumatic 'ley-lines' which punctuate my life. This lineage would be physically traced around the walls, and through the centre of the space, with 'bloodlines' of red tape which function to connect the physical manifestations of each traumatic encounter, meeting in the unfinished flamenco dress. The shape and rhythm of the traumatic narrative is mirrored in the story of the Niños Robados, which is traced from its traumatic origins, and into present day, personified through the testimony and presence of Ines Madrigal.

The week leading up to the final event was remarkably calm; we had avoided any further crisis of confidence by only 'walking through' the dance sequences, and running the dialogue without any physicality, and my thoughts were focussed upon the anticipation of what might take place; how this event would affect both myself, and those who came to 'witness'. My real concerns were associated with the logistics of installing the exhibition within what would be a very limited time frame. Planning in all other areas had been meticulous; it was to be a substantial event, with the three distinct yet interconnected phases structured to flow into one another, communally framed by a Spanish aesthetic. Candle light changed the dynamic of the space considerably, from a 'corporate' styled social space into an intimate, sensual site, filled with the researcher's memories, and related memorabilia which sought to 'evoke stories as constituting a space in which it seemed possible to become intimate with the trauma experience' (Johnston & Pratt. 2010:133-32) to create a 'deliberate impossibility of emotional distance' and in this aim it was successful. I had avoided considering the event as a 'show' and my reasons for this were threefold: firstly, it placed me in the context of researcher, rather than 'actor/performer' which eased my anxieties about performing in public. Secondly, it positioned the audience members as 'witnesses'; of being active rather than passive in this critical role, and lastly, it allowed me the luxury of creating a rich, informative landscape through which the guests might consider every aspect of the traumatization process enabling a more informed interaction with all aspects.

My intention was to initiate an immersive 'performance' experience from arrival, with Maria and Francisco 'hosting' the event. During the meal there would be flashes of conflict between them, and whilst the guests eat an immersive drama would be played out around them, once again blurring the boundaries between the real and the fictional. My intention was to situate the performance in a heterotopic realm which allowed the discourse to move back and forth, transcending temporal restrictions with a ghostly fluidity. I was reminded of the cinematographic style of 'Guillermo Del Toro's *El laberinto del fauno* (*Pan's Labyrinth*); an autobiographical trauma narrative told through the imagination of a child, and positioned in a landscape of fantasy, yet explicit in its reference to the horrors of the Spanish conflict. The music which accompanied the film *Pan's Labyrinth Lullaby* (*Nana del laberinto del fauno*) composed by Javier Navarrete, became the haunting thematic score to which both actors and audience would enter the space, and the music to which I would perform Maria's final dance. As the immersive aspect of the performance could not be rehearsed, our intention was to improvise in response to the guests' reactions. However, neither of us were prepared for the intense dynamic this phase of the event produced.

The film *Ninos Robados* by Portuguese artist Nuno Nunes-Ferreira¹³ was screened on a large high wall above the entrance to the theatre, and provided a curious soundscape of babies crying, typewriters, and the voices of Spanish clergy. Opposite, the vintage tape machines spewed out the recorded traumatic mantras, narrated by the heavily accented voice of 'Francisco' played by Antonio Garcia Romero. Around the space, in frames, on fabric, some mounted on handmade red paper and lace, pieces of heuristic writing; poetry, prose, and letters never sent, along with photographs and documents, which plotted the 'ley-lines' of my traumatic narrative, and stories of the Niños Robados. Linking these artefacts across the centre of the space, four acrylic cubes lined in red fabric, and raised on white plinths. Like exclamation marks punctuating the stories with something physical; a crucifix, a photograph¹⁴, my Dad's clock, and a single candle, my birth father's dressing gown stood proudly on a dressmaker's dummy and behind it 'my bedroom'. Here, the many documents, images, letters and photographs which have informed this research journey, are laid out in their 'natural' state, that is to say how they were situated in my actual bedroom, and how my bedroom looked the weeks leading up to the event. They represent the chaotic nature of the research process; the interior voices, the nonlinear acquisition of data and the complicated

¹³ Nuno Nunes-Ferreira is a Portuguese artist who collated images as part of the Spanish Memory Project and permitted me to include this collection of images as part of my research event.

¹⁴ I discovered this photograph while clearing his home, following his funeral, on the back it has the words "my Mandy". It is the only time in my life I had felt that anyone had ever 'claimed me'.

process of aligning these remnants of my life. It is a personal yet public environment, into which I invited the witnesses to navigate their way through this most personal documentation. These uncomfortable critical clues to the embedded negative value judgements of 'self' I had adopted were something that I became very aware of during the practice as research process. The dominant discourse of 'unworthy' had seeped into my treatment of 'self'; the disregard I have shown for my possessions, and myself, and this has made me reconsider how I 'perform' this aspect of 'self' concluding that along with identity, self-worth is ultimately decided through the internalised perceptions of worth, based and influenced by the my traumatic autobiographical narrative, and my acceptance of it.

Autoethnographic Extract 17

MY ROOM

"This is not my room. This is not my bed, my desk, or even my chair. I have never slept beneath those covers. Yet, within this meaningless space are some of my most precious possessions: the documents are the original copies – each one exactly as I received them, held them, read and wept over them, and each one is a fragment of the narrative fabric in which I have clothed myself. The chaos, the coffee cups, wine glasses and the neglectful way I have treated myself – it is all in this room. This is my research environment. My mind, my memories and my many moments of epiphany, this imaginary space is where they rest. You are invited to explore; to read, to touch, to listen, to navigate the 'narrative folds' in search of something real."

Philip, S. 2015

The Unfinished flamenco Dress

Functioning to unite these strands of traumatic narrative; my own autobiographic fragments and those of the Ninos Robados, would be the unfinished flamenco dress, which had been made for me by a dressmaker and colleague from Edge Hill University, Sue Burns, and was to be displayed as a 'remnant'; representing the collective experience of remaining 'incomplete' through the loss of genealogy and heritage through adoption, and traumatic dislocation.



Photographs researcher's own (2015)

Initially, I had purchased the pattern for this garment as a `traje de flamenca'¹⁵ with the intention of wearing it for the performance, however, once the paper pattern had been cut it began to represent a different process; the bringing together of the many fragments of both my identity, and my story, each meeting in the construction of this cultural costume. The fabric is calico; a plain-woven textile made from unbleached, and often not fully processed cotton, containing unseparated husk parts and flaws and owing to its unfinished and undyed appearance, it is considerably cheaper than other fabrics. Essentially the `dress' is a toile; the test version of a garment, with the lines still visible prior to any alterations. I began to consider this garment, in creation, as an analogy of myself; the imperfect child under construction; being `fashioned' into the correct `shape' to fit into my new family, still with flaws, unfinished, not the version which is actually wanted, something to be discarded, thrown away. It became something which was quite painful to look at; the seams sewn in red reminded me of the `blood-lines' I had followed and would replicate in the exhibition space. As a woman and an adoptee I recognise the garment as being `socially undesirable, with marginalised elements which threaten to infiltrate, and contaminate that which is more central' (Willoughby Carr, 2007). It is what went before and what remains, as the scaffold around which my identity as Spanish, as woman, and as unwanted, will be constructed. It is both metamorphic, and static, it is unfulfilled. Alongside this, it critically reflected the `colonial' invasion of the British tourists as they flooded into Franco's New Spain, and the cultural corruption of flamenco as the new currency of tourism, and Spanish capitalism; the shadows which remain beneath. However, I chose to exhibit the costume as if it was a work of Haute Couture; I wanted the witnesses to encounter the dress

¹⁵ A dress which is worn for a performance.

as a work of value, despite being incomplete and of little material worth. It became the denouement; the concluding statement of the many ghost voices inhabiting the exhibition space, and itself exhibited above a hundred stamps, each one embossed with the smiling face of General Franco which represented communications denied between child and mother, and with a single spotlight casting shadows from the bata de cola; the extended frilled skirt, it looked beautiful.



Photographs courtesy of Helen Newall 2015



Photograph courtesy of Ines Madrigal 2015

The Phases of Sharing

The Meal

The evening has three interconnected phases, beginning with the communal sharing of food, wine, and conversation. I provide this handbook as a stimulus; to encourage debate and discussion, by candle light, across tables, between strangers and friends. We begin to establish connections between one another, developing trust in our community through this simple act of sharing food; fuel for the remainder of the journey.

We move forward together.

The Exhibition

Here the quest is laid bare; facts and fiction merge into myth, memory fails and agreements of silence are brokered as strategies of survival, with voices sacrificed in the exchange. Here you are invited to consider the autobiographical trauma narrative alongside the traumatic cultural narrative of The Spanish Civil War. I place each object here with strategic purpose; these memorials chart a course connecting the cultural to the personal. I attempt to plot a direct route but memory takes a meandering course, fluctuating between the 'real' and the 'imagined' through a dangerous, war weary terrain. Dreams are made real here; ghosts are exorcised, their voices calling out from blood lines seeping from the folds of an unfinished Flamenco dress; the fabrication exposed, incomplete and in process, against the backdrop of a corrupted Guernica; bodies twisted as they attempt to survive the dictator's brutal outrage.

This is a quest for survival - these are our declarations of hope.

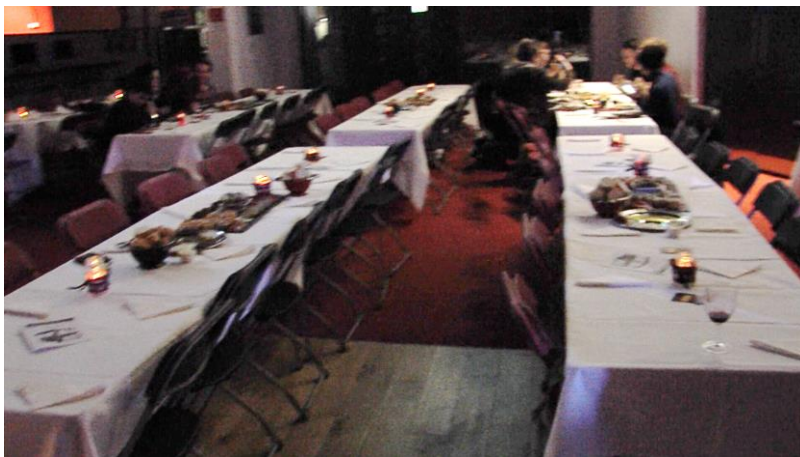
The Performance: Dancing for Franco

Moving from the written into a landscape of the physical, the performance of *Dancing for Franco* functions as an example of traumaturgy in action. Told through the interweaving of both spoken and somatic language we seek an evocation of the duende which follows "the veins of our blood" (Lorca, 1998), with an intelligence that speaks to us not only in words, but like art, like beauty, an eloquent language of pain, love, reciprocity and truth, articulated through the choreographic score of flamenco (1998). The deep roots of the past transport us into the duende of living; the beauty of a language that evoke a wide range of human emotions, and silence the voices which have made their shelter in the traumata of our archaic histories. Tonight we dare to speak the 'unspeakable'; the unstable psychic voices are invited to take the stage, in search of justice, forgiveness, and acceptance, even from our own selves, and from the witnesses who gather together to listen.

Chapter 3

REFLECTIONS

3:1 The Event



Photographs courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

Guests began arriving at 7pm by which time the exhibition was installed; the chef had arrived and tables laid out with colourful tapas; long slate 'platters', spread with traditional Spanish fare and lit by candlelight, with the dark red fabric around the glass jars casting shadows on the linen. The Rosemary, warmed against the glass, filled the air with fragrance and merged with the smell of garlic, and chorizo. It was the Spain of every holiday brochure's tour of 'the old country'; it was Franco's lie.

It was a peculiar feeling, knowing strangers were reading my most personal documents, looking at private images, touching my precious belongings. Part of me wanted to leave, part of me wanted to go into the space and stop them, but overriding those anxious emotions was the voice of the child, excited, eager, and determined that tonight she would have her justice. I had anticipated feeling extremely nervous before going on stage but oddly I felt calm. I felt as if something was about to happen; something important, and the desire to confront, and respond to the accusatory traumatic discourse was surprisingly much stronger than nervous anxiety. Although the exhibited material was familiar to me, when I encountered it in this public setting it was as if I was seeing it for the first time. Suddenly I saw the child in the photographs as myself, and with that realisation the burden of responsibility, and an all-consuming sadness which was difficult to bear. Being faced with the undeniable 'proof' of the event, the physical 'transaction' which marked me as 'unwanted'; I felt an eruption of 'righteous' anger and overwhelming sorrow; I could hear the child's voice reminding me of the task ahead, but her words were fragile and difficult to hear, surrounded as they were by the dominant narrative of rejection.



Wendy and Mandy final picture together, taken on the day of the adoption, March 1965

Autoethnographic Extract 16

THE DAY *"I couldn't look at her; couldn't bear to see her smile, why was she smiling? A tiny hand; my hand, holding so tightly to a mother who doesn't seem to care. Across the room another face smiling; The General, equally pleased with his work. This is the first wound; here is the evidence of the crime."*

Philip, S. 2015 Journal 3



My arrival with my new 'family'

Photograph researcher's own March 1965



Photographs courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

The guests were seated and eating when Maria and Francisco came into the space, the atmosphere was very relaxed; people were talking and laughing despite being surrounded, both visually and audibly, by the traumatic material. We began by visiting guests at the tables where 'Maria' introduced 'Francisco' to the guests, and established the 'nature' of both characters. Once I had embodied the character of Maria, it felt natural to act submissively; to demonstrate that my character was dominated by Francisco, that the relationship was rooted in oppression, and potentially violence, without meandering into the melodramatic. The rationale for this immersive performance was primarily to allow an embodiment of the complex characters we were performing, to occur, and for us to become familiar with our character's physicality, voice and behaviours, and to establish a 'no man's land'; a realm which exists like trauma, in both the real and the imagined. This phase of the event was extremely powerful, and as one of the guests explained in the post-show question and answer session, it was "when the anxiety really took hold", oddly however I continued to feel very calm. At one point during the meal Antonio shouted out Maria's name quite aggressively from the balcony above the dining tables and the guests hushed immediately; there was an anxious tension, a nervous expectation that struck me as being quite surreal. I vividly recall standing in the exhibition space following a later confrontation with 'Francisco', I could hear his voice coming from the tape machines, arrogant and accusing:

"You let him down, you let him die; you should have done something. You failed him".



Photograph courtesy of Nathan Clark 2015

Suddenly I felt suffocated; everywhere I looked I was faced with the 'evidence' of my 'story', it was claustrophobic but rather than panic; my usual response to those sensations, I felt angry. I went over to the tape machine and smashed my fist into it, and the speaking stopped. This spontaneous act felt curiously empowering. When the meal was finished Francisco 'commanded' the guests to follow him into the theatre and they responded quickly, allowing him to lead them through the exhibition; following the 'bloodlines' to the stairs at the rear of the space, which led to the emergency exits at the back of the auditorium. As the guests entered the space from this unusual perspective, they were greeted by the informal 'bistro' style seating around small candle -lit tables. Again the room was filled with herbal fragrance, and the *lullaby* from *Pan's Labyrinth* (2006) was ghostly within the sparse set; drapes of 'old' blood coloured linen and antique lace against the solid wooden Spanish furniture, it felt both 'authentic' and 'theatrical'. I watched as the 'witnesses' were seated and I felt totally calm and in control. I noticed the small table and the stained nightdress which hung over a traditionally Spanish wooden chair. I

noticed Antonio holding the infant's nightdress as he prepared to walk downstairs, I watched him and allowed my feelings to consume me; "See you on the other side", I said, as the house lights began to fade.

Autoethnographic Extract 17

Ghosts

"As we wait at the entrance to the theatre, and our witnesses settle around the candlelit tables, the air is filled with anthos¹⁶ and expectation; it is tangible, and I breathe it in as the music floats ghostlike above us. Antonio smiles across what suddenly feels like a vast canyon between us. But in this moment I no longer see a 'friend', I cannot return the smile; he is no longer my ally, as our eyes meet in the fading light all I see is 'Francisco'; the personification of oppression, my enemy, and I am eager to meet him in the space; to silence his accusations through both language, and physicality; my desire to dance, to evoke the ghosts; the 'phantoms of ancestral experience living in my presence' (Griffiths, 200:p.11) is stronger than I have ever felt it. Our eyes meet once more; we move, we descend into our 'plaza de toros'; this will be a gladiatorial encounter; I am costumed in my re-claimed cultural history, I am legion; I speak for every Spanish child stolen, every 'birth' mother wounded, but most of all I speak for myself, failure is no longer an option for any of us."

The opening scene was the symbolic 'handing over' of the infant's nightdress; representing the re-appropriation of 'garments' which connect the child to the mother. Under the gaze of our witnesses it became imbued with meaning, and the tiny cotton nightdress felt 'heavy' in my hands.

Upon the table, where Maria and Francisco return between action, are various objects; a sewing box which suggested 'repairing'; the stitching together of the 'traumatic fabric' of lives, and during the play Maria is constantly mending the child's nightdress, leading to the climactic moment when it is rent in two by Francisco, in a later scene. There are a pack of Spanish playing cards, or naipes Españoles, with which Francisco plays a game of solitaire during the longer monologues. There are also two wine glasses and a bottle of Spanish wine, from which both characters drink during the performance, and a candle in a glass jar, decorated by the fabric and Rosemary, and casting a limited light to illuminate this shadowy location which exists 'between worlds'. The opening speech also introduced themes of 'healing' and 'forgiveness'

¹⁶ Greek for the fragrance of Rosemary

amongst an acknowledgment of my gitano heritage; the use of herbs being a shared knowledge between the 'gypsies' and my previous role of herbalist.¹⁷ This short monologue also introduced themes of dance, notably my reluctance, and inability to perform, spoken through the language of defeat, which would be challenged when Maria repeated this discourse in the final speech. The story of the Ninos Robados is also initiated in this speech, locating the play temporally between histories, and naming Franco as the perpetrator of this criminal practice, and the governing force behind this moral crime, with the scissors, and the cutting of the thread in this opening scene, representing the babies who were 'torn' away from their mothers, under the auspices of the Francoist adoption policy. Maria ends this introduction with the words: "and so it begins." which serves to announce not only the beginning of the dramatic encounter, but also within the context of the Niños Robados narrative, the first acts of child theft which are rooted in the political ideologies of The Spanish Civil War, and continue into the present, as evidenced by the presence of Ines Madrigal.

Close textual analysis of play text *Dancing for Franco*

Script Extract 1.

MARIA *The gypsies say there's an herb for every ailment known to man; that lavender soothes and brings sleep, that Thyme heals wounds and Rosemary helps you remember who caused them. But they're wrong; there's no herb for forgiveness, if there is I'm sure it tastes very bitter. The gypsies dance, drink and sing to expel their demons – but I'm not much of a dancer.*

Anyway, some things you can't forgive or forget. Like the voices of those women, begging for their babies to be killed with them rather than handed over to his men. And the guards tearing the babies from the arms of their mothers, who defended themselves to their last breath.

This is Franco's legacy: the theft of thousands of children, beginning with those stolen from female Republican prisoners, who were then shot, and their babies?

She cuts the thread with scissors

Handed over to those more deserving. And so it begins.....

She works on the sewing

¹⁷ From 1998 and 2005 I ran an organic herbal skincare business called Jack's Garden, farming the plants and producing a range of herbal products. I was also writing a column for a gardening magazine at this time.

She sings

*He was born on the edge of the devils backbone
And I just want to take him home, Lord
I just want to take him home.*

Maria concludes this short scene by 'singing' the opening lyrics of '*Devils Backbone*'; a song by The Civil Wars (2013), which despite the obvious associations made by the name of this band, is also the title of the second film in the trilogy by Guillermo Del Toro¹⁸. In this film the question "What is a ghost?" is asked by one of the characters and the reply: "a tragedy condemned to repeat itself again and again" indicating the thematic concerns of the traumatic cycle, mirrored through the script of *Dancing for Franco*. The first dance sequence, performed by 'Francisco', from behind the central lace



Photograph courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

panel, served to blur and disguise his image; to create a paradoxical distortion between the 'traditional' choreography of flamenco dance appropriated by Franco for the promotion of his manufactured vision of post-war 'New Spain', and the cultural traditions of the Republican ideal. Maria watches him dance, and as she watches she sews the child's nightdress; reuniting these fragments of opposing narratives, in a cultural fabric which remains fragile, and damaged, and represents contemporary Spain. The projected images of Franco, with his wife and young daughter, whose speech concerning her message to the children of Spain in the final days of the conflict, and her much rehearsed shout of 'Viva Franco; viva España offers a disturbing aesthetic, with Francisco frozen behind the lace positioned in a fascist salute, which mirrors the child's own.

¹⁸ *Pans Labyrinth*, the third film in the trilogy provides much of the play's soundscape and each of these films are situated in the conflicted landscape of the Spanish Civil War.

This opening dance sequence is followed by the first recorded monologue; the story of a young mother and the birth of her baby, narrated by Patricia Garcia Romero, and testifying to the theft of her new born daughter, replaced with a corpse of an dead infant which had purposefully been stored in a refrigerator for just such times of criminal deception.¹⁹

Script extract 2.

Music fades. Francisco goes to sit – Maria pours him a drink

Recorded voice #1

I was 17, I know it sounds stupid but I didn't even realise I was pregnant; it was my mother that mentioned...well...that I had put on some weight. They wanted to throw me out, but our priest said there was somewhere I could have the baby and I would be looked after. No one asked me what I thought about anything, I had no voice, my mum cried for days and my father wouldn't speak to me and I just wanted to run away but I had no-where to go and in 1964 you couldn't be on your own with a child, I suppose deep down I knew they were going to take the baby away but no one mentioned it.

I remember hearing my mother and father talking, about how I'd brought shame on their family, that I'd let them down and I remember praying, on my knees praying to the holy mother that it would just go away, and all the time my baby was kicking inside of me, as if it knew.

When the time came my dad took me to the hospital, he didn't speak to me in the car and he just dropped me off with my bag and one of the nuns came out, she was very old and didn't smile, I just felt so ashamed, and I tried really hard not to cry because I didn't want her to know I was scared. She took me to my room, which was tiny with one chair and a bed and when she left I did cry, and I begged God to take my sin away, but he didn't. They wouldn't let us wear our own nightclothes, we had cotton nighties which were very old, mine had a brown stain on the back and I kept imagining it was blood from the girl who'd worn it before me. You had to be examined when you arrived, and the Dr wouldn't look at you or speak to you, he just addressed the Nun, it was as if you didn't exist. I'd never been examined

before – down there and he hurt me and I remember thinking I deserved to be hurt and closing my eyes because I could see myself reflected in his glasses, and felt so guilty and ashamed.

My waters broke at 4 o'clock in the morning, I didn't know what was happening I was getting terrible pains and was screaming for help. One of the sisters came in and smacked me hard on my arm, she told me I was selfish, and to shut up because everyone was in bed. I tried really hard not to make a fuss, but there was no pain relief – I suppose it was part of the punishment, it went on for hours.

Music – lullaby begins

After she was born they gave me some gas and I went to sleep and when I woke up the doctor came in and told me my baby had died, that there was something wrong with her and she was stillborn. I remember asking to see her, it didn't seem real, I think they just wanted me to shut up, so he told one of the nurses to fetch her so I could say goodbye, but when they brought the baby to show me she was so cold and her eyes were wide open, staring, and I remember screaming she wasn't dead, and they put the mask over my face and I don't remember much after that.

When I came home it was as if nothing had happened, no one ever spoke about it, it was as if she'd never existed- but my baby was alive, I don't care what they say because I saw her, when they delivered her she was moving, she was not dead, I could see her little legs – kicking, reflected in the Dr's steel rimmed glasses; I saw her, before I closed my eyes she was alive and I will never forget her, never.

This was a lengthy diegetic monologue, which was made significantly more problematic by the heavy accent of the Spanish actress who had recorded it. At times it was very difficult to understand the dialogue, which resulted in the audience having to listen extremely carefully and to focus on the words being spoken. This was a strategic decision; for the trauma survivor the issue of language; the loss of the ability to tell your story, and to have that story heard, is central to the trauma dynamic, and I wanted the audience to experience this distortion in communication. Francisco and Maria also listen, positioned at the table stage left; Maria sews, and Francisco plays his card game, with an expression of amusement which is in strict contrast to the sorrow etched on Maria's face. Despite having heard the monologue many times, I found myself being drawn into this fragment of story once again; I felt righteous anger

surging through my body and as I drank, I attempted to 'swallow down' the emotional response, knowing that in the flamenco dance that follows I would have the opportunity to make physical my feelings of injustice, and blame. I turned to face Francisco from my seated position, and I caught his self-satisfied expression; I could feel the anguish of a thousand mothers and their children, who like me had been robbed of their cultural heritage and legitimate families.

Script extract 3.

MARIA *Years passed and the Rosemary kept growing, the gypsies kept dancing and the children were robbed of their Republican heritage, just like he wanted.*

MARIA moves to the centre stage

She begins to dance

The dramatic device of repetition features heavily in the script; as a critical aspect of the post-traumatic condition where 'memories' of the traumatic event repeatedly invade the consciousness of the individual, in a futile attempt to gain some understanding, and this is represented through the use of this dramatic device. This initial exchange between the characters is repeated later as we see Maria growing in strength, and courage, eventually confronting this accusatory and maladapted discourse, which originates in the traumatic 'mantras' discussed in previous chapters. Here we see Maria attempt to express herself through flamenco; she is hesitant; nervous, gaining confidence as the music begins, yet this display of independence causes Francisco to act; to attempt – successfully in this instance – to prevent Maria from dancing. When Maria states in the opening speech '*I've never been much of a dancer*', this statement is as false as Francisco's when he reminds her that she is responsible for her father's death, and here the interweaving of fact and fiction, a crucial aspect of the traumaturgy process, becomes evident, as Maria is reminded not only of her lack of ability as a dancer but also of her presence, and perceived lack of action, on the day her father died. Here the fictional text becomes a testimony based on truth, as Maria is forced to replay the events of that day, eventually seeking forgiveness for what she sees – with the help of Francisco – as her failings as a daughter.

Script extract 4.

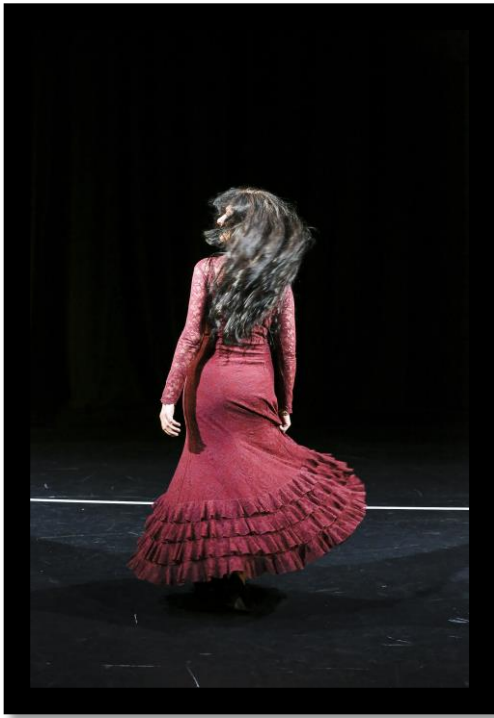
FRANCISCO *Maria, come and sit down*

She ignores him

FRANCISCO *what are you doing?*

She again tries to ignore him

MARIA *Hush!*



Photographs courtesy of Dr Helen Newall 2015

She continues trying to dance as he is looking for a way to stop her

FRANCISCO *Do you remember the day he died, your father?*

MARIA freezes – FRANCISCO smiles, he knows he is able to control her

MARIA *I remember how I ran away and left her; left her while he gasped for life. She was like the child then, disbelieving, and all the time his voice pleading for survival and right then; in that moment, you were right.*

All the times you told me I wasn't good enough, you were right; when they needed me, I ran away.

I lived up to your expectations.

FRANCISCO *You always do*

MARIA *They were so low.*

*I was scared
Afraid of looking into his dying eyes and seeing more disappointment. Of being
unable to save him
So I ran, I'm sorry.*

FRANCISCO *You let them down Maria, didn't you*

MARIA *I tried to be like them, to make them proud
But I wasn't good enough,
Not then,
Not ever
That's why I ran.
I'm still running.*

This was the first of two very challenging duologues between Maria and Francisco; this was the first time I had heard the internal traumatic discourse spoken out loud during the performance of the play, and despite having both written and 'heard' the words in the rehearsal space, in the theatre before witnesses it carried significantly more meaning and provoked a need to defend myself; to challenge this false discourse and silence the personification of my psychic oppressor who spoke with such venom, now standing before me as the character Francisco.

Autoethnographic Extract 18

Identity Crisis

"As I stand facing the witnesses I feel suddenly exposed; I am fragile, fraudulent; I feel duplicitous in this performance of myself as both gitano and payo. I am doubting my entitlement to dance this siguiriya; my hands feel moist, my fingers flex against my warm palms as I wait. I close my eyes and silently whisper to the 'child' who I recognise as the author of the panic; "it's alright, there'll be no more risks, no more fatalities; trust me – I've always loved to dance". Philip, S. 2015 Journal 3.

This scene leads into the Tango duet; the dance which had caused us so many problems during the rehearsal process. We were both very aware of the importance of this physical encounter and as we moved towards each other there was a tangible current of 'electricity' between us. Despite having not rehearsed the duet in its entirety for the reasons previously discussed, when the music began it transported me, I was no longer in the theatre, we were somewhere else, somewhere 'other', displaced in a battle for survival, and as we moved together; toward the choreographed climax of the dance, it felt as if

we were fighting against each other. We experienced moments of intense eye-contact which ordinarily would have provoked outbursts of laughter, but here in the landscape of traumaturgy there was no laughter, only an urgency to win. It was a strange experience, to be fully aware of myself both as actor, and traumaturg whilst performing, as the traumaturgical performer I experienced feelings of great empowerment; the explicit belief that I was now able to re-claim the narrative of my life, to speak the newly acquired truth to both 'self', and witnesses, from a position of both authority and empowerment. One could argue there were elements of 'wish fulfilment' involved in my perception of this, however I would suggest that it was this new consciousness that enabled me to 'perform'; to override the narrative of 'shame' which had prevented performative acts in the past, and to take a leap of faith into the unknown into the nascent landscape of traumaturgy.



Photographs courtesy of Dr Helen Newall 2015.

The action of traumaturgical testimony is a powerful one, which asks the witness to hear, empathise, and validate both the 'story' and the performer. This exchange between performer and spectator potentially allows a mutual sense of burden, whilst provoking reflection on one's own place in the community dynamic; a declaration of belonging is achieved. As Patrick Duggan puts it: 'witnessing brings with it implications of responsibility and imperatives to testify' (2012:p85.), and through this process of shared experience a form of strategic closure might be realised, and a liberation achieved. Again, there might be assumption made regarding these 'fantasy' outcomes, I would respond by drawing on the work of Grotowski whose *Poor Theatre* is rooted in his belief that the actor's 'gift' of self-sacrifice, such as my surrender to what I have considered as the critical risk involved with performing my trauma based memory narratives, held a fundamental aspect of ritual through the acts of revelation and communion between those present. This shared encounter should permit deeper knowledge and experiences of self and others, hence change can take place (1985:143).

Script Extract 5

Lights down – spotlight on chair

We see FRANCISCO take MARIA by the wrist and lead her back to her chair, as if he is angry with her

They move to seats and drink

Recorded voice #2 Ines's story with scrolling text



Ines Madrigal and her adoptive mother, courtesy of Ines Madrigal 2015

Ines *It's walking along a street and wondering if that woman you pass might be 'her', it's the second when your eyes connect with another, and you can't breathe – for a moment - would she recognise me, would she wonder, then walk away? Frightened, ashamed? She could be anywhere; we could meet across a shop counter, in a café, on a bus, and I wonder if we already have met – but have not known. Does she know I'm alive, have always been alive – that child – that was not me, I want to tell her, kiss her, I want her to stop mourning for her little girl, because I'm alive, half alive, not knowing who I am, where I get my blue eyes, was it her? Was it my father? Was she married, they told my adoptive mother she was no more than a child herself, a girl in trouble, alone, terrified, I imagine this all the time, what she looks like, smells like, what her skin feels like against mine. Did they lay me in her arms in that room, in that moment, did we meet, when did the lie begin? Received as a gift. I see it sometimes in her face, when she doesn't know I'm looking, and I know she feels it, that burden. But she is a victim too and I couldn't love her more if she was my real mother. I was born in her heart and she grew into mine. I made a promise to us all – to never give up, to keep believing that one day, when the truth is known, the crimes revealed and the documents made public, that one*

day we will meet, I will sit and drink coffee with both of my mother's and we will each look at the other, and understand the meaning of the word Loss.

BLACKOUT – we hear FRANCISCO'S footsteps to stage centre



Photograph courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

Ines Madrigal's monologue was based on her own story; an account of her experiences as one of the Niños Robados, and a useful first-hand account of the traumatic nature of this cultural positioning. My focus, in dramatizing this personal testimony, was to communicate the emotional dynamic of the experience; the longing which pervades the lives of these dispossessed individuals, and the discourse of guilt and blame which permeates the character's language. As discussed previously, Ines and I had agreed that she would encounter my dramatized version of her personal narrative, at the technical rehearsal on the day before the event. I felt quite anxious about sharing this writing with Ines; I knew only too well the power of encountering the autobiographical trauma narrative, told through the words of another, and I felt a great burden of responsibility, not only that I had 'told' these stories; Ines and the other members of the Ninos Robados community represented in the exhibition, in a way that reflected their truths, but also, and perhaps more significantly, I had concerns about how this emotional experience might affect Ines, and impact upon her own understanding of these critical life events. It was interesting for me as the writer/traumaturg to both hear, and witness, the extent of the emotional impact this textual encounter had upon Ines, and how deeply the words I had written resonated with her own feelings of longing, and

regret; she wept very openly when she read the text through for the first time, and I was relieved when she expressed her gratitude and the cathartic recognition she experienced through hearing, and 'performing' the fictionalisation of her own autobiographical trauma narrative. The physical presence of Ines as a representative of the Niños Robados, essentially offering her testimony and sublimation of these historic events, was very powerful. For the audience, with limited knowledge of the story beyond what had been exposed to them within the exhibition, this act of testimony initiated what Duggan calls a 'thinking through' (Duggan, 2013) and is crucial, not only for the witnesses to consider the 'evidence' (to use the legal terminology) presented through the artwork, but also for the traumaturgical performer to negotiate a narrative which communicates both the emotional, and factual nature of the stories they tell. These 'sensual manifolds' (Crowther 1993), created through the fusion of the 'sensual and conceptual' are activated through this kinaesthetic encounter and can provoke new thinking concerning both the witness', and the performer's understanding of the real world.

Because Ines also had a strong Spanish accent it was important that her words were accessible to the audience so I once again used the central lace panel as a screen for projection of the scrolling text, allowing Ines to remain seated, maintaining her position as a 'testifying' witness.

This harrowing monologue serves as an indictment against the Francoist regime, but also the Catholic Church and its attitudes to women, notably young mothers, and as such is very provocative; it has a heaviness, a burdening affect which was counteracted by the up-tempo music Francisco performs his flamenco solo dance to in the next scene. Maria remains seated; listening and watching, she becomes the critical observer now, and as that character I felt enormous empathy for Ines, and all those affected by this cruel act of child theft, as Dori Laub posits it is through the absence of an empathetic listener, or more radically, the absence of an addressable 'other'; an 'other' who can hear the anguish of one's memories and thus affirm, and recognise their 'realness', that annihilates the story" (Laub, 1995), and this narrative facilitation as part of the traumaturgical process, was a powerful affirmation for both Ines, and myself, a feeling compounded by Francisco's posturing and machismo while he 'paraded' around the stage. The music chosen for this dance is a Spanish Nationalist anthem which celebrates General Franco and his 'victory' in the civil conflict, that following the emotive monologue from Ines, created a paradoxical soundscape and an uncomfortable synthesis. As Maria, I found myself looking down, resisting the urge to watch the spectacle, yet somehow drawn to this display of masculinity. Instinctively Maria drinks whilst

watching, as an act of insurgency, preparing the character for the beginnings of what would become a dramatic paradigm shift, in terms of the strategic power struggle played out in the script.

Script Extract 6

MARIA *The best time to harvest herbs is when the moon is at its fullest, that's when the oil is pulled from the stems into the tender leaves, and flowers. Rosemary will keep you safe from evil spirits and wicked women, and a little oil in the right places will increase virility, so the gypsies say, and they should know.*

MARIA turns away – pulling the shawl over her head.

FRANCISCO does not approve, he attempts to grab her as she heads into audience. She takes a few posies of herbs and moves amongst the audience, she tries to get people to take them, then stops by a male member of the audience mimicking how the gypsies operate.



Photograph courtesy of Helen Newall 2015

The representation of the gitano culture is a motif throughout the play; it places this cultural group within the political Spanish landscape, making connections between the actor/researchers genealogical heritage, as well as Lorca's love of gypsy culture and General Franco's desire to eradicate this cultural group. They feature as 'other'; those who exist on the periphery with their own laws, and traditions. The use of plants/herbs for health and healing is a knowledge much valued by the gypsies, and shared by the

researcher/actor, and when Maria dons the Manton de Manila and `performs' the selling of Rosemary, and palm reading, traditional activities of gypsy women, she takes a position of solidarity; of purposeful association with Republican ideals, provoking a violent response from Francisco.

Script Extract 7

MARIA *Suerte, buy some flowers senorita etc.....*

She takes his hand and begins to read his palm

MARIA *I see great adventures for you, a journey perhaps, and love, and great wealth, you
may lose your hair...but not your mind....*

While she is doing this FRANCISCO knocks back his drink, he is watching, angrily he moves over to the wooden chair looking for a way to distract her.

FRANCISCO *Hey Maria!*

She ignores him, he removes child's nightdress from the table

FRANCISCO *Maria!!*

MARIA *What do you want?*

She turns, he smells the nightdress,

MARIA *Put that down*

She rushes to get the nightdress from him but he throws it away, he

sits down positioning the chair centre stage, he sits with his legs extended – arrogant – proud, with a glass of wine in his hand, MARIA hurries to pick it up she curses him in Spanish and sits down at the table, still holding the nightdress she drinks - head down



Photograph courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

This was a short but dynamically visual confrontation between the two characters. It is also the point of critical ignition, when the true nature of Francisco, what simmers beneath the cool exterior, is revealed. In terms of the representation of the researcher/actor's trauma this explosion of violence, the tearing of the child's nightdress into two pieces seemed to physically symbolize the forced separation of child from mother, and the destabilizing impact of the traumatic encounter. This was not a rehearsed action, but was born from the intense emotional influence the text in performance had on the actors. For the traumaturgical actor/researcher this was a shocking moment which conveyed the notion of a fatal wound; an irreparable fracture between the somatic and the psyche, and as Maria it was the impetus needed to liberate herself from Francisco's dominant discourse, thus for the researcher/actor a rejection of the traumatic master narrative that had been controlling her life. Francisco plays the torero, using the infant's nightdress as the metaphorical cape or muleta with Maria as the 'vaquillas' who rushes at the

fractured garment in an attempt to avoid the 'descabello'; the fast kill. As Sarah Kane explains in a discussion on her play *Blasted* (1995) this notion of 'fracturing', in this case of both garment and form, destabilizes an audience's expectation instilling a sense of alarm, describing her own play as an articulation about the way in which trauma tears apart people's lives without warning (Sierz 2001:100-102) and a representation of the unresolvable horrors of conflict.

Script Extract 8

The Falange anthem begins to play
Francisco moves to centre stage, he is triumphant, proud.
The recorded speech begins



Photograph courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

FRANCISCO

*There is no argument over what is right and wrong.
The church does not condone illegal activity of any kind and if there is any proof of
any such activities we will investigate them, of course.*

*And let me say right now that the majority of those who have come forward with
these allegations share a political persuasion which suggests they are not
members of our body and therefore this attack on our church is not surprising to
me.*

In all good faith ask yourself these questions:

*Is it wrong, to help young women who find themselves in moral peril?
Who do not have the ability, or financial security to raise a child, and ask for our
help? Is this wrong to help them? How can it be? Jesus instructed us to take care of
the widows.*

Are we to tell our Lord he is wrong?

*The church has a long tradition in caring for mothers and children, family is at the
heart of the Catholic Church, and our sisters have dedicated their lives to helping
others and they have been treated like common criminals, and I can tell you they
are full of despair, to have their motivation called into question.*

*And what of these poor women who gave up their children in good faith – who
have built new lives free from the sins of the past – is it right to force them to
reveal themselves, to bring shame on them a second time?*

To me this is wrong.

*These children were given up freely, it is not our place to make judgements. Our
conscience is clear, so be reassured, as we have learnt as a country – there is little
to be gained from dwelling on the past; and that is where these women's mistakes
belong.*

Francisco goes over to MARIA he drags her towards the centre stage, he gets the chair and positions it in front of the images, he gestures to her to sit, which she reluctantly does.



Photographs courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

If we discover any errors that have been recorded on birth or death certificates we will do as we always have, we will continue to feed the church with the body of our Lord, to welcome all those who come for shelter, and our help, and I pray that he will forgive those who seek to destroy his church, as they did before our generous Caudillo dragged us from the arms of Communism.

Never forget our historic persecution or the aims of those who persecuted our beloved church.

Viva Franco!

Viva la Spain!

FRANCISCO makes a Fascist salute
MARIA makes the Republican salute
The music continues to fade
MARIA stands

During this powerful rhetoric, images of a Catholic children's home, a delivery room from the medical clinic San Ramón, Madrid, which was implicated in the Ninos Robados scandal, and finally the image of the 'frozen baby' described in the opening monologue, which were projected onto the lace panels. This use of emotive, and potentially distressing images warrants an explanation, particularly in terms of the transmission, and transference of traumatic experience onto the witness, and the ethical implications of such risks. Although these images are harrowing they do not actually re-present traumas; these are the 'memorials' of historic traumata, much like the artefacts encountered within the exhibition *In Search of Duende*. However, and as the nature of the sharing event was the articulation of an academic thesis, as part of a practice as research process, certain ethical constraints had been put in place to manage this 'risk'.²⁰ The visceral experience of this 'witnessing' is also discussed in more depth through the audience feedback, and reflective commentary.

Francisco's monologue juxtaposes the language of the righteous alongside a discourse of denial and guilt. The use of religious 'prima facie', for example the citing of the destruction of churches during the civil

²⁰ A copy of the ethical documentation concerned with this event is available as an appendix.

conflict, as acts of impious vandalism by Republicans and Anarchists, and the emotive suggestion that to challenge these practices of adoption, challenges the teachings of Jesus Christ which are the heart of Catholicism, places this discourse within a frame of litigation. Francisco behaves in a way that mirrors the behaviours of trauma; he accuses, he offers his reasoning and defence and places culpability on the heads of those who are the victims of the crimes, rather than the perpetrators. This shifting of blame is a characteristic of the traumatic 'colonial' discourse, which seeks to silence the voices of those it wounds, and to direct the critical gaze back onto the 'innocent'.

The climax of this scene provides a dramatic tableaux of conflicted beliefs, views and perspectives, as Francisco drags Maria from her chair in a violent display of control, and forces her to view the final image of the 'frozen baby' while making his fascist salutation, synchronised with the audio of '*Viva Franco, viva la Spain*' and Maria's defiant Republican response. In terms of the colonial metaphor, this scene could be read as a levelling; a visual acknowledgment to the emergent 'equality' of these opposing energies.

The traumatic slave/master dialect had been challenged; the researcher/actor proclaiming her intention to survive and be heard, validating both herself and her 'story' and rejecting this enforced silence, not only within the public sphere but also on her body (Griffiths 2009). Despite Maria remaining in the chair where Francisco had placed her, and her downward gaze which is a 'refusal to view', to be complicit, rather than submissive, as an actor I experienced a great rush of triumphant anticipation, an eagerness to speak my truth through the substantial monologue which had been born from the self-dialogue, and my reflection upon it.



Photographs courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

Script Extract 9

MARIA *I am a lie, a fiction, and unreliable narrator, I was stolen, I was adopted, I was given away, I'm a lie, a fiction, a problem, the solution, I was stolen, I was given away, I'm looking for my mother, have you seen her; I think she comes from round here.....*

FRANCISCO *Maria!!!*

MARIA *I'm a lie, a story, I was adopted, stolen, given away, an unreliable narrator, I'm a lie, a fiction, I was stolen I was given away.....*

FRANCISCO *Maria, stop it!*

MARIA *do you know my mother, I'm looking for my mother, she comes from round here, do you know her?*

FRANCISCO *Maria!!*

MARIA *Francisco; what do you want?*

This questioning, delivered as a battle cry,

FRANCISCO pulls out the letter, MARIA reacts and moves to get it from him. He moves it out of her reach

FRANSISCO *Do you remember the day he died, YOUR father?*

MARIA *No!*

FRANCISCO *Do you remember how you ran away and left her; left her crying while he begged you not to let him die?*

MARIA *I remember how you judged me, how you made me judge myself*

Francisco *you let him down Maria, you failed*

MARIA *NO, it was you; all the times you told me I wasn't good enough, and I believed it, you LIED!*

MARIA snatches letter from him



Photographs courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015



FRANCISCO *You let him die*

MARIA *NO, I did everything I could. It was his heart that failed him, not me,*

FRANCISCO *That's why she gave you away, because you weren't good enough, remember?*

MARIA *I'm not listening to you - I'm not running anymore.*

FRANCISCO sits down – watching, still angry

The lullaby plays again.

MARIA sits, and reads:



Photograph courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

MARIA *It has taken me a long time to write this letter*

To be able to write this letter

I had nothing to say; nothing that meant anything

A miscommunication between

Mouth and Mind

I've never been able to trust my mouth;

It lies; boasts, and spews out secrets

Secret things I never knew.

Perhaps I did know but had forgotten.

Or was never allowed to remember

However it happened – I lost the ability to speak

To hear my voice in the chaos of all those others

I used to know what I'd say

When we met

The well-crafted acknowledgment

*Of my generous forgiveness
And your wretched regret
But when that moment came
All I could do was stamp my feet.
An imposter, a Gitano child
Masquerading as an adult
Demanding an apology
An explanation of the unexplainable
In a language a child can understand
I still don't understand
As I got older the voice remained childlike and was joined by other
Voices relating to other traumas.
That is how I now understand Adoption, as a trauma;
The wound that is made when
Flesh
Is torn
From flesh,
Never healing because every now and then
You catch it with your memory,
Your anxiety,
Your fear
And it bleeds all over again and a new voice tells you to leave it; forget about it.
But you can't.
And I couldn't love her – not properly
Not without feeling as if I'd betrayed you.
And the voice kept telling me it was a mistake
That any day `
You'd come for me; claim me.
But you didn't.
The real mistake, was believing you would.*

Stupid voice.

In your absence I created a new identity

Shaped by judgement and the shame

Of not being like them,

Of being like him.

I still find it hard to admit I'm like you.

And just like that you exist,

Just like that, a lifetime of searching was settled.

It wasn't settled.

It was like an eruption; euphoric for a moment and then deeply unsettling.

I have remained deeply unsettled.

She said I was like you; like being with - that's what she said

When we met

We watched the boats and tried not to cry

We did cry

And I felt jealous that she knew you,

Had known you

For a moment,

Had known of my Father;

But more importantly

My father had known about me.

Do you know what it's like to have everything you've believed all your life just blown apart?

How you build this picture; a Story

You know all the characters because you created them,

They all have a function; to move the plot forward

Then Suddenly

Life edits out a crucial narrative.

He was only an extra; a guy at a party

It was always about you, Wendy

I didn't even write him any lines.

And I can't breathe, can't get enough air
I'm gasping
Clawing for oxygen, space, suffocating
Heart racing
Panic
And the voice reminds me
How we promised
They'd be no more risks.
No more fatalities.
And just like that the dancing stopped.
You can't dance if you can't breathe
I thought I could follow your lead;
Edit you out
Remove that voice from my mind
But I can't
I'm not like you.
I'm like you;
You are the parts of me I despise
I admire
I have relied upon for survival.
You are the voice that I couldn't silence
The strength
The guilt
The shame
The pain that comes from giving away something you love
And it became my pain, my guilt, my shame
My inheritance; your legacy
Our narrative of regret
We survived it together
Apart.

MARIA pauses, she seems to remember something.....

The gypsies say there's a herb for every ailment known to man; Lavender soothes and brings sleep to those whose minds and imaginations won't let them rest. Thyme heals wounds and Rosemary helps you remember who caused them. The Gypsies sing and dance to expel their demons.

I've always loved to dance.



Photographs courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

She removes the flamenco shoes and moves behind the panel

Lights down, music fades in

Panel is lit

She dances

Lights down. Maria & Francisco return to the stage and invite audience members to join them for final celebratory dance.



Photograph courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

This concluding 'scene' although occurring after the play appears to have ended, was important, as a part of the traumaturgical process. Here Maria and Francisco, although still framed by both the set and the costumes, now position themselves within the 'real' landscape of post-performance; again a precarious position between the 'real' and the 'imagined'.

Our intention was to physically reconnect both the real and the fictional, and the performers with the witnesses, through fiesta, a dance of jubilation and wine-fuelled celebration. *Vivo Cantando* was the 1969 Spanish Eurovision song, performed by Salomé otherwise known as Maria Rosa Marco Poquet, giving Franco's Spain their second, and highly controversial Eurovision win. There was almost a sense of hysteria in the performance of this song which seemed to communicate not only the utter relief and exuberance of the cast, but also perhaps the paradoxical political landscape of post-war Spain to myself, Ines, Antonio and others present who shared a deeper understanding of the political landscape of Spain. Critically, it also enabled another important function to take place; the cathartic release of the traumatic energies presented to the witnesses, and opportunities to reassure ourselves that what we had witnessed was a 'play'; something fictional, and despite the obvious autobiographical nature of the subject matter for both Ines and myself, the audience required little encouragement and took to the stage in almost their

entirety to `perform' this final `liturgical' dance, concluding the traumaturgical performance in a display of communal autonomy, and acceptance.



Photographs courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015



Antonio Garcia Romero, Ines Madrigal and Sandra Philip 2015 courtesy of Claire Iddon 2015

Following the performance both actors felt exhausted, but mentally I also felt dissociated; that this was something happening around me, it was a strange feeling, not unpleasant, as if I was in a sort of dream state. It is therefore difficult to speak of the post-show discussion from memory, as I have been unable to fully recall it. My discussion, therefore, is directed by a viewing of the filmed documentation; the questions and comments made by three of the witnesses and my responses to them. I was surprised by the diversity of meaning drawn from the performance by the audience which was evident during this reflexive session, but also over the following days when audience members approached me with an urgency to discuss their experiences, and how the event made connections to their own 'trauma' narratives. I was overwhelmed by the level of emotional impact the event had conveyed, and despite the adoption narrative not resonating with the majority of the witnesses' personal experience, evidently 'meaning making' had taken place for these witnesses which went beyond my intentions, and opened up

new ways of seeing the event, and the roles of the performer and witness within it. I include two commentaries from members of the audience as appendix and will refer to these throughout this chapter, and both offer different but equally interesting insights into the individual experiences and responses to the event: the exhibition, immersive experience and performance of the play. I will also include the immediate feedback offered during the question and answer post-show session to expand on this discussion.



Maria and Francisco ~ photograph courtesy of Ines Madrigal 2015

PERSONAL POST SHOW REFLECTIONS:

Although in planning the event my primary focus was on what I considered the calculated risks to self, the design was focussed upon the critical engagement between the witness and artefacts within the exhibition space, the immersive experience and the performative encounter. As I have stated previously although I had an awareness of this crucial dynamic, leading up to the event practical concerns with self-preservation had significantly influenced the shaping the event; the immersive aspect providing the actors with opportunities to establish character outside of the theatre, and the exhibited material providing the histories which would later be explored through the play, which in the exhibition space also functioned as exposition. However, in retrospect I believe it was through this exchange that transformational agency was generated from the traumaturgical performance. In the accompanying handbook I state, in relation to the audience's encounter with the exhibited materials: *"Your role tonight as guest at this transformational sharing event, is that of critical witness. The autobiographical and cultural narratives should not over-determine how you encounter the creative artefacts, or judge the value of the research. Their strategic purpose is not to arouse your sympathies, but to ignite academic debate"* (Philip, S 2015). From this position of reflection, having witnessed this exchange as it unfolded, it was perhaps unrealistic to ask the witness to remain emotionally disassociated, to resist any feelings of sympathetic empathy, and to instead consider these objects as merely mapping the autobiographical trajectory. The images of myself as infant holding tightly to my birth mother on the day of my adoption were extraordinarily difficult to view. They were powerful images which tapped into primal life themes such as mothering and loss, and therefore could not avoid provoking an emotional response in both viewer, and subject. Nor had I fully considered the emotional burden this placed on the viewer, or the possibility of 'guests' having personal adoption or bereavement experiences, or memories, that might have been reactivated through this witnessing; once again reminding me of the dangerous terrain trauma presented, and the care required to safely navigate it.

The notion of witnessing in theatre studies emerged alongside that of documentary theatre (Schaefer, 2003) and testimonial performance (Salverson, 2001), and a renewed interest in the performance of real-life narratives. In the sharing event *In Search of Duende*, and the performance of *Dancing for Franco*, both the 'guests' and the researcher were required to adopt multiple roles, being positioned both at the scene

of the event, and the scene of the account; to use the language of trauma theory, it required a fluctuation between positions of primary and secondary witness. During the question and answer session following the performance of *Dancing for Franco*, a comment made by audience member Michelle Man revealed an interesting effect of this flux in positionality as she explained how she felt confused about what she had witnessed, that she could no longer remember if she had seen an English or a Spanish play, that the 'words falling from your mouth' both defied and enabled understanding. As Caruth explains trauma is an event experienced 'too soon, too unexpectedly to be fully known' (1996:4) and like Michelle's experience of the traumaturgical encounter, the impact and meaning of both the play, and the subject performer's encounter with trauma, resists precipitate expression. As a witness to this theatrical event she had 'listened to trauma beyond its pathology and witnessed a way of expressing that truth beyond the painful repetition of traumatic suffering' (Caruth, 1995), instead experiencing an engaging and provocative performative encounter. Taylor argues that a performance that produces witnesses 'engages with history without necessarily being a symptom of history' and that the best performances 'enter into dialogue with a history of trauma without themselves being traumatic' (Taylor 2003:210), from the audience feedback provided from the event I believe this was achieved.

As I write this almost five months have passed and this feeling of joy, although less intense, remains with me. This change has impacted every aspect of my 'self' and how this 'self' experiences life; how I view myself, how I interact with others, and how I remember the traumatic events of my past. The symptoms of PTSD I had experienced prior to, and during this research project, have lessened and in some cases disappeared completely. The anxiety I had previously experienced when encountering stairs, or activities which led to exertion, has diminished to the extent that I frequently exert myself without any conscious thought, or consequence. My tendency to anticipate danger in my environment, particularly when walking my dogs, has completely gone and the enjoyment of this activity has returned. I have attended performances in confined, dark, claustrophobic spaces, frequently with smoke effects, something I would never have considered possible before the research began, and have stayed for the whole performance, which is remarkable and as a performance practitioner, utterly life changing.

Likewise, the experience of 'performing' my autobiographical trauma narrative through the traumaturgical model, has dynamically altered how I 'perform' my 'self'; my posture has changed; I feel I

stand taller, I am more confident and have begun to take greater care with my appearance. Of course we cannot take these very subjective evaluations of the traumaturgical process as proof of its function as a transformative tool; the personal empowerment gained from the anticipated completion of a doctoral degree has undoubtedly influenced my feelings of achievement, however, it does provide an intriguing indication that the actor/researcher's self-perception has changed. It also suggests that new cognitions have been established through the traumaturgy process, and critically this is most evident in the new cognitive networks that have been initiated, particularly in connection with the traumatic memories that had remained dangerously unprocessed, and now direct my focus to the exquisite recollection of what will remain one of the best experiences of my life. When I consider the memories of my actions taken on the day my father died, the dominant discourse is now concerned with acceptance, and is now interconnected with a narrative of reassurance, and remembrance of what actually took place, rather than the negative influence of the traumatic memory scripts associated to the traumatic event. Interwoven into this overarching sense of sensual pleasure, the performance event is marked in my memory by moments of blinding realisation. It seems an obvious and simple concept that the voices, through which I conducted the self-dialogue, belong to me; that is they communicate different aspects of a singular person and consequently as that person I am in control of what they say, or if they speak at all. My understanding of this dynamic is now distinctly uncomplicated because the demanding psychic discourse has been hushed; we are each part of my 'self' invested in the same autonomous narrative, we desire the same outcomes; I no longer feel conflicted. By recognising this I have in effect taken responsibility for myself, in the past as well as the present, and in the future, and through this I have been able to revisit, and critically reconsider the painful landscapes of my adoption, the deaths of my birth and adoptive fathers and my relationship with my mothers, the traumatic themes explored in the play text *Dancing for Franco*. When I think of my adoptive father's death I no longer feel the unbearable burdens of responsibility I have carried for twenty years. I have the usual regrets associated with the loss of a loved one, but critically, I do not award myself any guilt or responsibility. I now understand this event within a framework of consequence; that my father's lifestyle and his genetic coding was responsible for his sudden death. As Maria states clearly during the final conflict with the traumatic narrative played by Antonio Garcia Romero, "*No, you are a liar; it was his heart that failed him, not me*", consciously claiming this new reality and rejecting historic accusations of guilt. As I have stated previously, as a playwright and drama practitioner I do not possess the clinical capacity to make any scientific judgements concerned with any cognitive reprocessing which

may have occurred, beyond reporting what I have experienced as both researcher, and subject of research. I am able only to describe, and record, any recognisable alterations in my thought patterns, which have directly affected how I perceive myself, and my place in the world around me. To position traumaturgy within the field of psychological therapy would require a further application, and testing, with the critical involvement of a clinical practitioner, and perhaps such an investigation would serve to support my findings. This affirms the works exciting potential and possibilities for future applications in real world contexts, whilst recognising its promise as an original methodology and as a dramaturgical approach to the performance of autobiographical trauma narratives, as acts of political, and personal, liberation from the damaging legacy of traumatic encounter, and importantly as a method of generating exciting works of theatre.

Since returning to the 'scripts' which told the three different accounts of the day my adoptive father died which were exhibited with the antiquated typewriter, I can now recognise the truth within these texts. I am able to reject the false accusations found in two of these tellings, and have been able to re-claim and reprocess the memories of that fateful day, and critically, my role within it, not as a daughter who failed, but as a daughter who did not possess the medical knowledge to prevent my father's death. Through this paradigm shift I am able to liberate myself from the accusatory discourse which has dominated my life, and to provide the 'accuser' with a rationalised, and integrated account of this moment of traumatic encounter. Of course it could be argued that I had an awareness of this prior to undertaking the traumaturgical process; however, there is a significant difference between 'knowing' something, and living with the personal accusations which influence behaviours and deny that truth.

Equally I have been able to reprocess how I comprehend the truth of my adoption; myself as unwanted, as rejected, as 'other'. I have learnt that 'other' is an identity I have sought to align myself with, perhaps and somewhat ironically, to confirm and justify my feelings of isolation. This process has revealed this primary 'wounding' as a healing in process, initiated through the performance of the traumaturgically reclaimed adoption narrative. I suggest heuristic enquiry, once begun, is a process which does not conclude until all the questions posed through the enterprise, have been answered, and all the interior 'voices' have been heard. In this project a significant voice was missing, which has, perhaps, hindered the positive outcome I had desired in relation to my view of my birth-mother, and the impact of

this fractured relationship on my sense of self. Whereas the symptoms I experienced that were somatically connected to death encounter; the panic driven episodes, have subsided and as a consequence I have mastery over the memory scripts associated to this event, my feelings, and understanding of my adoption remain clouded. Although I am not so troubled by the insistent discourse of rejection and shame, issues of blame still remain, but now are not the whisperings or demands of any eternal 'child', rather it is the conscious desire of myself as adult, to resolve a newly discovered desire to rebuild my relationship with my birth-mother. Interestingly, in terms of the methodology, I did not verbally confront my memory scripts associated to my adoption in the same way as those of my death encounter. I did not script opportunities to do so, although I was not aware of this until I reflected upon the performance. The mantras associated to my adoption were woven into the final monologue *A Letter to my Mother*, but I now realise this statement lacked the clarity of the ones associated to my father's death.

Through the connections I have established with the Ninos Robados community I now feel I have this trauma as a shared experience despite circumstance, and this knowledge has repositioned me in kinship with this group. I have discovered through my reclaimed genealogy; that I no longer exist in isolation; I have a history, a context beyond that of 'rejected' into a position of 'worth', and I feel this realignment in every aspect of my life. I have maintained my relationship with Ines Madrigal, and we both feel that what we shared on the night of the event In *Search of Duende* made us 'sisters'; a very special connection that goes beyond the 'veins of our blood'.

Witnessing the Witness

The full extent of this experience; the heuristic immersion, the dramaturgical phases, and the reflections on how the traumaturgical process has impacted upon my memories of the traumatic encounters, and my performances of 'self', has taken many months to fully assimilate into my consciousness. My recollections of the actual event, as previously stated, are fragile; they linger around emotional sensations and memories of photographs encountered as if for the first time. My experience playing witness to my own witnessing represents a dichotomous encounter with 'self' once removed. Jane Blocker (2009) describes this as being the 'opposite to the real' that to show and speak on behalf of something/someone is to witness something (p.123), which is empirically knowable, or accepted on faith. For myself, as the researcher and subject of the research, this act of exhibiting and bearing witness employs both of Blocker's approaches in that I am at once both 'empirically knowing' and 'accepting on faith' (p.123). Although the artefacts exhibited are sourced from autobiographical materials, and therefore represent an archive of my own life narrative, the destabilising influence of the paradoxical adoption narrative introduces elements of the 'fictional', and therefore without first-hand information on these particular events I must accept them in good 'faith'. As Blocker explains 'an image exists at permanent removal from its referent's and is, for all its mimetic capability, nevertheless, incapable of the referents resurrection' (p.125). Interestingly, as I encountered the artefacts displayed as visual documentation of the autobiographical research journey, and in contrast with Blocker's claims, in this context the images, and I speak specifically of the images of myself on the day I was given up for adoption, and the visual record of this event documented through the photograph of myself and my birth mother entitled *The Day*, did in many ways, function to 'resurrect' for me both the referent; myself as the adopted, and the residual memories of my mother whose ghost haunted both the image, and the space. These internal contradictions according to Blocker can be considered as traumatic (p124), although interestingly and again conversely, it would be the encounter with, as well as the juxtaposition of, the visual and textual material which would enable a reprocessing of the traumatic lineage connected to, and networking between, the life events represented.

My experience of witnessing other people's witnessing of my 'life' was curious; I felt exposed, yet strangely protected by the formality of the 'exhibition' context. When I had designed the aesthetic for the event I had instinctively desired a 'handmade' quality to the exhibited materials; the writing is 'framed' by offcuts of lace, raw paper, the edges torn, burnt, alerting the viewer to their position as historic relics, with contemporary significance. I attempted to instil a sense of 'second-hand' materials, thematically linking my own cultural position of 'adopted' to the framed artefacts. For the continuous playing of the traumatic mantras within the exhibition space I selected tape playing machines which located the recorded narratives within the historic period in which they originated; the 1970s and 1980s, which contributed to this overall theme of things past. The three opposing versions of the 'meta script'²¹ which told of the events I witnessed the day my adoptive father died, and as previously discussed the point of traumatic rupture, were hung from the window frames. Reading like a film script, they told the story with three different 'voices'. The first are my memories of that day; an account of my remembered experiences, and reactions. The second is a clinical overview; without personal perspective it is narrated by the neutral and imagined witness, and as such is factual, and was hung next to the first. The final script, the version which became embedded into my psyche, was exhibited within the rolls of the typewriter, as if still being written; still under construction. This version uses the accusatory language so familiar now; it presents the case for the prosecution, positioning the researcher as the perpetrator of the crime, a discourse which I now reject. Fabric was a key theme throughout the exhibition, it seemed to permeate a great many of the strands of research output; the costumes, the unfinished flamenco dress, the fabric of a life, identity, and the fragmentation of an autobiographical story.

Viewing the film of the event was also a surprising encounter; during the evening I had forgotten about the filming and I was unaware of the positioning of the cameras. Historically I have always struggled with watching myself on film, or indeed viewing photographs of myself; I find the confrontation with these seemingly 'real' images of myself frequently disturbing, and always view this type of material through a critical framework which, in reflection of the issues explored through the research process, is contextualised through the prism of the traumatic mantra of 'I am not good enough'. Here, I was confronted with myself performing as another, speaking with the words that I, as traumaturg, had crafted, but did not recognise. It was as if I was 'performing' a text written by someone unconnected to my life

²¹ These 'scripts' are included as an appendix

events; a 'ghost writer', and I felt as if I was observing a much younger self; the young woman who loved to perform. Of course on film there is no evidence of the internal, or cognitive processes, happening during the performance of the traumaturgical text, but as I watched, I discovered a surprising somatic response to moments of significance, which caused me to stop the DVD, to allow me to digest these reactions. Strangely, I discovered I liked 'Maria' a great deal; I found myself wanting her to look up; to be proud of herself, because in that moment I felt so very proud of 'her'. I found myself wondering why the unfinished flamenco dress had never been worn; it was as if this critical point of convergence remained uninhabited; unclaimed, and it troubled me. It became analogous with how I had perceived myself, how as adoptees we were perceived by the world, as discarded, with its final position as artefact, something 'dead'.

I was reminded of the writings of Hélène Cixous (1993) and her notion that something, or someone, must die in order for good writing to be born, and in the dress I was confronted with this portrayal of 'death'. Not in the sense of loss but conversely as a transition; into a more fulfilled experience of life; living as I am rather than as I once was, and here in this forgotten relic was a lingering reminder of the beauty of that process. I decided the dress must claim its position as habiliment; it was designed for a function that went beyond its placement as 'costume' and my response was to put it on; to experience the feel of it against my flesh; to connect those 'threads' of blood to my own, and in so doing to recognise the beauty of the work in progress, something we shared and now would 'perform' drawing the final threads into union, and ownership.







Photographs courtesy of Dr. Helen Newall 2015

Conclusion

As it is with all transformational journeys this research path has taken many surprising turns and perilous plunges. I set out alone – or not alone – following the ‘bloodlines’ which flowed from the wounded, and met in a shared cultural heritage echoing with songs of survival. En route I collected many stories; some of my own and some borrowed, and some in a language I did not recognise as my own, and in the silences I discovered the importance of listening. The questions that ‘chose’ me have consumed me; I have lived and breathed them, in-dwelt them until they became a part of my fabric, a part of me and I ‘wear’ them with pride. I have become a ‘descender’; an explorer of the deepest and most hidden, and as Cixous tells us (1993) this journey begins with a death, not the sort of death which obliterates, that steals away joy through the traumatic slave master’s denial of ‘self’, but with a surrender and resurrection of ‘self’ because such massacres belong in the past (Cixous: 19). The manifestation of traumaturgy is indeed an act for the living, for those who exist in the moment, embrace the future, and accept the past. For stability, during those first tentative steps, I turned to science; theoretical approaches to trauma treatment and in this discovered no universal truth; trauma is personal, it relies upon our ‘faults’ our weaknesses and cultivates them until we are strangled into silence.

The study has also enabled me to understand the purging effect of writing the ‘self’ into history, both personal and cultural, and how these survival narratives do battle with the dominant discourse of trauma, and how this historic colonizer might be defeated. The research continues to reject strategies of acceptance; should a slave accept his fate? Has history not taught us the importance of rebellion in colonial survival narratives, and surely this is the most significant dissent of them all.

Traumaturgy employs a synthesis of heurism, trauma theory and autobiographical performance, but unlike Baker, Spry, and other autobiographical performers who utilize personal narrative in acts of personal and political reclamation, traumaturgy has an explicit function structured into its design, an intention to influence how we remember the traumatic life events we perform and that, in performance, these memories are reprocessed’, to alleviate the damaging traumatic legacy, the psychic and somatic residue that remains and in this endeavour it is unique. Traumaturgical performances do not only address the reinstatement of the lost identity, and reclamation of voice, they function to deconstruct, and replace this ‘invasive’ discourse with the illocutionary language of a subaltern tongue connecting us to our misremembered pasts. This critical deconstruction of the lingua franca; the translated foreign

dialogue which exists in our psychic realm, provides the traumaturg with the crucial material to be crafted into the performative text; a distillation into principles of creative practice; a 'deconstruction'. It is through the agency of traumaturgical writing that a new approach to the staging, and performing of autobiographical narratives is initiated.

The conceptual framework in which this research resides, gives testimony to absences even as they manifest presence (Park-Fuller, 2000); it is through the recreation of these 'absent' or misremembered stories that the therapeutic aspect of the traumaturgical methodology is activated. The traumaturgical testimony is unlike any other, going beyond a plea to be heard; to be witnessed, the traumaturg plays witness to her own witnessing. As Park-Fuller states autobiographic testimony is unlike any other, and through traumaturgy can be used to explore transgressive expectations in original ways (2000:22) responding to the first question the research sought to address.

In my dual role as both researcher and research artefact I was able to experience the potential of the traumaturgy model; I became the 'traumaturg'; writer, director, and performer, and most critically a reconnoitre; journeying into the internalised landscape of conflict to search for evidence of this transformational process, and in response to the research questions I sought to address. I hypothesised that by placing a newly considered 'fictionalization' of the traumatic narrative and its associated memory-script, and performing this through the physicality of a fictional character, a disruption in the temporal sequence of stored memories would occur. This nodal network is interrupted, and critically this interruption might allow opportunities of re-processing these damaging mis-remembered events, providing new perspectives from which autobiographical traumata might be viewed.

From the outset, the research sought to produce a theatrical work which achieved independent legitimacy as an artwork; a play that can exist in its own right, addressing wider cultural issues of political domination, and oppression, but with the embedded intention of reprocessing the memory scripts of the trauma narratives belonging to the autobiographical performer, and it is this which the final research question sought to achieve. The science-based approaches to post-traumatic memory, as previously discussed, seem to focus upon the reliving of the trauma; maintaining its dominant position at the front of

the psyche. Traumaturgy, by contrast, repositions this material as the dual narrative of the fictional character 'Maria' and myself.

I am able to draw strength from the witnessing of Maria's resistance, and ultimately share in her defeat of Trauma, personified through the character 'Francisco'. Of course as I reflect I must acknowledge that the two are the same; I am at the same time myself, Sandra, and 'Maria', and through the infiltration and acceptance of this truth I have experienced an empowered sense of 'self'. In the same way that fictional narratives are evocative and create the possibility for a mutual reconstruction of self and story, this form of representation of 'self' through the actions, and testimony, of a fictional character might provide the opportunity to give credence to "unrecognized" aspects of the 'self' and to address how this fictional agency might be achieved in the real-world. In the case of traumaturgy, it is hypothesized that this recognition might also have an impact on the cognitive constructions of 'self' and affect a disruption in this critical network to facilitate a positive change. As Boal explores through *The Rainbow of Desire* (1994), Maria represents a 'dynamised' version of myself, albeit within the fictional landscape of traumaturgy.

When I began this research project, my aim was to create a dramaturgical system which might function to provide, both individuals and communities, with a method for addressing the destabilizing impact of traumatic memory, and in that endeavour I believe this project has been successful. However, by placing myself into the research as a performer, as well as dramaturg, I have discovered that its real value resides in the autobiographical; to allow yourself to journey to the depths of the interior abyss, without judgement or cultural prejudice, is impossible to achieve through the perceptions and perspectives of an outsider. It is a highly personal journey that is undertaken alone. Of course in this traumaturgical adventure I was not alone; my fellow cast member Antonio Garcia Romero and the production manager Nathan Clark, each had their roles to play, and the support from this microcosmic community provided me with 'an outside eye' and were an important factor in the process protecting against solipsism, and providing an essential proxy for the audience, during the process, which is essential to the work as art – communication – and not self-expression, as in a narrative generated in therapeutic consultations. But whilst I existed as member of this group, I was ultimately navigating the traumatic landscape alone. Or perhaps not alone; as I have learnt, we none of us exist in isolation. There

are many aspects of 'self' and each must be addressed, and satisfied, through the writing phase of the traumaturgy model.

Whilst discussing the positive conclusions of this research, there are of course limitations to the study. For example its autobiographical nature demands that the focus of the study is on the individual. As a form of intrapersonal research, autoethnography confers value on the experiences of the 'self' and the embodied tacit knowledge gained through the shared experience of living. With research of this nature, one might argue, the implications of the study could be significantly compromised by the perceived lack of objectivity. However, I would direct the reader to postmodern and postcolonial theoretical challenges to epistemological objectivity and suggest that all research is conducted with an element of subjectivity; we each view the world through the prism of our own experiences, and although in this model the focus on the individual is explicit; as a method of generating memory based material for creative practices which reprocess traumatic memories, the legacy of traumatic encounter as a universally experienced phenomenon, impacts both individuals and cultural communities in similar ways, enabling its theoretical application. Traumaturgy offers a creative approach to achieving mastery over trauma's dangerous legacies, and in so doing offers the world a window through which to view; to consider, to comprehend and compare, other people's experiences of trauma and perhaps to offer solidarity to those who share a similar psychic 'wound'. The thesis broadens contemporary debates around trauma treatment and through the use of the autoethnographic 'voice' offers an insightful, honest and relatable discussion on what it means to exist in the post-traumatic aftermath. As well as these critical outcomes, the work also expands debates on cultural adoption practices and their impact on notions of identity; the experiences of the adoptee and methods of healing this most primal of wounds (Verrier 2009). Finally, the research invites each of us to take the position of witness; to see beyond the narratives of history, whether personal or cultural, with traumaturgy offering a dramaturgical methodology with which one is able to re-claim, re-create, and reprocess the stories of our lives.

"Through the empty archway a wind of the spirit enters, blowing insistently over the heads of the dead, in search of new landscapes and unknown accents: a wind with the odour of a child's saliva, crushed grass, and Medusa's veil, announcing the endless baptism of freshly created things."

(Theory and Play of The Duende, Lorca, 1922)

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²² The healing method Levine advocates, through the notion of an 'unspoken voice' is based upon the animal studies of Tinbergen, N., Lorenz, K, and Von Frisch, K (1973), who identified how animals communicate through bodily actions, with the deciphering of this nonverbal realm.

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Appendix

1. *Dancing For Franco Drafts*

Draft#1

Katarina (Cat)

37 years old, she grew up happily in Madrid with a Spanish Catholic family until a week ago when on her deathbed her grandmother confessed the truth about her birth and gave her the name of her real mother. Katarina had been adopted by the people she now knows as her 'mother and father'; a good Catholic family far better equipped to raise a child. In reality Katarina was sold to her adoptive parents by the Nuns at the maternity hospital where she was born, and her birth mother was told she had died. Katarina has come to the bar – searching.

MARIA (Sandra)

She is 57 years old, was born in England but now lives in Spain, she went out originally as part of the International Brigade, when she met and fell in love with a Spanish artist, called Juan, with whom she conceived a child; a daughter, which she believes was stillborn. When the conflict was drawing to an end Juan was taken by POUM militia and executed in the bullring, in Madrid. Maria visited him at the cell and pleaded for his life, to no avail. Following his murder Maria returned to England but came back 26 years ago and now runs a bar. Maria has never married nor had any other children.

PABLO (Tony)

He is 23 years old, the grandson of Juan's best friend, Gregor, who was murdered with Juan in 1938. Much like many of the young people in Spain, he has great hope for a new era with the new developments springing up and wants to bury the past in the past. He loves Maria and cares about her deeply, he has known her all his life; she is like a mother to him since his own passed away, but he worries this taberna won't survive unless it lets go of the past and accepts, and embraces the future. Pablo is the face of 'new Spain' a generation hungry for change.

NOTES

Approximate running time 120 minutes

Without interval

It is November 1st 1974, late evening. We are in Maria's bar – a small taberna just outside Malaga, sitting in the shadows of towering white hotels which are springing up every day. Maria – the owner – refuses to move with the times; she still remembers the civil war and hates the 'new' Spain which is shaping itself to attract tourists. The bar – much like its owner – seems to be suspended in the past; the décor is an odd mix of traditional, 'old Spain' and the modern 'plastic' influences of Pablo. A republican flag which has seen better days hangs defiantly, surrounded by dozens of photographs; snapshots of fallen comrades are stuck along the wall behind the bar alongside various pictures that Juan had painted while he was alive. Uncomfortably placed amongst this memorabilia are the tourist trinkets; plastic castanets, post-cards and

the like, evidence of Pablo's attempts to attract the new tourist clientele and a much needed economic boost for the business.

Despite being 'out of season' the bar is reasonably full. Maria is behind the bar cleaning and talking with Pablo, guests are drinking and the dancer is chatting to customers. It is very relaxed;

There is a sense these are people who have nowhere else to go.

The dialogue should be delivered almost incidentally during the first Act of the performance, conversations overheard amongst the noise of the bar. MARIA is cleaning the bar area when the audience arrive, they are greeted by PABLO and shown to seats and tables. From this point they are treated as regular 'customers' and will be served with wine, beer bread and simple tapas.

The first Act of this performance is an immersive experience for all persons present; it is partially scripted allowing events to happen in the moment, dependent upon the actions and reactions of both 'guests' and actors. This duration of this Act will be approximately 60 minutes, during which time the following action and dialogue will take place.

ACT 1

Improvised welcome as audience arrives

Katarina arrives clutching piece of paper

KATARINA	Hola, I'm looking for... Maria?
PABLO	what's it about?
KATARINA	I was told she needed someone, to..... clean
PABLO	(he laughs) Not by anyone who knows her!
KATARINAand help with food, serving...I've got experience.
PABLO	I can go and ask her if you want to hang on
KATARINA	thanks, that's great
PABLO	wait here,

Pablo exits, Katarina waits, after a few minutes Pablo returns

PABLO	Could you do a shift today
KATARINA	you mean, now
PABLO	Is that OK?
KATARINA	Is Maria here?
PABLO	she'll have a chat with you afterwards – if you survive!
KATARINA	ok, why not! Can I leave my stuff somewhere?

PABLO What's your name?

KATARINA Erm.....Mandy

They head through the door towards upstairs

PABLO do you drink, Mandy?

KATARINA only on special occasions

Pablo laughs and they exit

Maria appears with a tray of food which she puts on the bar. The dancer – dressed in a cheap looking nylon flamenco dress; red with white polka dots, and holding a white plastic fan which is broken, begins to dance a commercialized unauthentic & sexualized version of flamenco. She is a bit worse for wear. The crowd seems to appreciate her efforts. There are a few `ole's'. Maria watches from the bar, cleaning glasses. Pablo and Katarina return, we see Pablo giving Katarina instructions, she takes a cloth and begins cleaning the tables Pablo goes over to speak to Maria

MARIA You've got to get rid of Monique,

PABLO I'm not getting rid of Monique - the customers enjoy her **(Nods toward Katarina)** that's the girl; I said you'd speak to her later. Be nice!

MARIA Look at that!

PABLO did you hear what I said?

MARIA You deal with her, I need to speak to Monique

Maria heads off towards Monique

For the following 40 minutes the dialogue is improvised around the following

`Events' the characters react as these unfold,

There is no scripted dialogue until the shift draws to an end.

EVENTS/ACTION DURING IMPROVISED SCENE:

1. MARIA SHOWS KATARINA HOW TO CLEAN A TABLE PROPERLY
2. KATARINA GETS AN ORDER WRONG
3. KATARINA DROPS A TRAY OF DRINKS
4. MARIA DRAWS THE RAFFLE & AWARDS PRIZE (A BOTTLE OF SANGRIA) TO THE WINNING TICKET
5. THE DANCER PERFORMS TWICE
6. MARIA AND KATARINA HAVE A CONVERSATION ACROSS THE BAR
7. PABLO HELPS KATARINA WITH AN ORDER
8. CUSTOMERS ARE SERVED FOOD & DRINK
9. POPULAR SONGS OF THE PERIOD ARE PLAYED ON A TAPE RECORDER
10. MARIA IS SEEN DRINKING THROUGHOUT THE EVENING
11. PABLO SENDS KATARINA FOR A BREAK

As this first act draws to a close Pablo thanks customers for coming etc. the `customers' begin to leave and Pablo speaks to Maria:

PABLO You need to speak to the girl, Maria

MARIA don't tell me what I need to do, Pablo

Pablo's seen it all before,

Maria starts cleaning classes

Katarina watches Maria.

Maria takes a glass of brandy from behind the bar curses loudly at Monique and goes upstairs. This signals the start of the second act.

ACT 2 /Scene 1

The remaining customers are drinking up and leaving, Katarina is wiping down the tables unsure of what to do

PABLO Hey, leave that, come and sit down

KATARINA Is she OK?

PABLO Don't worry about Maria; she drinks to forget and it makes her remember.

KATARINA What's she trying to forget?

PABLO Same thing they're all trying to forget. So, the job going to take it?

Maria appears she goes over to the dancer who is still talking to customers on the stage. Monique and Maria begin exchanging words; this gets progressively more heated till eventually Pablo is forced to intervene

PABLO Maria! Sorry Mandy

Pablo goes to calm things down, there is a lot of swearing in Spanish from Monique, Monique leaves after a tussle with Maria, who hits Monique with the tea towel she has over her shoulder, Pablo breaks them up. Maria seems intent on escorting Monique from the premises, Pablo manages to get her back to the seats where Katarina is waiting, and watching.

PABLO Sit down! **(In Spanish)**

MARIA Have you met Pablo, he's the only anarchist I've known that doesn't like anarchy, aren't you Pabs?

PABLO I'm not an Anarchist

MARIA Shame on you, Judas!

PABLO That logic makes you a rather old Mary Magdalen

MARIA **She's** the bloody whore

Gesturing towards the door and the departing Monique

PABLO Anyway, this is Mandy,

MARIA How do you do?

PABLO Will she be joining us?

MARIA I don't know – ask her; will you be joining our happy team?

KATARINA I'd like to

MARIA Would you

PABLO The customers liked her

MARIA They're pissed they'll clap anything – even **that** trash!

PABLO Please Maria, the customers enjoy flamenco

MARIA That's not flamenco, **she's** not even Spanish,

PABLO and neither are you!

Maria laughs and bangs her fist dramatically against her chest clutching the tea towel

MARIA I am in 'here'!

KATARINA Whereabouts in England do you come from?

MARIA London, a lifetime ago, but this is my spiritual home, let's drink to that!

She starts pouring brandy into 3 glasses

KATARINA I'd love to go to London - not for me, thanks

MARIA Oh come on Mary –to absent friends
PABLO Absent minds!
MARIA and fallen comrades!

He raises his glass and drinks

MARIA Salut!

She knocks back the brandy and seems to relax, eyes shut

On the stage the musicians begin to play - there is a `false start' they stop and begin again.

KATARINA How long have you had this place?
MARIA Do you like my little place, Mary?
PABLO Her name's Mandy!
KATARINA It's really.....interesting
MARIA You hear that, Mary thinks it's `interesting'
PABLO She's being polite!
KATARINA No, I like it
MARIA What do you like about it?
KATARINA I like the pictures ...the dancing
PABLO Ahh!

Maria's eyes narrow

MARIA Why?
KATARINA The music.....the costumes; I had a dress like that...when I was little, for
 dressing up

Maria frowns and changes the subject abruptly.

MARIA We're giving away too many bloody olives and crisps

PABLO People like olives, they expect olives

MARIA They don't expect crisps, who gives away crisps?

PABLO I don't think that's the problem

MARIA Things will pick up; it's a slow season

PABLO Not along the front

MARIA Have you been to the front Mary, seen all those white concrete blocks? It's very pretty!

PABLO It's 'modern'; it's what people want

MARIA It's ugly!

PABLO It's progress

MARIA Don't kid yourself,

A short pause

PABLO So, what do you think Maria, about the job?

MARIA Are you reliable?

KATARINA Yes

MARIA Where are you from?

KATARINA Madrid

MARIA Whereabouts

Katarina Salamanca, do you know Madrid?

MARIA Yes. So what brings you to Malaga, in November?

KATARINA I'm...doing a bit of travelling...

MARIA Are you on the run?

KATARINA No.....I'm.....on holiday

PABLO What is this, the inquisition?

MARIA Why do you want a job, if you're on holiday?

KATARINA It's a good way to meet people,

MARIA It would only be a couple of shifts and there's better ways to meet people

PABLO She worked hard tonight and only broke 2 glasses!

MARIA Can you dance

KATARINA Not really....

MARIA	Do you sing
KATARINA	No
MARIA	What can you do?
PABLO	She did a good job on the tables – you need someone, Maria
MARIA	OK, clearly Pablo wants to employ you so you can start tomorrow; be here by 7.30 and no drinking on the job,
KATARINA	I don't drink,
MARIA	Good, let's shake on it

She extends her hand, Katarina hesitates but takes Marias hand, and they shake hands.

They let go

Maria seems to be seeing Katarina for the first time

MARIA	You look familiar.....
Beat	
PABLO	I need to pay the guys then I'm going to get off
MARIA	Gracias Pablo, I love you
PABLO	I'll make some coffee, before I go. Mandy?
KATARINA	Yes, please
MARIA	Not for me

Maria knocks back the remainder of her glass, Pablo gets up and exits

The remaining dancer begins to clap gently – she sings softly, there is a pause, Maria closes her eyes, and she wipes her mouth with the tea-towel and lays it on the table. Katarina stares at her; examining her face, searching for the familiar. Someone turns down the lighting. There is a longer pause....

A woman begins to sing – a Cante; deep song, Maria listens with eyes closed, oblivious to Katarina; she is clearly affected by the song. Katarina watches her. When the singing ends Maria dries her eyes on the tea towel, she calls out to the musicians

MARIA	Beautiful, gracias
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Pablo returns with a tray of coffee which he lays out and serves, the women thank him; Pablo kisses Maria on the forehead, and goes to pay the musician/dancer

IMPROVISED DIALOGUE LINKING SCENES

The musicians and dancer are packing up to go home; Pablo is cashing up, and eventually leaves the women talking – improvised dialogue until.

Pablo comes over to say goodnight

PABLO	Right I'm off, don't sit up too late, and lock the door
MARIA	Stop fussing
PABLO	It was nice to meet you, Mandy, do you need a lift anywhere?
KATARINA	oh no, it's OK I'm... staying with friends, just round the corner, thanks anyway
PABLO	You're welcome, see you tomorrow. Lock the door after me, you
MARIA	yes, yes, go on –go on - he thinks I'm old and stupid!

She gets up and follows him to the door

PABLO	he defiantly doesn't!
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They embrace and Pablo goes to leave

MARIA	you're a good boy
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**Pablo exits and Maria closes the door behind him. The woman now left alone,
Maria's mood has become quite melancholic**

KATARINA	He's nice, Pablo,
MARIA	Yes, he is
KATARINA	Is he arelation?
MARIA	His grandparents were friends of mine, his mother too
KATARINA	In England
MARIA	No, Spain, we met when I first came over
KATARINA	Have you lived here a long time?
MARIA	26 years, now, let me ask you something,
KATARINA	What?

MARIA Are you running away, from someone?

KATARINA No, what do you mean?

MARIA I mean why do you need a job to meet people if you have friends who live round the corner?

KATARINA They're not exactly friends

MARIA You didn't answer my question

KATARINA I'm not running away from anyone, honestly, I'm not

MARIA Good, because we wouldn't want the police, or anyone else turning up looking for you, would we

KATARINA No one's looking for me – the opposite

MARIA What does that mean?

KATARINA I just need a job; I need the money - till I get myself sorted

MARIA It's only going to be a few shifts

KATARINA It all helps

MARIA I'm surprised you haven't tried the bars on the front, that's where the young people seem to hang out

KATARINA It's not really what I came here for and I'm not that young

MARIA and what did you come here for?

KATARINA I don't know. **(Beat)** What did **you** come here for?

Maria is amused

MARIA Some peace and quiet!

KATARINA Sorry, I'm just interested

MARIA It's really not that interesting

KATARINA Bwhat brought you from England; I'd love to visit London; Buckingham Palace, Big Ben. Why would you leave that to come here; it's so ...backwards here

MARIA If you must know I came out here with some friends years ago, stayed for three years and when I went back to England I missed it, so I came back

KATARINA Was that during the war?

MARIA The Spanish war, know anything about that?

KATARINA I know about Guernica, I've seen the painting; I went with my college

MARIA Good for you

KATARINA I had to use my own money; dad didn't approve of Modern Art.

MARIA Did you know that when Picasso finished painting Guernica he stood and looked at it for a while, he thought about adding colour, but he

didn't want to commit to the colour so he took coloured paper and laid it on top of the painting, he stood and looked at the image for days and days but eventually decided to keep it black and white, except for two red teardrops which he pinned onto the eyes of the Bull and the woman with the dead baby.

KATARINA I didn't know that, how do you know that?

MARIA He told me.

She gets up and goes to get another bottle, Katarina watches her

MARIA So, what do your parents do?

KATARINA My father was a lawyer and my mother goes shopping

MARIA Whereabouts do you live; I used to know Madrid

KATARINA Salamanca

MARIA They're rich?

KATARINA My Mother pretends she's middle class but she hasn't been to confession for years and my Father used to buy dirty magazines, it's all bullshit

MARIA Don't you get on with them?

KATARINA My Father died two years ago

MARIA Your Mum?

KATARINA Well apart from letting me know how disappointed she is in me, we don't really speak

MARIA I think that's how the mother daughter relationship works

KATARINA Trouble is it doesn't

MARIA They rarely do

KATARINA Well, my friends seem to manage it. Did you get on with your mum?

MARIA Perfectly until I disagreed with her;

KATARINA We don't disagree – we don't even talk; she doesn't really like me, not since my dad died anyway. She blames me

MARIA Why, what did you do?

KATARINA Nothing. I ran away. He had a heart attack – right in front of me, one minute he was drinking coffee the next he was dying, loudly, and I didn't know what to do so I ran away and when I came back he was dead.

MARIA and you feel guilty?

KATARINA I feel like she was right, when they needed me I wasn't good enough

MARIA Good enough to do what; what could you have done?

KATARINA I don't know, I could have stayed there; could have tried to save him

MARIA Well, could you of saved him?

KATARINA I don't know, maybe, I should have tried; all I did was open a window,

MARIA So that's the reason you've come to Malaga

KATARINA In a way

Pause

MARIA You're not planning on running away with the gypsies, are you

KATARINA Is that what you did?

MARIA I wasn't running away

KATARINA How old were you?

MARIA 18, my mum only agreed to me going because my friend Peggy was 20 and she said she'd look after me.

KATARINA Weren't you scared?

MARIA Not really, it was exciting and me and Peggy travelled with the Medical Aid team so it felt safe enough

KATARINA Are you a Communist?

MARIA We weren't all communists

KATARINA My father hated Communists – he was in the military

MARIA Francoist

KATARINA I suppose so

MARIA Your parents support that man?

KATARINA My father did

MARIA Did he fight, in Madrid?

KATARINA No, he didn't.....fight, he worked in an office

Pause

MARIA I don't think this is going to work out

KATARINA What, why?

MARIA You're just passing through-and we need someone reliable

KATARINA I am reliable – and I'm not planning on going anywhere

MARIA I thought you said you were doing some traveling

KATARINA I am

MARIA Just between Malaga and Madrid?

KATARINA No, I don't know.

MARIA You don't know where you're going?

KATARINA What is your problem with me? All I want is a job. I'm sorry you don't like my father's ideologies but that's nothing to do with me – or you is it

**A LONG PAUSE, MARIA TAKES A DRINK, SHE WIPES HER MOUTH ON THE
TEA TOWEL**

MARIA It's late; you should go and get some sleep, it'll be busy tomorrow and Pablo has a gig which is why he's so eager to employ you,

KATARINA Thanks

MARIA And don't tell Pablo we had this; he'll only moan

KATARINA He worries about you doesn't he

MARIA Only that I will drink the place dry while he's gone.

KATARINA Where's he going?

MARIA He wants to be a disc jockey apparently; the bright lights of Benidorm are calling

KATARINA Oh cool

MARIA I wouldn't waste your time you're not his type, he's a raging homosexual

KATARINA Really

MARIA Yes, why, do you think I've corrupted him with my Republican immorality

KATARINA My dad might anyway he's not my type

MARIA Poor Pablo; he's been fighting Monique off for months; she's such a tart

KATARINA Did you sack her?

MARIA I sack her most nights but she'll be back tomorrow; she has the skin of a bullock that one, anyway, he's right; they do like the dancing

KATARINA Maybe Pablo's right about tourists; they're selling castanets and fans in all the shops on the places along the front and most of the other places are modern or bars with disco's, not all the tourists want to go to discothèques do they?

MARIA I don't even want bloody tourists here; I like things how they are, Pablo is young and wants but it can't not while that man lives

Maria spits onto the floor, she is full of hatred

KATARINA There's a lot of re-development around Madrid – not where we live, but on the way here I noticed cranes and lorries everywhere along the roads.

MARIA Well, Salamanca didn't need rebuilding did it; it was protected by the Pope and the deutschmark.

KATARINA I take it you're not Catholic?

MARIA No, and I refuse to feel guilty about it!

KATARINA I wish I knew how to do that.

MARIA Ask the General he's made a career of it.

Shared laughter

MARIA We have a joke round here; When Franco is eventually allowed to die they won't say the General's dead who will tell the people, it will be the General's dead – who will tell the General! God I hate that man.

She takes a large swig

MARIA I'm hungry, do you want a bag of crisps?

Maria gets up she goes behind the bar to look for crisps

MARIA There's only ready salted - I hate ready salted, do you want something else,

KATARINA I'm ok, thanks

MARIA No-one in this town gives away bloody crisps!

Maria goes out to the kitchen leaving Katarina alone.

Katarina gets up and goes behind the bar, she runs her hands along it, she takes down some of the photos, inspecting them, she is distracted – Maria returns with food, and watches her for a moment then

MARIA Put those down!

KATARINA Sorry, I was just looking

MARIA And touching!

Maria goes over and snatches the pictures,

KATARINA Who are they?

MARIA Just people I used to know.

Maria looks at the pictures, she hands Katarina a picture

MARIA That's Pablo's grandfather

KATARINA You were in the war?

MARIA The Civil War, yes, you sound surprised

KATARINA Is that you?

MARIA Let me put my glasses on – oh yes, that's me and that's Peggy

KATARINA With a gun

MARIA It didn't work, none of them ever worked properly

KATARINA Who's that?

MARIA That's Juan.

KATARINA He looks like a gipsy

MARIA He was gitano

Katarina attempts to hide her feelings of disgust

KATARINA Was he your..... boy-friend?

MARIA We spent some time together.

KATARINA You look so.... young

MARIA I didn't feel that young at the time

She hands her another photo

MARIA	Peggy took that one; it was in Madrid, he'd taken us to see the flamenco – look how scared I am; that was the first time I met his family, that's his sister
KATARINA	He played the guitar?
MARIA	He was gitano – of course he played guitar
KATARINA	Is that you – dancing?
MARIA	Juan's sister tried to teach me but it's in the blood, they call it Duende; something Monique knows sod all about
KATARINA	You dance flamenco?
MARIA	Hardly; she taught me a few steps which I've probably forgotten. You look surprised again,
KATARINA	No, I just thought you didn't really like dancing....earlier when you said...
MARIA	Monique is just a tart, she doesn't know anything about real flamenco; it isn't about sex it's about suffering, not that people seem to notice the difference. I made a promise to Juan's mother I would never dance while Franco lived and I never will, but that doesn't mean I don't love it.

Maria takes the photo out of her hands

MARIA	it's late; where is it you're staying?
KATARINA	I'll find somewhere
MARIA	I thought you were staying with friends
KATARINA	I am...I was, I forgot to take a key
Beat	
MARIA	Are you taking this job?
KATARINA	If it's still OK
MARIA	You can crash here then, if you want, sort it out tomorrow.
KATARINA	Great, thanks
MARIA	Just don't tell Pablo I opened a second bottle he likes to think he's in charge. That boy used to play with his toys in this place and now he tells me what to do! I hate getting old
KATARINA	You don't seem old
MARIA	Your very kind – have a drink

Maria opens the bottle and pours more drinks

MARIA That's enough questions, I feel like I'm being interrogated! Change that tape, I need the loo

KATARINA What shall I put on?

Maria heads towards the door upstairs

MARIA Anything but disco!

Maria exits and Katarina goes to bar to change tape, she looks through the tapes, but there is nothing she likes, she goes to her bag and takes out a tape of her own and puts it on; Rumours by Fleetwood Mac. While she is up she helps her-self to a shot of vodka, she knocks it back, she refills the glass a second time and again drinks it down. She sits on a more comfortable area and waits after a while Maria appears, she has changed into a kaftan

MARIA You'll have to excuse the mess up there

KATARINA Don't worry,

MARIA You get used to living on your own.

KATARINA Don't you get lonely?

MARIA There's always people about, we got our regulars and I like my own space, anyway, Pablo comes in every day

KATARINA I thought he was going away?

MARIA Well, he hasn't gone yet

KATARINA What will you do.....if he does?

MARIA Same as I'm doing now I expect,

KATARINA The land must be worth a bit, they'd probably squeeze a hotel in here;
you'd be rich

MARIA They'd have to fight me for it!

KATARINA Yeah – arm wrestle!

Katarina pretends to arm wrestle and knocks over the empty glasses

MARIA For someone who doesn't drink, you're doing alright!

KATARINA Actually I do feel pretty pissed, sorry

MARIA Don't worry I do it all the time.

KATARINA I think you're really nice,

MARIA I think you're really drunk

KATARINA Don't be kind to me,

She starts 'drunk' crying

KATARINA I don't deserve it, I'm such a cow

MARIA They were only cheap

KATARINA Not the glasses

MARIA It's just the drink I wouldn't worry.

KATARINA I was adopted. When I was a baby, I was adopted

MARIA Congratulations!

KATARINA That's why she hates me

MARIA Who?

KATARINA My mother.

MARIA She doesn't hate you

KATARINA She does, she's ashamed of me

MARIA Of course she's not

KATARINA I only found out last week, I don't think Gran would have told me but she's dying – probably dead by now – that's something else they can blame me for.

MARIA Deathbed confession, how very Catholic

KATARINA She said she was sorry – **she** was sorry, like she had something to do with it, why would gran say that?

MARIA She's definitely your gran and not your mother?

KATARINA That's not funny.

MARIA Maybe she feels responsible

KATARINA	Why?
MARIA	Because your mother is her daughter
KATARINA	Do you think my father knew?
MARIA	You need to have a conversation with your mum.
KATARINA	I don't want to upset her; they've been good to me really I've had a good life; they're good people,
MARIA	But not your people
KATARINA	No

Katarina tops up the glasses

KATARINA	It doesn't bother me, it was just a shock, I mean I understand having a kid on your own back then....it must have been hard I'm not angry– I just want to know who I am, who she is; if I'm like her. I suddenly realised that I've never seen anyone who I was actually related to and it's just made me want to know – who I am,
MARIA	Not sure we ever know that
KATARINA	That's very deep and philosophical, but most people do know what their mother looks like!
MARIA	You might be better off not knowing
KATARINA	How the fuck would I be better off not knowing; what a dumb thing to say, you don't understand,
MARIA	No, I don't suppose you can unless it's you, must be tough. So, what will you do; will you try to find them, your real parents?
KATARINA	Would you?

There is a pause, Maria is thoughtful

MARIA	No, I don't think I would, I mean if you've had a good upbringing; a good family, what's to be gained from it; it might cause your real parents a load of upset – maybe they have married or had families; how would they explain you, anyway, whatever you decide to do – you can never go back; it is what it is
KATARINA	I've thought about that; that she may have other kids
MARIA	Exactly.

KATARINA	But that doesn't mean I don't have a right to know her; I mean I'm her child too
MARIA	Well, a young woman
KATARINA	And what about her other kids...
MARIA	If she has any
KATARINA	Maybe they'd like to know their big sister?
MARIA	And maybe they wouldn't.
KATARINA	Yeah, and maybe it's none of your business
MARIA	I think, maybe, you're right!

Katarina realises she has over reacted – there is a pause

KATARINA	Sorry.....I didn't mean to be rude, don't know what's wrong with me;
MARIA	Juan used to say everyone had a tale to tell
KATARINA	Yeah, and mine's a total fiction
MARIA	Best ones always are.

She throws the tea-towel at Katarina

MARIA	Blow your nose!
KATARINA	Thanks
Pause	
MARIA	How old we're you when you were adopted?
KATARINA	I don't really know much about it – but Gran said I was new born
MARIA	So, she was never really a mum to you was she; and anyway it takes more than genes to make a parent, look at me and Pablo; he's not my grandson but I couldn't love him any more than I do; it's probably the same for your mum and dad.
KATARINA	I know. It's like I know all that stuff – but when I think about it I just feel so angry
MARIA	Who are you angry with?
KATARINA	Everyone!

The women smile – the mood changes

MARIA I understand how you feel though – when Juan was murdered.....

KATARINA He was murdered?

MARIA Yes, he was shot

KATARINA In the fighting?

MARIA No, the fighting was over by then.

KATARINA I can't believe you fought in the Civil War

MARIA Well, it was more driving and bandaging than actual fighting,

KATARINA Were you a nurse?

MARIA Peggy was, Spanish Medical Aid were asking for ambulance drivers when we went to volunteer so I told them I could drive and I went with her,

KATARINA Weren't you worried about getting killed?

MARIA Not really; to be honest we didn't really think about it, I went because it felt like the right thing to do; and it still does; I'd do it again in a heartbeat

KATARINA Didn't your parents mind?

MARIA My dad was a bit 'red' himself in his own way, he belonged to the Labour party all his life. When Mosley started parading his Black-shirts around our way people began talking about what was happening in Spain.

KATARINA I never really understood why people got involved if it wasn't happening in their country,

MARIA We wanted to stop it happening anywhere else that was the point, anyway it went beyond Spain; Guernica was Hitler's trial run; the whole world should have stopped him then instead of letting him carry out trial runs

KATARINA What do you mean, trial runs?

MARIA I thought you said you'd seen the painting

KATARINA I have,

MARIA Well there are pictures of the blitz in London which share a theme

KATARINA But didn't the people there burn, a lot of the buildings themselves as a protest?

MARAIA Is that what they taught you in your Salamanca school?

KATARINA I'm just saying there are two sides to every story

MARIA Yes, but only one is true. Franco should be put on trial for his crimes; you can't just pretend these things never happened; people don't forget, not really, the hate just festers beneath the surface. One day it will erupt all over again, but next time we will be better equipped.

KATARINA Most people I know just want to forget about the past, they are only interested in the future, now we have a future to look forward to, because whatever you say – new Spain is modernising; moving away from all that,

MARIA I liked the old Spain – but without the church!

KATARINA You're a godless revolutionary!

MARIA No, not anymore, I've not got the energy, but I suppose could load guns if needed

KATARINA I can't imagine shooting anyone

Maria smiles

MARIA Peggy did once- by accident

KATARINA Oh my god; did she kill him?

MARIA No, It happened quite a lot; most injuries were caused by old weapons and enthusiastic untrained fighters not the enemy.

KATARINA Is that true?

MARIA I remember when they brought us the bloody guns – before that people were using whatever they could lay their hands on – they were so ancient that Pablo's granddad used to say we'd be better off throwing oranges at them.

KATARINA I thought the Republican army had guns from the Russians

MARIA Yeah and they hadn't been fired since the bloody revolution! Anyway, that wasn't till later, to begin with no bugger wanted to help, it was just ordinary people taking a stand against a monster

KATARINA Were you in Madrid at the end?

MARIA Yes, we stayed till the end. And then I went back to London.

Beat

KATARINA I think some of my family might come from England,

MARIA Oh whereabouts?

KATARINA Not a clue!

MARIA Oh, you mean your real parents?

KATARINA Yeah. It's weird really because I've always felt a connection –think if I went there I would feel at home, do you know what I mean?

MARIA That's how I feel about this place I couldn't speak a word of Spanish when I got here or French or German – even struggled with the Scouse accent at times

KATARINA Scouse?

MARIA Liverpool – it's a place in the North of England, we had quite a few blokes from there, Juan had a good friend called Jack Jones, he worked at the docks in Merseyside, I'm not sure what happened to him, it was chaotic; I hope he got home.

KATARINA You didn't keep in touch with any of them?

MARIA No, we all went in different directions – those who weren't rounded up. Pablo's mother and I wrote to each other for years; it was just after my dad died when she got ill so I came over and when she died I sort of looked after Pablo, not that he needed it, and now he sort of looks after me, not that I need it!

KATARINA Like a second mum?

MARIA Hardly, he was 17 when his mother died. We're friends, he puts up with me; he reminds me of his granddad, he was a loyal man – right to the end; he did everything he could to get Juan out of that prison, risked everything, they got him in the end, they shot him in the face – imagine the hate that makes a man do something like that

KATARINA Juan died in prison?

MARIA No, the bullring

KATARINA Where?

MARIA Madrid. I thought you knew about the civil war?

KATARINA I've never heard this stuff

MARIA Don't get me wrong, crimes were committed on both sides – that is true – but in those final weeks it was a massacre; once Franco knew it was over he sought out those who'd stood against him and murdered everyone he could find. It was all you could hear; bang, bang, bang, the sound of good men being murdered. The International Brigade was disbanded and the men and women told to leave, but many of them didn't make it out of Madrid.

KATARINA How did you get away?

MARIA I went to Juan's family; his sister put me up until I was well enough to go home,

KATARINA You were injured?

MARIA	No.....I was.... pregnant
KATARINA	You had a baby?
MARIA	She died.
KATARINA	A girl?
MARIA	Yes.

KATARINA	Juan was the father?
MARIA	Yes, but he never knew
KATARINA	You didn't tell him?
MARIA	There wasn't time.
KATARINA	So, he never knew he had a daughter?
MARIA	He never even knew I was pregnant
KATARINA	You went through that on your own?
MARIA	I had his family, his sister looked after
KATARINA	That's so sad, I'm so sorry.
MARIA	It was a long time ago
KATARINA	What did you call her?
MARIA	Katarina ...after his sister.

MARIA	I guess Juan was right about people and stories
MARIA	He understood people, his sister was the same, they were both wonderful artists, he would have been a good father
KATARINA	He did these?

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A picture of a naked young women lying on her back is hanging on the wall,

KATARINA	Is that you?
MARIA	Oh that one, that was a very long time ago
KATARINA	It's beautiful. I paint a bit – nothing as good as this
MARIA	Juan never thought he was any good
KATARINA	Oh he is; you can tell he's totally in control
MARIA	They were happy days, really. I miss him.
KATARINA	You've had such an interesting life
MARIA	Not really
KATARINA	I've never done anything that mattered
MARIA	There's plenty of time
KATARINA	I'm 34!
MARIA	That's still young
KATARINA	I don't even have a boyfriend
MARIA	What are you moaning about; I haven't even been with a man since Juan
KATARINA	You haven't had sex since 1939?
MARIA	That does seem like quite a long time now you say it,
KATARINA	33 years!
MARIA	I've never really thought about it, haven't really missed it
KATARINA	That's so sweet,

Katarina starts laughing

KATARINA	Sorry,
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Maria pours another drink

Katarina yawns

MARIA	Tired?
-------	--------

KATARINA	Yes, suddenly
MARIA	Did you drive here today?
KATARINA	Yesterday
MARIA	So, where did you stay last night?
KATARINA	In my car!
MARIA	Not at your friends
KATARINA	No,
MARIA	Why the lies?

Katarina seems beaten

MARIA	None of my business, I'm going to the loo
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Maria gets up, she seems tired, Katarina isn't looking, she is still emotional and in her own thoughts.

MARIA	I'll sort out that blanket too,
-------	---------------------------------

Maria goes out Katarina is still, after a few moments the tape stops. She gets up and goes to change the tape, she puts on a new tape of Spanish guitar and then looks again at the photographs, she takes the one of Juan playing the guitar and sits back down, looking at it. After approx. 3 minutes Maria returns with a tray the tea, in mugs Katarina quickly hides the picture.

MARIA	We need to cut down on the free crisps, I don't mind the olives but that's where all my profits go, I tell him but he's as stubborn as a donkey, like his father
KATARINA	I don't like olives
MARIA	What?
KATARINA	Olives, I don't like them. When I was about 3 I choked on an olive stone; my mum had to hold me upside down and thump my back to move it, I've not eaten them since
MARIA	Lucky escape
KATARINA	It was.

Beat

MARIA I don't like olives,

KATARINA No

MARIA Nope

Beat

KATARINA Maria.....

MARIA I guess you won't be taking the job, then?

KATARINA Listen....I need to tell you something

MARIA There's no need

KATARINA No, please, listen

MARIA You really don't have to explain yourself to me

KATARINA But I want to....

MARIA It's why I got you to do a shift; see if it suited you – if it doesn't that's fine

KATARINA It's not that, I haven't been honest; the reason I'm here

MARIA What do you mean?

KATARINA I don't really need a job, I've got a job

MARIA Then why did you ask for a job?

KATARINA Because.....I wanted to meet you

MARIA What on earth for?

KATARINA My Grandmother gave me a name

MARIA Your grandmother named you?

KATARINA Please listen Maria

MARIA What name, Mandy?

KATARINA My name isn't Mandy,

MARIA So what is your name?

KATARINA It's Katarina

MARIA Katarina?

KATARINA Yes

There is a pause

MARIA	Why would you say that?
KATARINA	Maria, please
MARIA	Get off me, why are you doing this,
KATARINA	Wait
MARIA	Get out
KATARINA	I'm sorry I lied, I had to find out,
MARIA	Find out what; who is it you think I am?
KATARINA	I don't know
MARIA	You think I'm your mother, don't you?
KATARINA	It's not impossible
MARIA	Listen to me Mandy, I am not your mother, the only child I ever had was stillborn, I know that is true because I saw her, so whatever you think, or whatever you gran told you I cannot be your mother, now, I think you'd better leave
KATARINA	But what if it was a mistake?
MARIA	This is the mistake!
KATARINA	In the paperwork, or something
MARIA	No! I'm sorry you're having a bad time in your life, but you should go home and speak to your mother, or someone who can help you,
KATARINA	I'm not crazy!
MARIA	Well you sound demented
KATARINA	OK then, what about Juan,
MARIA	What about him
KATARINA	Wouldn't he want you to give me a chance?
MARIA	Don't you dare talk about him, you didn't even know him
KATARINA	Why do you say it like it's my fault?
MARIA	Juan is not your father, why can't you understand
KATARINA	But she gave me your name
MARIA	She was wrong – this is ridiculous
KATARINA	But what if she wasn't; what if someone made a mistake

MARIA I saw her, held her, she didn't breathe, she didn't cry; she was dead, there's no mistake and I don't want to talk about it anymore. How dare you come here, making accusations, prying into my business?

KATARINA Look at me

MARIA I don't need to

KATARINA Maria, please

Maria looks at her

MARIA What do you want me to say?

KATARINA You said I reminded you of someone, before, did you mean him – Juan?

MARIA I don't remember saying anything

KATARINA I look like him, don't I?

MARIA No, you don't!

Katarina pulls out the photo she took earlier

KATARINA Look!

MARIA Give me that

She attempts to grab the photo but Katarina pulls it away

KATARINA Why do I look like him Maria?

MARIA Give me that photo

Maria attempts to grab the photo – this time it tears

MARIA Look what you've done!

KATARINA Oh no, I'm sorry

MARIA Give it to me

Maria takes the torn picture she turns away, trying to put it back together

KATARINA We can mend it; tape it back together

Maria is devastated, childlike; helpless.

MARIA No, it's ruined

KATARINA Let me see

Maria hands her the photo pieces, hopefully

KATARINA It's OK, it's only the guitar that's torn

MARIA Can you fix it?

KATARINA Don't worry, we can tape the back, you won't even see the joins

MARIA He hated having his picture taken

KATARINA I'm so sorry.

Maria sits looking at the photo

KATARINA I shouldn't have lied to you, I just thought if I met you, and you spoke to me, that there'd be this connection between us; I don't really know what I thought

MARIA Well you didn't think about me, did you,

KATARINA I did think about you; it's all I've thought about

MARIA No, this is about you not her, it's about how she could make **you** feel not about how **she** might feel, maybe she wouldn't want to see you, have you thought about that?

KATARINA Why wouldn't she want to see me?

MARIA I don't know, maybe she wants to forget,

KATARINA Like you

MARIA How many times; it's not me!

KATARINA But if it was?

MARIA It's not.

KATARINA But if it was you, wouldn't you want to know, wouldn't you want to meet her?

MARIA I don't know

KATARINA How can you not know

MARIA Because none of this is real, you don't even know if what your grandmother said is true, she was old, confused, maybe they are your real parents,

KATARINA They're not

MARIA How do you know, you've thought they were for the past 30 odd years

KATARINA Because when I was growing up I felt different to them, mostly my mum because dad was away a lot. She was always so angry with me, always comparing me with her friend's children and pointing out my failings. She never treated me like someone she liked. She's never told me she loves me.

MARIA

Well, you came here looking for a new one!

The women face each other, they exhale. Katarina takes the bottle, she pours two drinks. She hands one to Maria who takes it without speaking, they both down the drinks in one. The tape comes to an end. Maria goes to the tape machine; she changes the tape to flamenco music.

MARIA

I remember when Juan took me to meet his family, they lived outside the city in the....., and we'd all been warned to keep away from the gypsies. I remember being scared – more scared than I'd felt at the hospital, or when I'd been near the front and seen men shot, sometimes with horrific wounds – his mother was a tiny woman; she had an old, sad face which was lined and creased although she was probably younger than I am now. She terrified me. But when Juan played guitar that night and she danced, she was beautiful. She didn't stamp her feet or shout, she told her story with her hands and I realised that for her the war was just another sorrow; a story her daughter would tell in another dance, another time. I think I fell in love with him that night, I fell in love with all of them and I understood what they mean by Duende.

The women are silent

We hear guitar music coming from the cassette, there is a long pause

MARIA

I think I'm going to call it a night,

KATARINA

Yes, I should go.

MARIA

You're welcome to the sofa

KATARINA

I'm going to head home, get an early start

MARIA

Well let me make you some coffee

KATARINA

Don't worry, I'm not tired, it's fine

MARIA

I don't mind

KATARINA

No, it's really late and I've already wasted enough of your time

MARIA

I didn't mean it when I said that

KATARINA

Well it's true

MARIA

Do you want to take some crisps....or something?

KATARINA

No, I'll stop if I want anything, but thanks

Katarina stands

KATARINA Is it OK if I get my stuff?

MARIA Course it is

Katarina exits and goes upstairs to get her bags. Maria goes over to the bar, she takes the torn photo and attempts to stick it back onto the wall, while she is doing this Katarina comes back into the bar, with her bag and coat.

KATARINA I'm sorry about your photo,

MARIA It's just a photo

KATARINA Maybe I could leave my address

MARIA What for?

KATARINA If you wanted to write or anything

MARIA I won't

KATARINA Well maybe I could write

MARIA I don't think that's a good idea

KATARINA I'm sorry – if I upset you

MARIA Just have a safe journey

KATARINA Thanks, well, adios, Maria

MARIA Goodbye Katarina and good luck

Katarina exits. Maria stares at the door for a few moments, then goes and sits down. She goes to pour a drink but the bottle is empty. She sits listening to the music and begins to cry, quietly, the crying gets louder. It becomes difficult to listen to. After a while the door knocks, Maria looks up – she seems to be hopeful – Pablo enters. He calls out to Maria:

PABLO Hola Maria, this door is open.....

He sees Maria kneeling on the floor

PABLO What's wrong, Maria, what's happened?

Maria cannot speak, he holds her

PABLO Come on now, you know the brandy makes you crazy, I go out for one
night and look at you; come on

He continues to hold her

The lighting goes down, we hear the sound of a recording; we hear Katarina's voice.

While the recorded dialogue is played the lights very gradually go to blackout.

KATARINA

That was the last time I saw my mother. Franco died the following year so I suppose she would have been happy, felt some sense of retribution, but I did not find the same peace. She said she would never dance while Franco lived, I often wondered if she did, although I doubted it; I wondered what happened to the woman who had fought so bravely for the love of a country that wasn't her own but couldn't fight for the child that was. Then there was Juan; a gypsy, an artist, who might, or might not have been my father. However misguided her beliefs, there was a part of me that admired her, envied that passion and belief. She was right, she wasn't my Mother – I understand now what she meant – you can't just edit people in– or out –because it's not just your story, but you can chose how many lines you write them.

In the darkness we hear the sound of nails striking the wooden floor; Pablo begins to

Dance; it is loud, defiant.

KATARINA

RECORDED VOICE

My name is Katarina Rodriguez; my parent's names are Carlos and Lillian Rodriguez, of Salamanca, Madrid. When I came to Malaga in 1974, I thought I knew our history; Franco and the great fight against Communism and Free-masonry which threatened to destroy Spain. I understood why so much was sacrificed to keep this threat at bay. Turns out the real threat was closer to home. I wasn't alone; as the years have passed hundreds, which turned into thousands of us, have come searching for the truth. This is Franco's shameful legacy and I am Lillian's and Rodriguez guilty secret. I hope she did dance again, Maria, for both of us, for Juan and all his comrades and I hope she found some peace; that she was freed from the ghosts of her past, just as she helped free me from mine.

We hear a hand clap, the sound of shoes across the wooden floor

The lights go up – Maria dances

MUSIC GETS LOUDER

Dancing For Franco

Draft#2

It is 2014 we are in Maria's kitchen in Malaga; the kitchen is empty upstairs a bath is

Running, we can hear someone moving about. The kitchen is untidy; as if someone has begun cooking then abandoned it. There is a bottle of wine opened and a half filled glass on the side along with a recipe book and various ingredients.

We suddenly hear Maria calling from outside

MARIA Tony! Tony! Come down and help me

There is no reply

MARIA Tony!

Silence

MARIA Tony

Tony replies from upstairs window

Tony What?

Maria Come and help me with these bags

Tony I'm in the bath

Maria please

Tony I'm in the bloody bath

Maria Egoísta!

A pause then Maria appears at the door laden with carrier bags and looking flustered.

She begins putting shopping away, takes off her coat and shouts upstairs to Tony

Maria Don't worry I've done it now

She returns to the kitchen and surveys the mess. She checks the time

and begins tidying and clearing up then turns to the meal she is cooking, she takes a bowl

rising dough and flours the side to knead the dough, periodically she drinks the wine

as she works. We hear the bath being emptied upstairs and after a

minute or two Tony comes downstairs, his hair is wet and he is only wearing jeans

Tony What are you shouting about?

Maria I could have done with a hand to bring up the shopping

Tony Sorry I was washing my hair

Maria Have you finished in that bathroom; I need to get in there

Tony I'm out now

Maria You better have left it tidy...

Tony Don't worry I won't mess up your house

Tony goes to the fridge and opens the door, Maria continues kneading the dough

Maria ...and don't go touching any of that

Tony How much did that lot cost?

Maria Never-mind it's for later

Tony I'm not going to be here later

This news seems to come as a surprise to Maria she stops kneading the dough

Maria What do you mean?

Tony I'm going out

Maria Where?

Tony Why, what's the big deal you don't need me here

Maria Oh Tony

Tony What?

Maria I thought you'd be here

Tony Why, it's nothing to do with me

He closes the fridge after taking out a can of beer, he opens it and drinks

Maria Isn't it?

Tony No, and for all you know it's nothing to do with you either

Maria Oh don't start all that again

Tony Well, you know what I think

Maria And you know how much this means to me

Tony It's a mistake all of this, she's probably not even who she says she is

Maria Don't be stupid

Tony How am I stupid?

Maria You're selfish

Tony She'll probably rob you and you'll never see her again!

Maria That would suit you wouldn't it?

Tony I'm just saying

Maria Well, I don't want to hear it

Tony I know you don't

Maria Just get dressed and make sure that bathroom is left as you found it; I need to get in there and she's going to be here any minute; I've got so much to do

Tony maybe she won't turn up

Tony goes back upstairs and Maria carries on with her kneading – forcefully.

The phone rings

Maria Bloody hell!

Maria attempts to wipe off some of the flour and dough from her hands and goes to answer the phone.

Maria Oh hola Sally, sin ella es debido en cualquier momento, aterrorizado y Tony no está ayudando, no, no, no va a reunirse con ella, lo sé, así que puedo hacer; él es sangrienta egoísta de todos modos mejor que me adelante, tengo muchas cosas que hacer, lo haré, sí, gracias Sally, adiós por ahora.

Tony calls down from upstairs

Tony Who was that

Maria Sally for me, she was wishing me luck – at least she understands how much this means to me and she's not even family.

Maria returns to the kitchen and the bread, she works quietly, stopping to have a drink. Once the bread is in the oven she washes her hands and takes a cigarette from a packet opens the back door and lights it.

She finishes the cigarette and closes the back door. She seems to notice the mess

Suddenly

Maria Shit!

She begins tidying, wiping down and putting things away, once the kitchen is cleaner she takes a large paella pan and begins preparing ingredients for the dish, during this Tony comes downstairs, dressed and ready to leave. Maria ignores him.

Tony Aren't you speaking to me

Maria I'm busy

Tony I hope you're not going to be pissed when you meet her

Maria Why would you care?

Tony I don't!

Tony gets his coat on and Maria continues with the cooking

Maria I assume you won't be eating with us then?

Tony I wouldn't want to show you up

Maria She's going to wonder where you are; don't you want to meet her, aren't you interested?

Tony If I thought it was true I might be

Maria Well that's what we're going to find out isn't it

Tony So why is she staying here; what happens when you find out she's a fraud?

Maria I've spoken to her already

Tony so what

Maria She's really nice

Tony Course she is

Maria What do you want me to do Tony? Ignore her? Tell her I'm not interested? Imagine if I did that and I lost her again, would that be better for you?

Tony It would be better if you remembered you already had a family

Tony walks out – angry – leaving Maria angry & upset

Maria How dare you say that?

Tony shouts from upstairs

Tony You should have had me adopted then I could have turned up twenty years later like a hero

Maria shouts up to him

Maria Oh grow up!

Maria goes back to her glass of wine, she is visibly upset,

After 5 minutes Tony returns, dressed to go out

Tony I'm going out,

Maria Good

Tony And out of interest, why can't she stay at a hotel and meet you there tomorrow?

Maria Because I didn't want her to be on her own

Tony If my dad was alive none of this would be happening

Maria Your dad knew about her

Tony Don't talk about her like its real

Maria She is real, I carried her inside me, that was real,

Tony So if she's dead how the hell can she be turning up for tea?

Maria is exhausted emotional, she stops what she's doing – close to tears

Maria I don't know, I don't understand any of it either but if there is a chance that by some miracle she is mine then I'm taking it Tony, just like I would if it was you, she's my child – no different to you

Tony It's a shame she didn't rock up a few years ago, she could have brought Dad back to life too

Maria Stop it

Tony She's obviously gifted or maybe she's a ghost

Maria If you can't support me, just go

Tony Don't worry I'm gone!

Tony leaves slamming the door – Maria is really upset, she wipes her face with kitchen roll

pours another Drink speaking to herself

Maria Selfish little shit, he knows how much this means to me

She checks the time

Maria I must change

There is a knock at the door

Maria (from the hallway) Shit!

Maria comes through kitchen to open the door, she hesitates and then opens door

Maria Hola Katarina! Welcome, come in come in

Katarina comes in she is carrying an overnight case and wearing an overcoat.

Katarina Gracias, thank you

Maria Oh, come here

Maria hugs an awkward Katarina

Maria Let me take your coat

Katarina Thank you.

Katarina looks about while Maria goes off with her coat, she notices the republican art.

Maria Returns.

Maria How was the flight? Let me get you a drink what would you like?

Katarina Water is fine

Maria There's wine

Katarina I don't really drink alcohol

Maria No, I'm not a big drinker, to be honest I was a bit nervous about meeting you

Katarina Yes, I felt the same; it's a strange situation isn't it?

Maria Come and sit down – you must be tired

Katarina I'm fine it was a really good flight.

It is awkward, Maria seems overwhelmed

Maria Good - I did make some dinner but I thought we could have a chat first and eat later, if that's OK unless you're hungry now?

Katarina Do you mind if I have a shower first? Get changed; I feel a bit of a mess!

Maria You look lovely

Katarina I'd just like to freshen up first

Maria Well, you're up in the loft and the bathroom is on the second floor, there are towels on your bed, I'll show you

Katarina it's alright I'll be OK,

Maria Well, let me take your bag up for you?

Katarina Honestly it's fine – you've done enough letting me stay here

Maria I'm so glad you decided to – give us chance to get to know each other

Katarina I'm looking forward to that,

There is a slight awkward pause

Katarina Shall I go up?

Maria Yes, yes go on, there's plenty of hot water – if you need anything just shout

Katarina Thanks Maria, it's really nice to be here.

Katarina gets her bag and goes upstairs, Maria heads to her unfinished wine and takes a huge gulp, she doesn't seem to know what to do, she goes to CD player and looks through Cd's she selects one, Fleetwood - Mac *Rumours*, she puts it on, she is thoughtful, she takes a cigarette out, goes to the back door and smokes it.

While she does this we see her notice the bin and Tony's beer cans at the top.

She empties the bin spilling rubbish in the process, replaces the bin bag with a new one and takes the rubbish out. She goes to the sink to wash her hands; she takes her time cleaning carefully and frantically.

She stops. The boiler has gone off and we hear Katarina shout from upstairs

Katarina Maria?

Maria goes to the bottom of the stairs and shouts up

Maria Everything OK?

Katarina The water's cold

Maria Oh God, sorry, I'll turn boiler back on

She hurries to boiler but it won't turn back on, she pushes buttons, swearing under her

Breath. Katarina shouts down again

Katarina It's still cold

Maria Hang on – I'm doing it – try it now

Maria manages to get it on after a few attempts

Maria It's on now, sorry, try it now

She waits and listens

Maria Is it hot now?

Katarina Yes, thank you

She stares out of the window.

She breathes.

The music is still playing.

She checks the bread and stirs the food.

Tony comes in

Maria is startled; she seems annoyed and shouts in whispers

Maria What are you doing?

Tony What?

Maria I thought you were going out?

Tony I did – I came back

Maria Shhh!

Tony She turned up then?

Maria she's in the shower, what are you doing now?

Tony Well you said you wanted me to meet her

Maria I haven't even spoken to her myself yet

Tony don't you want me here really Mum?

Maria looks at him

Tony I thought that's what you wanted?

Maria Please don't ruin this for me

Tony I won't

Maria Because it's hard enough for me imagine how she is feeling?

Tony Getting ready to swindle me out of my inheritance

Maria what inheritance?

Tony I don't know, what about Granddad's watch

Maria Is that what this is about?

Tony No, I'm joking

Maria senses Tony's vulnerability and softens, she goes over to him

Maria You've got nothing to worry about – it's a good thing – for all of us

Tony moves away from her

Tony Not for me

Maria Not if you act like this, no

Tony Must run in the family

Maria What?

Tony Pretending to be someone you're not!

Katarina enters, Maria speaks in a rush

Maria Here she is!

Katarina I didn't know where to leave the towel

Maria I'll take it, did you have a nice shower; was the water hot? I'm sorry about that it's a bloody nuisance.

Katarina Don't worry it was fine

Maria You have to turn the heating on sometimes to get the water on, but once it's on it's usually alright...

Tony interrupts her

Tony She doesn't want to hear about the central heating, does she Mum

Katarina Oh, you must be Tony

Maria Yes this is Tony

Tony Her son, nice to meet you

Katarina Hola Tony, lovely to meet you too, I've heard so much about you from Maria

Tony None of it is true

Maria Don't be silly, anyway what can I get you Katarina, a drink, are you ready for supper? Sit down

Katarina Water would be good, thank you

Maria I have fruit juice, orange or apple

Tony She said water Mum

Katarina I'm happy with water thanks

Maria Ice?

Katarina Great

Maria makes the drink – she is anxious – she is in a hurry

Tony So, where do you come from Katarina?

Katarina Madrid

Maria I did tell you that Tony

Tony I couldn't have been listening, whereabouts?

Katarina Salamanca district

Tony Very nice

Katarina It's OK

Maria puts the drink on the table trying to divert the conversation

Maria Here you are Katarina

Katarina Gracias

Tony And I'll have a beer

Tony & Maria exchange a look – she gets him a beer from fridge

Tony Aren't you joining us Mum

Maria I've got some water somewhere

Tony Is it in that wine glass?

Maria ignores him

Katarina Maria, I brought something for you

Maria For me?

Katarina Yes, I hope you don't mind?

Katarina hands Maria a package

Maria You shouldn't have

Maria opens the package and pulls out a dress it is an old flamenco dress

Maria Oh Katarina, it's beautiful

Katarina Do you like it?

Maria It must have cost a fortune?

Katarina Not really

Maria It's lovely – thank you but you shouldn't have

Maria goes over to Katarina and hugs her – Katarina hugs her back

Katarina I wanted to thank you for being so kind; letting me stay here has made this whole thing so much easier

Tony I can imagine

Tony goes to fridge and gets another beer – he goes to sink and stands with his back to the women.

Maria Come on let's eat shall we

Katarina What are we having?

Maria Paella

Katarina It smells delicious

Tony She spent a lot on it didn't you Mum?

Maria Don't be silly – I didn't

Appendix 2

THE DAY MY FATHER DIED Script #1

Act 1

Scene 1 Sandra's flat, it is open plan and there is a narrow window between the kitchen and lounge allowing a view between rooms.

The walls are neutral throughout and furniture is 'modern'.

There are a collection of black and white photographs on a side table and a plum coloured rug by the sofa. A suitcase

stands in the front room, as Sandra is due to catch a plane to the US later that morning. Sandra and her friend are drinking coffee in the kitchen.

The intercom buzzes and Sandra answers it

Sandra Hello

Marian It's us

Sandra buzzes her parents into the building, her friend Debbie puts her drink down and goes to leave

Sandra They won't be here long
Debbie leaves and Marian and Don, Sandra's parents walk in. Sandra shuts the door and goes into kitchen area with her mum. Don goes into the living room and sits on the sofa.

SCENE 2

Sandra and her mum are in the kitchen, Marian gives Sandra an envelope

Marian We forgot to give you this last night it's your birthday card – as we were not going to see you

Sandra Oh thanks

Sandra looks to see and thank her dad and notices he is acting strangely; he has his hand on his chest and is sweating

Sandra You OK dad?

Sandra goes into lounge where Don seems to be getting worse, Marian follows her in

Marian What's wrong?

Sandra I'll get you a glass of water

Sandra goes into kitchen and returns with a glass of water.

Don is now clearly in a lot of pain and is clutching his chest

Sandra Do you need a Dr, Dad, an ambulance?

Don struggles to speak

Don Yes

Sandra goes out to phone an ambulance while Marian stays with Don. While Sandra is out of the room her dad begins to convulse, he falls onto the rug and Marian begins screaming.

Sandra comes back into the room

Don Don't let me die

Marian is crying, Sandra goes to her dad, she is beginning to panic she grabs her father and puts her arms round him to prevent the convulsions, she speaks quietly to him and holds him as tightly as she can

Sandra I love you dad, I love you dad, I love you dad, I love you dad, I love you dad.....

Marian Do something Sandra!

Sandra doesn't know what to do, she jumps up and heads towards the door and leaves. After a few seconds another man runs in, David Sandra's neighbour who seems to know what he's doing.

SCENE 3

It is rush hour on a Thursday morning. Sandra is running down the flights of stairs she runs out of the building, into the street and onto the main road, she stands in the road by the traffic lights preventing the cars coming from any direction. Cars are beeping, people shouting at her to get out of the way.

An ambulance arrives, driving straight through the waiting traffic. The medics go into building with Sandra.

SCENE 4

Back in the flat, the medics go into lounge and Marian is sent out. Dave goes home.

Sandra and her Mum are sitting on the stairs while the medics work on her Dad.

Marian Is he going to be alright?

Sandra I don't think so Mum

They wait holding hands. After 10 minutes the medics come out

Medic I'm sorry there was nothing we could do,

Marian begins to wail and the medics sit her down.

Sandra goes into lounge where her Dad is lying, his shirt has been torn open and there are the plastic discs still on his chest.

Sandra does up his shirt and makes his

hair straight. She takes his hand and kisses him.

Marian comes into room, she is crying.

The medics leave

THE END

THE DAY MY FATHER DIED Script #2

Act 1

Scene 1 Sandra's flat, it is open plan and there is a narrow window between kitchen and lounge allowing a view between rooms. The walls are neutral throughout and furniture is 'modern' looking. There are a collection of black and white photographs on a side table and a plum coloured rug by the sofa. A suitcase stands in the front room as Sandra is due to catch a plane to US later that morning.

Sandra and her friend are drinking coffee in the kitchen area. The intercom buzzes and

Sandra answers it

Sandra Hello

Marian It's us

Sandra buzzes her parents into the building, her friend Debbie puts her drink down and goes to leave

Sandra Oh no, what do they want?

Debbie leaves and Marian and Don, Sandra's parents walk in. Sandra shuts the door and goes into kitchen area with her mum. Don goes into the living room and sits on the sofa.

SCENE 2 Sandra and her mum are in the kitchen, Marian gives Sandra an envelope

Marian We forgot to give you this last night it's your birthday card – as were not going to see you

Sandra Oh thanks, but I'm leaving in a minute

Sandra looks to see and thank her dad and notices he is acting strangely; he has his hand on his chest and is sweating

Sandra You OK dad?

Sandra goes into lounge where Don seems to be getting worse, Marian follows her in

Marian What's wrong?

Sandra I'll get you a glass of water

Sandra goes into kitchen, she seems annoyed, and returns with a glass of water. Don is now clearly in a lot of pain and is clutching his chest

Sandra Do you need a Dr Dad? An ambulance?

Don struggles to speak

Don Yes

Sandra goes out to phone an ambulance while Marian stays with

**Don. While Sandra is out of the room her dad begins to convulse,
he falls onto the rug and Marian begins screaming, Sandra
comes back into the room**

Don Don't let me die

**Marian is crying, Sandra goes to her dad, she is beginning to
Panic she grabs her father and puts her arms round him to
prevent the convulsions, she speaks quietly to him and holds him
as tightly as she can**

Sandra I love you dad, I love you dad, I love you dad, I love you dad, I love you dad.....

Marian Why don't you do something Sandra!

**Sandra doesn't know what to do, she doesn't want to be there,
she jumps up and heads towards the door and leaves her mother
because she is selfish and all she can think about
is getting away from the scene. She decides to fetch her
neighbour because she wants to get away from the situation
After a few seconds another man runs in, David Sandra's
neighbour who seems to know what he's doing. Sandra doesn't
stay to find out and makes up an excuse that she needs to stop
the traffic.**

This is a lie.

Sandra doesn't know what to do so she selfishly runs away

SCENE 3

**It is rush hour on a Thursday morning. Sandra is running
down the flights of stairs she runs out of the building, into
the street and onto the main road, she stands in the road
by the traffic lights preventing the cars coming from any
direction. Cars are beeping, people shouting at her to get
out of the way. She screams at the traffic to stop it.
An ambulance arrives, driving straight through the**

waiting traffic. The medics go into building with Sandra.

**It is clear when they get to the flat that Sandra's father
has died because Sandra ran away and did nothing to
help him; she was too busy thinking about herself**

SCENE 4

**Back in the flat, the medics go into lounge and Marian is sent
out. Sandra and her Mum are sitting on the stairs
while the medics work on her Dad.**

Marian Is he going to be alright

Sandra I don't know Mum

**They wait. After 10 minutes the medics come out, Sandra is
thinking about the trip to America she was taking today – inside
she feels angry that she won't
be going now.**

Medic I'm sorry there was nothing we could do,

Marian begins to wail and the medics sit her down.

Marian You should have done something Sandra, you left me on my own – you let us down

**Sandra goes into lounge where her Dad is lying, his shirt has
Been torn open and there are the plastic discs still on his chest.
Sandra does up his shirt and makes his hair straight. She takes
his hand and kisses him.
Marian comes into room, she is crying.
The medics leave**

THE END

THE DAY MY FATHER DIED Script #3

Act 1

Scene 1 Sandra's flat, it is open plan and there is a narrow window between kitchen and lounge allowing a view between rooms. The walls are neutral throughout and furniture is 'modern' looking. There are a collection of black and white photographs on a side table and a plum coloured rug by the sofa. A suitcase stands in the front room as Sandra is due to catch a plane to US later that morning.

Sandra and her friend are drinking coffee in

The kitchen area. The intercom buzzes and

Sandra answers it

Sandra Hello

Marian It's only us

Sandra Come up Mum

Sandra buzzes her parents into the building; her friend Debbie puts her drink down and goes to leave

Sandra Do you want to give us a minute, they probably won't be here long and I want to see them before I go on holiday...

Debbie leaves and Marian and Don, Sandra's parents walk in.

Sandra shuts the door and goes into kitchen area with her mum. Don goes into the living room and sits on the sofa.

SCENE 2

Sandra and her mum are in the kitchen, Marian gives Sandra an envelope

Marian We forgot to give you this last night it's your birthday card – as were not going to see you

Sandra Oh thanks Mum

Sandra looks to see and thank her dad and notices he is acting strangely; he has his hand on his chest and is sweating

Sandra You OK dad?

Sandra goes into lounge where Don seems to be getting worse,

Marian follows her in

Marian What's wrong?

Sandra I'll get you a glass of water

Sandra goes into kitchen and returns with a glass of water.

Don is now clearly in a lot of pain and is clutching his chest

Sandra Do you need a Dr Dad? An ambulance?

Don struggles to speak

Don Yes

Sandra goes out to phone an ambulance while Marian stays with Don. While Sandra is out of the room her dad begins to convulse, he falls onto the rug and Marian begins screaming, Sandra comes back into the room

Don Don't let me die

Marian is crying, Sandra goes to her dad, she is beginning to panic she grabs her father and puts her arms round him to prevent the convulsions, she speaks quietly to him and holds him as tightly as she can. She doesn't want her Mum seeing her Dad like an animal, she realises he is having a fatal heart attack and her focus is on her Mum seeing this terrible scene.

Sandra I love you dad, I love you dad, I love you dad, I love you dad, I love you dad.....

Marian Please do something, help him Sandra

Sandra doesn't know what to do, so she decides to get someone who might; David is an ex para and knows about emergency action in situations like this.

This is a sensible course of action.

she jumps up and heads towards the door reassuring her Mum as she goes. After a few seconds David Sandra's neighbour runs in and goes to work on Don, and looking after Marian.

SCENE 3

It is rush hour on a Thursday morning. The traffic is at its busiest, Sandra's flat is in the city centre, by traffic lights which hold eight lanes of traffic. If she doesn't clear the traffic the

ambulance will take a long time to get through.

Sandra is running down the flights of stairs she realises what she has to do, even though she knows her mum needs her – she has to make the decision to leave -she runs out of the building, into the street and onto the main road, she stands in the road by the traffic lights preventing the cars coming from any direction.

Cars are beeping,
people shouting at her to get out of the way.

An ambulance arrives, because Sandra has stopped the cars the ambulance can drive straight through the waiting traffic.

The medics go into building with Sandra.

SCENE 4

Back in the flat, the medics go into lounge and Marian is sent out. Dave goes home. Sandra and her Mum are sitting on the stairs while the medics work on her Dad.

Marian Is he going to be alright?

Sandra I don't think so Mum, I think we need to be prepared

They wait holding hands. After 10 minutes the medics come out

Medic I'm sorry there was nothing we could do, he had a massive heart attack which had probably started much earlier and it was too late. You did everything you could.

Marian begins to wail and the medics sit her down.

Sandra goes into lounge where her Dad is lying, his shirt has been torn open and there are the plastic discs still on his chest.

Sandra does up his shirt and makes his hair straight. She doesn't want anyone seeing him like that, she prepares the body for her Mum to see, she takes his hand and kisses him. She knows she has to keep calm as her Mum is in a state.

Marian comes into room, she is very distressed

**Sandra sits with her Mum and Dad, she puts her arm round Marian's shoulders,
she will look after her**

The medics leave

THE END

Appendix 3

Ines Madrigal's Story

It was a great honour to welcome Ines Madrigal to Edge Hill University, as a representative of the Niños Robados, to share in the event and to allow me to tell her story. Her autobiographical narrative is critically woven into the performative text of *Dancing for Franco*.

What follows is a brief extract of her story:

"My name is not Inés Madrigal, it is the name on my birth certificate but it is a false identity I've been living a lie, I am a false daughter and all my documentation is forged,"

Ines Madrigal is a forty five year old woman who lives in Murcia, Spain. She was born, allegedly, on July 4, 1969, in the San Ramon Clinic, Paseo de la Habana, which has now closed, but at the time of Ines's birth represented a primary route from which babies were transported, illegally, throughout Spain. Ines is now the president of the organisation which is campaigning to have the cases of baby theft taken to court and in this capacity is well recognised in Spain.

"Dr. Eduardo Vela considered me as a puppy, or a kitten to be given away ", Inés lamented. "My mother told me I was adopted when I was 18, and of course I was surprised as much as any other adoptee is when they receive that news, but two years ago, when stories began to surface of stolen children who had been born at the same clinic, it raised an alarm in me and I began to investigate the details of my adoption, and I discovered that all my documentation was false. "

Ines discovered that she was one of the many children whose official birth records contained numerous errors, or falsifications, which included the listing of her birth mother as the woman she calls mother, but now knows is her adoptive mother, with whom she shares no biological connection. She explained how her adoptive mother had fostered a young child previously for the local church and how she had been called to the clinic to receive some 'good news'.

"A Jesuit who was a close friend of the family put them in touch with Dr. Eduardo Vela, and my parents went to meet him at the Clinic San Ramon. My mother had previously taken care of another child, for the church, so perhaps it was an obvious choice, as my mother could not have babies of her own and of course wanted to be a mother. Dr. Vela told my mother to simulate a pregnancy with cushions and to pretend she had morning sickness, so people would believe she was actually pregnant. Then one night they were told to report to the Clinic San Ramon with baby clothes because he had a 'gift' for her and the gift was me".

"My mother and father did not pay money for me because my father worked on the railroad and the family had no money" Ines explained, "My mother told me how she had been told by the clinic that the baby had become available because the natural mother did not want to keep it, and she believed this, because she had previously taken care of another in a similar situation".

It was when the stories of 'stolen children' started being reported on TV and Ines became suspicious that she called her mother to ask if there was a possibility she could also be one of the Niños Robados. When Ines confronted her mother, which was a very difficult decision to make, her mother told her the details of her adoption and they both realised that things did not add up and Ines asked her mother's permission to take the case to the court.

"My adoptive mother has always supported me, she always said that I was born in her heart, and she loves me as if I were her own, it is very sad for both of us, and she has been very brave because to denounce this, I had to report the case and Dr. Eduardo Vela who organised the theft, to the authorities, and she has supported me fully in this, and has permitted me to make a case against all parties involved, including her, as it was the only way to get my case into a courtroom, in an attempt to gain access to my birth records and discover the truth."

"It fills me with a deep sadness to think in my 45 years, there must have been a woman, my biological mother, who during this time has been thinking I was dead, I think I have siblings because I've always felt alone, I've cried a lot and it makes me angry because I've lost so out on so much, relationships with parents, brothers and sisters who I will never know, it is like an open wound; so painful. Then I think one day she may walk past me in the street, my biological mother, and think I look like her, or her other children, I hope so much that maybe if this happens she will try to find me, but it's impossible without all the information"

"Those like me who are 'false' children, we have aged parents there are many who do not know because the adoptive parents did not tell and are now deceased, taking all the information to the grave with them. There are 200,000 mothers who have been bringing flowers to empty graves for many years, when there are either no body in the grave or a body or body part that has no connection whatsoever. Empty graves with names of babies, the majority of whom have been stolen and trafficked for money,"

"Anyone with a slightest suspicion, or has evidence of falsification should get in touch with associations ", Ines states with some passion, this crime must be internationally recognised, and these children and parents reunited, if possible, or at least to reach closure and be allowed to mourn properly, and with dignity. It is wicked to allow parents to bury coffins which contain body parts of other people because the child has been sold to another family and to spend the rest of their lives believing, and mourning, for a baby who isn't dead".



Ines with her adoptive mother 1966, Photograph curtesy of Ines Madrigal

Appendix 4.

The Plight of the Niños Robados. Soledad Monzón's Story

"I was 18 years old and a single mother, fodder for those thief's. My parents did not shoot rockets when I told them I was pregnant but accepted and supported me, this was not at all other cases where parents forced the girls to get rid of their children", she says.

"I just saw my child, I saw her a moment after birth and heard her cry. After two hours they said she had died. I was told by Potter's syndrome, which causes physical deformities. But my child was not deformed."

Soledad has gathered documentation that the supposed death of her son is produced in three different times and places: at birth in the incubator and ICU. "In the Registry it says that she died in childbirth and the Regional Archive of Madrid, in the incubator."

It is not the only thing that bothers Soledad. "In the delivery room they asked me where my husband was and I explained that I was a single mother. Then I heard one of the women who were there say to another "warn Dr. Vela" [Eduardo Vela, medical clinic San Ramón]. Dr. Vela did not work there, but the hospital is in the Bermuda Triangle where children disappeared".

When told of the death of her son, Soledad was in a room with six other women and their new-borns.

"It was like torture. Then I moved to another room in the private part of the hospital and I remember I was there with another very young girl who had also been told her son was dead. Now think much about that girl".

"I came home with a broken heart and empty arms, without my son. Then I had two more daughters, who are now 22 and 18 years without any problem".

"What I want now is to know the truth of what happened and that do justice to those responsible."

"Did my child die or was he kidnapped?" is something no parent should ever have to ask, and still less so when the kidnappers are the government. But that is exactly the question hundreds of Spanish families are currently demanding that their courts resolve for once and for all about the so-called "lost children of General Franco". They were already estimated to total around 30,000, and now, it appears, there may be many more.

In Franco's early years, "child-stealing" by the Spanish state was politically motivated, with its key instigator, Antonio Vallejo-Nagera, the army's crackpot chief psychiatrist who championed Nazi theories that Communism was a mental illness caused by the wrong kind of environment. Inspired by Vallejo-Nagera, Franco's government passed laws in 1940 that, as one judicial report in 2008 put it, "ensured that families that did not have ideas considered ideal [i.e., supporters of Spain's defeated republic] did not have contact with their offspring"

Putting this policy into practice was brutally straightforward and efficient. In 1943, records show 9,000 children of political prisoners had been removed to state-run orphanages, and in 1944 that total had risen to more than 12,000.

Arguably the most infamous case took place at the Saturraran women's prison in the Basque country, when around 100 Republican children were removed in one fell swoop. Their mothers, who had been tricked into leaving their children alone for a few minutes, were told they would be shot if they so much as shouted when they came back and found them gone.

Julia Manzanal, 95, no longer talks to the press because her family say that it upsets her too much. But as a Communist whose 10-month-old baby died of meningitis in one of Franco's prisons she was a first-hand witness of the enforced adoption policy. When last interviewed in 2003 she said: "I never let my child out of my sight because when mothers were condemned [to death], they would rip the babies out of their arms. They would give them to priests, to military families, to illegal adoption rings and educate them in their own ideology. Conditions there were terrible... there were huge rats, lice, virtually no food; women would give birth in the washrooms with no help... I saw children die of hunger and thirst, and their mothers would go mad as a result."

Having the wrong name could be fatal. In a television documentary in 2002, Ms Manzanal described how when Franco's police discovered that one prisoner's child's name was Lenin, they picked it up by the legs and smashed its head against a wall.

Even after the collapse of Nazi Germany, the enforced adoption policies continued, and even intensified to include Republicans living abroad. As late as 1949, official documents of the ruling Falange party give detailed instructions on how children born to their former enemies then exiled outside Spain were to be kidnapped and brought back across the border for re-education. Their names were then changed to ensure no further contact was possible.

But by the 1960s what had begun as a politically motivated state policy slowly morphed into a more straightforward adoption trade – in some cases with the state's connivance. Parents were simply told their infants had died shortly after birth, and the babies were then sold on to families.

Mar Soriano told El Pais newspaper last year: "My sister was born on 3 July 1964, and my mother was breastfeeding her until they told her they had to take her baby to the incubator. When my parents went to look for her later, they told them she had died of an ear infection. My father wanted to see her and bury her, but they said they had taken care of everything and she was in a mass grave."

Other cases, like that of Maria Jose Estevez, were eerily similar. Ms Estevez's baby was born on 3 September 1965 in Cadiz, but even though she could hear him crying later in the next room, she was told she was imagining things and that he was dead. She was informed he had already been buried, next to the amputated leg of a recently operated patient.

With cases now up to six decades old, any hope of resolving them seemed doomed. But a recent wave of media interest has seen bereaved family after bereaved family recalling the same bizarre circumstances: the death of their new-borns from ear infections or an equally implausible cause, followed by the hospital's point-blank refusal to show them the body.

By late November, Javier Zaragoza, Spain's chief prosecutor had more than 300 new cases on his desk. Faced with growing demands, he formally requested that the Ministry of Justice set up a specific department to compile a list of the missing infants.

However, there was a catch. Mr Zaragoza was willing to run the investigation to cover a massive four-decade period – up until 1980, five years after Franco's death – but he also said that it would be purely administrative. In other words, even if crimes were uncovered, nobody would go to jail.

Discouraging as that may sound, it represents progress compared with 2008, when the first official report made into the cases of all the "disappeared" during the Franco years ordered by the crusading judge Baltasar Garzon, including the missing infants, ended up being shelved. Judge Garzon was accused by various extreme right-wing organisations of acting outside his legal powers, something for which he now faces trial.

This time round, though, the victims of enforced adoption are determined that they will not be shunted into a legal siding and forgotten. So far, they are succeeding. In Madrid, the hospitals have opted for a full-scale investigation of all infant deaths between 1961 and 1971.

In Cadiz, Algeciras, Malaga and Granada, four big cities in the south, the local state attorneys are reported to believe cases should be opened. In Valencia, a leading lawyer specialising in the cases, Enrique Vila, aims to open another legal front later this month when he files a formal complaint of mass kidnapping with Spain's equivalent of the Crown Prosecution Service.

There could even shortly be an international investigation. The Foros por la Memoria movement has taken the cases of all those missing from the Franco years to the United Nations to plead that they cannot simply be shelved. An answer is expected this summer.

As for the women of Saturraran prison, last year, for the first time, a film, *Izarren argia* [now *Stars to Wish Upon*], was made about their experiences. When it had its premiere at the San Sebastian Film Festival, a 93-year-old former internee, Ana Morales, stood up in the audience and thanked the director for "finally letting some light be shed on that terrible place".

Mrs Morales said she was lucky: she could place her own child out of harm's way with a sympathiser outside prison until she herself was released. But many others in the same predicament are still fighting to find out what happened to theirs.

[<http://www.independent.co.uk> 2nd March 2015]

Appendix 4.

AUTOETHNOGRAPHIC WRITINGS

4a FRAGMENTS

This is a flamenco dress, incomplete and within its own process.

See how the seamstress has marked the cloth, as she shaped the garment to fit the body.

The scarlet veins trace the cuts; the marks of separation, where she stitches together the fragments of fabric in an attempt to create something new

Follow the bloodlines to the hem of the skirt. Follow the storylines of a thousand stolen babies. We are each one of us still searching; still weaving together our threads of narrative into the ghost of a dress which will never be worn.

This is not the final product.



Photographs courtesy of Helen Newall 2015

4b DENIAL

"I don't know why you say that - because clearly it's not true. It does SO bother you - it totally bothers you. You sister are bothered! And when you're bothered - I'm bothered - as unfair as it is - so basically I really do not understand why you say that being adopted doesn't bother you, because it really fucking does! Point in fact - if you're not utterly messed up by the fact that your real mother - the woman who above all others should have loved you unconditionally, in a primal bond of love and commitment - took one look and decided it would be best all round if she gave you away to a stranger to bring up -if that really doesn't bother you girlie girl, then how come you spend half your time engaged in conversation, and frequently in dispute, with the many voices inside your head, eh? How come you spend so much time talking to invisible me? Invisible me. Invisible me. Invisible me."

Philip, S. (2014) Journal 2

4c MY ROOM

This is not my room. This is not my bed, my desk, or even my chair. I have never slept beneath those covers. Yet, within this meaningless space are some of my most precious possessions: the documents are the original copies - each one exactly as I received them, held them, read and wept over them, and each one is a fragment of the narrative fabric in which I have clothed myself.

The chaos, the coffee cups, wine glasses and the neglectful way I have treated myself - it is all in this room.

This is my research environment.

My mind; my memories and my many moments of epiphany, this imaginary space is where they rest.

You are invited to explore; to read, to touch, to listen, to navigate the `narrative folds' in search of something real.

4d PAINTER MAN

Paint me a picture, painter man
Where threads of colour intertwine
And cities loom from scarlet seas
And hidden tears of clowns deceased
Wash away your inky scenes
Puppets that have strings and things
Delighting in our childish gaze
And sweets to make us soon forget
That we would soon run out of days.
So paint me there inside your World,
And we will walk and talk some more,
Pretending we have all the time,
To talk, to laugh,
To say goodbye.

Philip, S. (2014) Journal 2

4d EDIT

I will edit out the things I don't want to tell you
I don't mean to hurt you
I'm sorry if I have
Stories get tangled
These are just the memories
Of a child

4f MOTHER LOSS



Photograph Researchers own (2011)

When we met

I waited hours

I argued with my children

I hated my disgusting self

Hated you

When you left

I cleaned my house

Philip, S. (2013) Journal 1

4g NEWS

I was watching Jeremy Kyle with Billy

Billy and I sitting on the sofa. (A text)

The large northern lady

Was deciding if she should give her

`Love rat boyfriend'

Another chance.

We didn't think she should

He'll never change we said, (As the text reminder came)

Graham agreed; people never change (Another text reminder)

The love rat walked out of the studio

With Jeremy in hot pursuit

I picked up my phone (I read the text)

My world changed forever.

4h FATHERS

John loved me because I was `his`

‘My Mandy’

Don loved me knowing I wasn’t his

My failure

Was his failure

You didn’t fail, Dad

But nobody told you

I should have told you

Without you I fail
This work is dedicated to you.
I did make you proud Dad,
Just a little too late.

4i UNITY

Instead of fighting
We came together
My `voices' and me.
We were united;
A union of purpose,
As if we each knew.
That If we worked together,
In solidarity.
We could have a voice;
In unison
To tell our stories,
And they'd listen.
And `we'd' be heard

4j THE GYPSY

I met a woman with eyes I recognised
She gave me wild Rosemary
In exchange for silver coins,
She offered to tell my fortune.
“Are you a dancer?” she asked

So familiar was her weathered face,
It was an answer I'd never heard before
"I will dance when I'm free" I said
"Then it's the past you must visit"
She replied, as she handed me the herb
"To remember" She said.

Philip, S. (2015) Journal 3

4h TEXT

I will edit out the things I don't want to tell you
I don't mean to hurt you
I'm sorry if I have
Stories get tangled
These are just the memories
Of a child

Philip, S. (2015) Journal 3

4i MY MANDY

John loved me because I was 'his'
'My Mandy'
Don loved me knowing I wasn't his
My failure
Was his failure
You didn't fail, Dad

But nobody told you,

I should have told you

Without you

I fail

This work is dedicated to you.

I did make you proud Dad,

Just a little too late.



Photograph researcher's own Mandy Victory February 1965

4m The Day I Met My mother

I remember getting dressed; I wanted to look nice

Getting changed; I didn't want to appear too dressed up

Getting changed; I wanted to look like myself

Getting changed; I didn't want her to think I'd made too much effort.

She's the one who should be making the effort.

I remember cleaning; I wanted the house to look nice.

I wanted her to think we had a nice home.

I wanted to impress her.
I don't have to impress her.
I don't care what she thinks of my home.
I do care what she thinks of my home.
Cleaning my home, I remember.
I remember arguing with Jack
That morning
Arguing about walking the dogs
I didn't want the dogs barking, jumping up
We all had to behave
I remember how he ran away
That morning
While I waited me meet her for the very first time
Inside I was terrified about my boy
It was distracting
I remember.
I drove around to find him, when he didn't come home
I didn't want to miss her
I wanted to be standing at my front door
When she came
But I left the house and drove around, to find Jack
And bring him home.
I remember.

Philip, S. (2014) Journal 2

Appendix 6.

Adoption Paperwork

PLEASE STATE YOUR REASONS FOR PLACING THE CHILD FOR ADOPTION

I met John Victory at my friend's party; we were going steady for a while when I fell for Mandy. We did talk about getting married but we both decided we were too young to settle down.

I have tried to keep Mandy but I am at work all the time, my mother takes care of her during the day but it is too much for her.

It is very hard and I cannot give her what she needs and I believe she would be better off with a family who can care for her and give her the things I can't.

I do understand what adoption means and I truly believe this is the best thing for her.

SIGNED.....

DATE.....



Photograph courtesy of Marian Gould ~ Mandy and Stephen 1965

Appendix 7

"In search of Duende" – Reflective Witnessing

'Feel' by Ines Madrigal

"Let you feel is an expression I've heard a lot lately ... refers to read emotions from within, connect with your inner self, to that place where we live where we come face to face with our feelings, that place where we are more authentic, more us ... and this "let me feel" what I did this past March, in the UK, at the University of Edge hill, in presenting the work of her doctoral incredible, strong, brave woman,

determined , beautiful, with a terrible wound, the same as me, that unites us, much more than any mortal can imagine, is not easy to manage identity theft ..”

“You cast away everything important thing in the life of a person, who may replace you by a substitute, and you come back ever find your site, and that nothing else get reconciled slightly with this fact and not by you, but for your children, for them and only them do what nobody has done for you, you love to burst, show them you're all the way and most importantly give them wings to fly as far they want to go and remember to always you'll be ready to heal their scratches are of the nature that are ... that's when you know the freedom to love another being quite deeply without wanting anything back ...”

“I met Sandra because she sought information about the movement of stolen babies in Spain, I soon found out its tremendous history, of course I helped as much as I could and here declare my intention to continue to do so forever. When so generously invited me to her presentation she could not believe it, but at that time not even imagined was about to make one of the most emotional journeys of my life. I got in touch with the work partner Toni Garcia Romero, key to this creation and staging piece, and my orders for pipes with salt and my heart leaping forward to a swing that other, I stood in Edge Hill.”

“Always remember EVERYTHING that I lived there and I felt this incredible wonderful experience became when I had to read what Sandra had written for me, I could have written those words.”

“In the afternoon I expected another emotion more, placing the exhibition surrounding the theatre of the University I found pictures of searches for much @ s victims struggle: mothers looking for their children ... a lot of emotion, I cried a lot these days in Edge Hill, but tears were healing, reconciling, no hatred in my heart, there is forgiveness, but not forgotten.”

“See Sandra in facing his pain trials, having made this masterful, beautiful, impressive work, I confirmed the greatness of man, Sandra has the most beautiful, beautiful thing anyone can do with their darker feelings, but she has achieved, has given the turn the tables, laughed at their destination, has been planted and has exposed her face, Sandra has triumphed, it has proved to herself that if it is sufficient, that ever was, and now, it is now indestructible.”

“Thank you Toni and Sandra for having made possible thanks to Sandra for having chosen me and so generously offer this opportunity.

Rest assured that you do not forget while I live ... Maria.”

(Translated by Antonio Garcia Romero 2015)

Witnessing Traumata – Caroline Galon

“I felt there was an element of fragmentation present throughout the entire event, which is hardly surprising as it is a strong feature of posttraumatic mechanism. The event was clearly divided and presented in pieces – which in retrospect made it manageable to withstand, thus bypassing the potential overwhelming effect associated with trauma.”

“The exhibition was very effective in drawing me into someone else’s inner space. It was like a stroll down memory lane – only it was someone else’s memory. The mixture of relics and personal items along with the written reflections and different textures had a lived-experience quality to it which drew me in to the experience of the event. “

“The meal was surprisingly uncomfortable, as I felt that under the pretence of engaging in something as basic as eating the trauma was getting ‘under my skin’. It was very disturbing and I felt almost dissociated as I was eating, and unable to enjoy the excellent food due to a growing sense of foreboding. The element of fragmentation was present in the meal as well, which seemed to manifest in the seating arrangement of the guests who were clustered in small groups rather than a collective community. I thought it was a very interesting collective reaction. This part of the event was very effective in drawing me into the experience of trauma, assisted by the ongoing acting performance which happened continuously in the background and which served as a constant reminder to the context of the event. The acting performance in this part of the event could be looked at as externalizing the concept of having inner voices, as discussed in the event handbook; as such it was very appropriate to the context of the evening, both as a performance and as a research.”

“The play was intensely powerful, though I cannot relate to it as a play which stands in its own right but rather as a continuation and manifestation of everything that preceded it during the event. It was well articulated, cohesive and integrated. Here the two threads met and the separate stories become one – Sandra’s and Ines’s.”

“Overall, I was overpowered by the experience and had a strong emotional reaction to it. I felt that as an interactive event it was very well constructed and had a clear thread which guided me from beginning to end and kept the traumatic experience contained. Clearly much thought and planning went into the production of this event which was evident in the final presentation of it.”

Caroline Galon March 10th 201

“What a glorious and rich event on Friday night, challenging and distressing as well.”

Well done on the management of the overall event, tasty food, a very moving exhibition and of course the performance. As an ordinary member of audience I am left affected by the myriad of issues presented and I am invited to create a kind of a loose narrative between all of those - making sense, trying to dis/connect... I am also very well aware that there’s something very powerful in not being able to make sense “

“I particularly enjoyed the connection between the exhibition and your performance - seeing those words from the exhibition enacted in performance. A kind of play with my own memory of the evening... 'Oh, I learnt about this already in the exhibition' feeling... It felt that I was enabled as an audience member, to draw those connections myself - dependent of course on how well I looked through the exhibits.”

Lena Semic March 12th 2015

Appendix 7.

GENEALOGICAL DOCUMENTS

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE
 1 2 3 4 5 6
 7 8 9 10 11 12
 R.G. 11 / 58
 COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH - NOT TO BE
 REPRODUCED PHOTOGRAPHICALLY WITH-
 OUT PERMISSION OF THE PUBLIC
 RECORD OFFICE, LONDON

224

[illegible]

Fig 2. Lillie Gatting 1891 Census records (Maternal line)

[illegible]

19 12 . Marriage solemnized at *St. Luke's Church* in the *Parish* of *Hammer-smith* in the County of *London*

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname	Age	Complexion	Rank or Profession	Residence at the time of Marriage	Father's Name and Residence	Rank or Profession of Father
226	July 10 th 1912	Henry George Higgins	29	Brown	Taxicab Driver	4 Rowley Road	Henry George Higgins	Deceased
	19 12	Edith Frances Scott	27	Spotted		4 Rowley Road	Lillian Scott	Gardener

Married in the *St. Luke's Church* according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the *Established Church* by *Arthur, Herbert Wallis* or after *Banns* by me, *Edith Frances Scott*

This Marriage was celebrated solemnly by *Edith Frances Scott* in the Presence of *Arthur, Herbert Wallis* & *Edith Frances Scott*

Arthur, Herbert Wallis
Edith Frances Scott

Fig 4. Henry and Edith Higgins 1912

— June R.S.	Wiles	Uxbridge	3 a	513
— Joyce	Holmes	Macclesfield	8 a	513
— Kenneth	Richardson	Dartford	2 a	1819
— Kestell B.	Adams	Yeovil	5 a	536
— Michael	Denning	Plymouth	5 b	459
— Michael J.	Stevens	Devon Central	5 b	65
— Pamela M.	Smith	Crewe	8 a	658
— Patricia A.	Wilkinson	Brentford	3 a	577
— Paul E.	Palmer	Reading	2 c	760
— Roger W.	Hartley	Tenlystock	5 b	515
— Susan E.A.	Simpson	Basingstoke	2 c	481
Victor, Geraldine J.	Bolden	Hatfield	3 a	2085
Victory, John	Soisa	Kensington	1 a	198
— William M.H.	Mawson	Neath	11 a	1222
Vidgen, Margaret P.	Eastman	Wandsworth	1 d	506
— Victor A.	Fowler	Tonbridge	2 a	2231
Vidito, Susan	Hicks	Bedwellty	11 a	100
Vidler, Cedric G.	Mockett	Tonbridge	2 a	2065
— Ralph	Vidler	Uckfield	2 b	163
Viel, Judy	Medder	Uxbridge	3 a	124
— Philip G.	Wightman	Croydon	2 a	1370
Viercant, Brian E.	Shaw	Pancras	1 b	10
Vigar, Margaret	Bolton	Wells	5 a	537
Viggars, William J.	Bagnall	Stoke	6 b	288
Viggers, Brian E.	Beeston	Wirral	8 a	879
Vigil, Antonio B.	Thompson	Bedford	3 b	681
Vignon, Peter J.	Nester	Willesden	3 a	755
Vigor, John A.E.	Deacon	Bedlington	5 a	513

Fig 5. My birth father's birth record (John Victory) 1944

Administrative County of <u>Devon</u>					The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries					
Civil Parish		Municipal Borough		Municipal Ward		Urban Sanitary District		Town or Village or Hamlet		
of <u>Lynham</u>		of <u> </u>		of <u>Walden</u>		of <u>Lynham</u>		of <u>Lynham</u>		
Col. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
No. of Schedule	ROAD, STREET, &c., and No. or NAME of HOUSE	HOUSES		Number of rooms occupied if less than five	NAME and Surname of each Person	RELATION to Head of Family	CON- DITION as to Marriage	AGE last Birthday of		PROFESSION or OCCUPAT
		In- habited	Un- habited (U.) or Building (B.)					Males	Females	
	4 Kemp Rd (2a)				George Galling	Son		16		Scholar
					Thomas do	Son		8		do
					Lillie do	Daughter				do
					Ross do	Daughter				
					Alfred do	Son		3		
					Ed do	Son		11		
156	5 Kemp Rd (2a)	1			James Camm	Head	M	64		Shoe St
					Marie C do	Wife	M			Laundress
	6 do do									
157	7 do do	1			Arthur Lane	Head	M	24		General Labourer
					Ann do	Wife	M			
					James Campbell	Stepson		7		Scholar
					Marie do	Daughter				
					Harry do	Son		8		
158	8 do do	1			William Warring	Head	M	56		Man
					Bessie do	Wife	M			
					David Warring	Daughter				
					William do	Son		5		Scholar
159	9 do do	1			William Ed Crofts	Head	M	54		Cab Driver
					Mary Ann do	Wife	M			
					William A do	Son		15		
					George do	Son		14		General Labourer
					Richard do	Son		10		Scholar
	10 do do									
160	1 Ludlow Rd	1			John Madge	Head	M	48		Shoemaker
					Emma do	Wife	M			Shoemaker
					Robert do	Son		14		Shoemaker
					Matthew do	Son		13		General Labourer
					Thomas do	Son		11		Scholar
					Israh do	Daughter		10		do
5	Total of Houses and of Tenements with less than Five Rooms ...	5	2	4	Total of Males and Females...			18	10	

NOTE.—Draw the pen through such of the words of the headings as are inappropriate.

fig 6. Lilly Gating 1891

CENSUS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, 1911.

Before writing on this Schedule please read the Examples and the Instructions given on the other side of the paper, as well as the headings of the Columns. The entries should be written in Ink.

The contents of the Schedule will be treated as confidential. Strict care will be taken that no information is disclosed with regard to individual persons. The returns are not to be used for proof of age, as in connection with Old Age Pensions, or for any other purpose than the preparation of Statistical Tables.

Number of Schedules 141
(To be filled up by the Enumerator after collection.)

NAME AND SURNAME	RELATIONSHIP to Head of Family	AGE last Birthday and SEX	PARTICULARS as to MARRIAGE		PROFESSION or OCCUPATION of Persons aged ten years and upwards		BIRTHPLACE of every person	NATIONALITY of every Person born in Foreign Country	INFIRMITY
			State, for each Married Woman entered on this Schedule, the number of — Children born alive to present Marriage. (If no children born alive write "None" in Column 7.) Children born alive to previous Marriage. (If no children born alive to previous Marriage write "None" in Column 7.) Children born alive to previous Marriage. (If no children born alive to previous Marriage write "None" in Column 7.)	Personal Occupation	Industry or Service with which work is connected				
William Greenslade	Head	42	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Elizabeth Greenslade	Wife	38	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
John Greenslade	Son	12	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Elizabeth Greenslade	Daughter	10	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Lilly Greenslade	Daughter	8	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Rose Greenslade	Daughter	6	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Albert Greenslade	Son	4	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Laura Greenslade	Daughter	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2

(To be filled up by the Enumerator.)

(To be filled up by, or on behalf of, the Head of Family or other person in occupation, or in charge, of this dwelling.)

I certify that the entries in this Schedule are correct in all particulars.

I declare that this Schedule is correctly filled up to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signature Lilly Greenslade
Postal Address 14 York St. Torquay

fig 7. Census record 1911 ~ The Greenslades (Maternal line)

Administrative County Devon

The undermentioned Houses are situated within the boundaries of the

Civil Parish Torquay Ecclesiastical Parish Torquay County Borough, Municipal Borough, or Urban District Torquay Ward of Municipal Borough Torquay Rural District Torquay Parliamentary Borough Torquay Town or Village or Hamlet Torquay

House No.	Road, Street, &c. and No. or NAME of HOUSE	HOUSES			Name and Surname of each Person	RELATION to Head of Family	Age last Birthday	PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION	Employer, Worker, or Own account	WHERE BORN	Infirmary
		Uninhabited	Inhabited	Not in Schedule							
76	Back Lane	1			Elizabeth Gitting	Head	73	Cardmaker		Devon	
77					Charles Gitting	Head	74	Cardmaker		Devon	
78					John Gitting	Head	75	Cardmaker		Devon	
79					George Gitting	Head	76	Cardmaker		Devon	
80					Elizabeth Gitting	Head	77	Cardmaker		Devon	
81	St. Andrew's Lane	1			Jamie Gitting	Head	78	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	79	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Mary Gitting	Head	80	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Edith Gitting	Head	81	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	82	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Edith Gitting	Head	83	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	84	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Edith Gitting	Head	85	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	86	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Edith Gitting	Head	87	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	88	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Edith Gitting	Head	89	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	90	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Edith Gitting	Head	91	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	92	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Edith Gitting	Head	93	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	94	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Edith Gitting	Head	95	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	96	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Edith Gitting	Head	97	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	98	Cardmaker		Devon	
					Edith Gitting	Head	99	Cardmaker		Devon	
					John Gitting	Head	100	Cardmaker		Devon	

Total of Schedules of Houses and of Tenements with less than Five Rooms 642

Total of Males and of Females 744

NOTE—Draw your pen through such words of the headings as are inapplicable.

Fig 8. Census record showing John and Elizabeth Gitting and their children; Lilly, Rose, Albert and Laura, (Torquay, Devon) 1901

